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MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES

M.W. BALFE.

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NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.

MOORE'S

IRISH MELODIES

WITH NEW SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS FOR THE PIANOFORTE BY

M. W. BALFE.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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PREFACE TO THE ORIGINAL EDITION.

In submitting to the public a new edition of "Moore's Irish Melodies," the publishers have been influenced by a desire to present that popular work in a more perfect form than it has hitherto assumed,—when regarded from a musical point of view. It is now universally acknowledged that the symphonies and accompaniments of Sir John Stevenson are by no means irreproachable in a merely technical sense; nor do they exhibit that appropriate national colouring for which they have so long enjoyed the credit. Moore's frequently-expressed opinion of their efficiency has saved them, in a great measure, until now, from being too closely and critically examined. In the well-known Prefatory Letter on Music, originally prefixed to the Third Number of the "Irish Melodies," and addressed to the Marchioness Dowager of Donegal, the accomplished Poet attempts to defend Sir John Stevenson from the charge—*mirabile dictu*: of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the *chromatic richness of his symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies.*" "We might," he says, "cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me that Sir John Stevenson has brought to this task an innate and national feeling, which it would be vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious." That this was no ephemeral sentiment, but one founded on thorough conviction, we may conclude from the fact that the last of the "Irish Melodies"—"Silence is in our festal halls"—is devoted to an elegy on Sir John Stevenson.

Moore's best apology for the extraordinary estimation in which he held the musical talent and attainments of his friend and coadjutor is derived from the little knowledge of music which the Poet himself possessed. With all his instinct for tune, and with an ear exquisitely sensitive and refined, Moore was but little acquainted with the rules of harmony, and consequently unfitted to hazard an opinion on the subject. Nay, not only was he unlearned in the art, but we even find him endeavouring to palliate his own ignorance by suggesting that there may be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to the rules which interdict the occurrence of *consecutive fifths.* The truth is, had Moore been in the least degree familiar with music as a science, he would, in all probability, never have associated himself with Sir John Stevenson.

Bunting, in the second volume of his interesting and valuable treatise on Irish Music, appears to have been the first who had the courage to point out the want of character and simplicity in the "arrangements" of the "Melodies." Sir John Stevenson had a host of friends who took up his cause, and Moore himself stood forth his champion. The question, however, was not of sufficient public importance to lead to a public discussion; but when the copyright of the most attractive of the "Irish Melodies" was on the point of becoming general property, and new editions solicited investigation, the verdict was decidedly hostile to Sir John. The more his symphonies and accompaniments were examined, the graver faults were detected. That perhaps the most splendid national lyric monument ever bequeathed to the world should have been disfigured in any of its constituent parts, was to be lamented. Such exquisite melodies, and such brilliant poetry, deserved to be allied with more congenial harmony. So great, however, was the credit attached to *prestige*, and such the veneration in which tradition was held, that, despite their numerous errors of taste and performance, the symphonies and accompaniments to the "Irish Melodies" have up to this point been perpetuated.

When our best vocalists rejected ballad-singing,—for which their sympathies so happily befitted them,—and endeavoured to soar into the regions of the Italian *bravura*,—for which nature and education had endowed them with no aptitude,—the "Irish Melodies" went out of fashion. This absurd preference for foreign and ornamental music endured so long, that it was feared the love of pure and unsophisticated melody had ceased to exist. Not so, however. With good interpreters of ballads, national music revived. To Mr. Sims Reeves, a master of all styles, the public are indebted, in a great measure, for the resuscitation of that taste for the simple and the natural which may be said to have slumbered since the days of Miss Stephens and John Braham. A new impetus has lately been given to the "Irish Melodies." Our current ballads, too frequently, are found "flat, stale, and unprofitable;" the public has grown satiated with "set phrases," in place of genuine melody; while modern poetry, still more than modern song, has created a feeling of distaste, if not of absolute contempt. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the lovers of simple music and unaffected poetry should revert from these ballads

to the "Irish Melodies," and return once more to the fountain-head. Such considerations have influenced the publishers in their present undertaking, and it is confidently hoped may be accepted as a sufficient apology.

In selecting Mr. M. W. Balfe to write new symphonies and accompaniments for the "Irish Melodies," the publishers have been impelled by a desire to put the right man in the right place. An Irishman himself, and the most popular and experienced of our native composers, Mr. Balfe may be supposed to unite in his person the qualities of musicianship and national sensibility imperatively demanded for such a task. How well he has accomplished it must, nevertheless, be left for the public to decide.

Whatever diversity of opinion may exist as to the abstract merits of Moore's poetry, the whole world has long agreed about his "Irish Melodies." Upon these, indeed, is founded the Poet's chief claim to Immortality. To the world at large, the "Melodies" are recommended by bright fancy, exquisite grace, harmony of numbers, charm of expression, infinite tenderness, rich colouring, never-failing invention, great variety, and inexhaustible felicity of illustration. To the Irish reader, they make their appeal on other and more sympathetic grounds. The "Melodies" breathe in every line the true spirit of patriotism and liberty. This feeling,—preserved from the year 1807, when the first Number appeared, to 1834, when the last Number was issued,—is as predominant in "Lay his sword by his side" (Number Ten), as in "Remember the glories of Brien the Brave" (Number One). Nevertheless, Moore's patriotism has been questioned. He certainly did not, on all occasions, side with the Liberal Irish party; nor did he at any time bow down to the popular idols. Nevertheless, a more genuine Irishman, in the strictest sense of the word, never existed, nor one more deeply imbued with the love of country. His works, and the whole tenor of his life, prove this. The "Melodies" were not the only efforts of his genius consecrated to what he fondly cherished as the cause of Ireland. The principal story in his greatest poem, *Lalla Rookh*—"The Fire-worshippers"—was written, like these "Melodies," in the cause of tolerance: the Ghebars and their Moslem tyrants being intended to represent the Irish people and their English rulers. Need we say with what enthusiasm the subject has been handled? The story of *Captain Rock*, too, is as emphatic in every line as though it had been indited by the most patriotic "United Irishman" of '98. It is scarcely necessary to point to the *History of Ireland*, which speaks for itself. Those who are sceptical about Moore's genuine patriotism, and the sincerity of his political opinions, should remember, that—an Irishman living among Englishmen, and a Catholic associating with Protestants, almost from boyhood—he never once ceased to advocate the claims of his country and religion. Nay, in one or two of the "Melodies," he must needs have given mortal offence to some of his English friends, by the fearlessness of his expressions. Indeed, we cannot conceive how even the love of country, or a desire to exhibit Ireland's pre-eminence, even in a work of fancy, could have warranted the *animus* conveyed in the following lines:—

"In England, the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call;
But so oft that unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.
Oh! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warms the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.*

"Thomas Moore,"—spoke one who was himself an Irishman, and a poet, but who died too young for his fame,†—"was not merely the eager and impassioned advocate of general liberty, but a true lover of his country,—the denouncer of her wrongs,—the fearless vindicator of her rights;—a glorious contrast to the spiritless, slavish race that preceded him,—the Parnells, Roscommons, Goldsmiths, distinguished and celebrated in their day, but who scorned even to name the ill-fated land of their birth."

The "Irish Melodies" are, perhaps, the purest national tribute ever bequeathed by a poet to his country. The world has long done them justice in the aggregate, but, with some exceptions, they are far from being as widely known, or as thoroughly appreciated, as they deserve. As a collection of songs, they constitute a treasure almost unexampled. Of the Ten Numbers and Supplement, comprising one hundred and twenty-four songs, not more than one-fifth, or thereabouts, have achieved universal celebrity. This may in some measure be attributed to the

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* "We may roam through this world like a child at a feast."—Irish Melodies, No. 2.

† Thomas Furlong, the translator of "Carolan's Remains," and other ancient poems and songs, died at the age of 33. He was pronounced by Daniel O'Connell second only, as a poet, to Thomas Moore.—See *Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. i.

absorbing interest attached to the favoured few—such as "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer," "The Minstrel Boy," "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," "I'd mourn the hopes that leave me," "Norah Creina," "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," "The Young May Moon," &c., &c. The great popularity these have obtained, when compared with the rest, is owing to the familiar airs to which they are allied, rather than to any absolute and intrinsic superiority in themselves. There are many songs in the collection, which, upon a nearer acquaintance, would be found quite as interesting and quite as beautiful, and which, if introduced into the concert-room, would gain as lasting a reputation. While artists seek in vain, from modern composers, with rare exceptions, for songs to charm the multitude, they may find among the "Irish Melodies" all that is required in point of exquisite melody and poetical grace. It is not too late to open the volume. That such rare and exquisite beauties have been too long overlooked, is the opinion of all who have given the subject any consideration. The reception which some of the "Melodies" invariably receive in the present day, when heard in public, should stimulate vocalists to explore the rich and yielding mine whence such gems were dug out, as likely to conceal others no less brilliant.

The publication of a Collection of Irish Melodies with Characteristic Symphonies and Accompaniments, and with poetry illustrative of the manners and history of the country, originated with the late Mr. J. Power, the well-known music-seller in the Strand. Sir John Stevenson was engaged to arrange the airs, and several distinguished literary men had promised their assistance in the poetical department. Moore, we believe, was not thought of at first, and, when his name occurred to the projectors, it was only in conjunction with the names of others. The future bard of Erin had not won for himself in 1807 that immortal wreath which was destined to adorn his brow. At twenty-seven he had written a great deal; but the Odes of Anacreon, Epistles in Verse, Epithalamiums, Political Squibs, Comic Ballads, and such like effusions, could hardly be supposed to invest their author with a very high reputation—more especially when such men as Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Rogers, and Walter Scott, were at that moment scattering their sweetest and choicest flowers. We can scarcely wonder, then, that Moore was not consulted in the first place, and consulted alone, when the new work on the National Music of Ireland was contemplated, inasmuch as he had not yet poetically identified himself with the land of his birth. In February, 1807, Moore undertook to co-operate in the new undertaking. He gave his whole heart and soul up to the task—as he himself expresses it—"of interpreting in verse the touching language of his country's music." Never did poet find more congenial occupation. Some of the songs were almost improvised, and the publishers were so delighted with what Moore had done, that they engaged him immediately to write the whole series. The reader will not be astonished at this, when he learns that in the first number was contained "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls," "Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour," "Rich and rare were the Gems she wore," and "The Meeting of the Waters." The reception accorded to the new work was unprecedented, and Moore found himself all at once a Titan in an age of giants. To one part of the community only were the "Irish Melodies" unacceptable. The ruling powers were reported to have found fault with the licence taken by the poet in the expression of his opinions concerning Ireland's connection with England; and the Irish Government, it was said, had interfered to stay the publication. In his preface to the Fourth Number of the "Melodies," Moore himself acknowledges the rumour, but ascribes its foundation rather to the bigotry of the Government than to the character of the work. Whatever might have been his belief, so far from being deterred from the free utterance of his sentiments, he spoke out still more boldly and pointedly in the Fourth Number, especially in the song, "Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin,"—the last verse of which might have afforded fair scope for prosecution to a hostile Attorney-General. The verse is as follows:—

> "Yes, monarch! tho' sweet are our home recollections,—
> Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
> Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
> Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!"

That great pains were expended on the poetry will readily be believed, when the polished refinement displayed in every line is considered, together with the felicitous turn of expression, and unsurpassed harmony of numbers. On an average, Moore occupied twelve months in writing as many of the Irish Melodies. Although the First Number was given to the world in 1807, it was not until the commencement of 1815 that the Sixth Number was finished. With this it was at first determined that the Work should be brought to a close. It was Moore's own desire, and avowed by him in the preface. "We feel so proud," he writes, "still more for our country's sake than our own, of the general interest which this purely Irish Work has excited, and so anxious lest a particle of that interest should be lost by too long a protraction of

its existence, that we think it wiser to take away the cup from the lip, while its flavour is yet, we trust, fresh and sweet, than to risk any further trial of the charm, or give so much as not to leave some wish for more." * * * * "Both pride and prudence counsel us to come to a close, while yet our Work is, we believe, flourishing and attractive, and thus, in the imperial attitude, '*stantes mori*,' before we incur the charge either of altering for the worse, or, what is equally unpardonable, continuing too long the same." Had Moore adhered to this determination, some of the finest specimens of Irish ballad music might have been lost to the world, and the earlier "Melodies" have been deprived of several of their "loveliest companions." The airs in the last four Numbers have not achieved the popularity of their predecessors, although many are extremely beautiful, and all are interesting. In the last song of Number Six, "Dear Harp of my Country," Moore takes leave of his theme with a tender and characteristic sweetness. The concluding verse of the "Farewell" is peculiarly appropriate:—

"Dear Harp of my Country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine!
Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own."

This is so pretty a climax that it seems almost a pity to have broken the spell of "sweet sorrow" in which the public were wrapt. But Moore knew his power, and how to use it. He has, with infinite tact, carried on the feeling of sadness conveyed by the last song of Number Six, in the opening song of Number Seven, "My Gentle Harp,"—one of the least known and most beautiful in the latter portion of the Work.

In all probability, Moore would have bidden adieu to the Irish Harp for ever in the Sixth Number, had he not been instigated to new endeavours by the melodies, "warranted Hibernian," with which he was inundated from all parts of the kingdom. Between the Sixth Number and the Tenth and last, however, there elapsed no less than nineteen years,—so that he had ample time for selection. The only songs in the second series which became favourites, and have maintained their influence, are "As slow our ship her foamy track," ("The girl I left behind me"), "Remember thee?—yes while there's life in this heart," "To Ladies' Eyes a Round, Boys," "Oh, banquet not in those shining Bowers," "And doth not a meeting like this make amends?" and "I wish I was by that dim lake,"—though these are not the most beautiful. Moore was particularly fond of the last number,—perhaps because it gave him more trouble than any of the others. "I am not without hope," he writes, in his dedication to the Marchioness of Headfort, "that, as far as regards the grace and spirit of the Melodies, you will find the closing portion of the Work not unworthy of what has preceded it. The sixteen airs, of which the Number and the Supplement consists, have been selected from the immense mass of Irish Music, which has been for years past accumulating in my hands; and it was from a desire to include all that appeared most worthy of preservation, that the four supplementary songs, which follow the Tenth Number, have been added."

A special interest, apart from its connection with the music, attaches to the poetry of the "Irish Melodies." Some of the songs claim historical association, which particularly endears them to the Irish reader; some comprise narratives that cannot fail to move the dullest sympathy; some, under the guise of impassioned love-pleadings, or lamentations, transfigure the poet's affection for his country, or his lamentations for her destiny; while many are simple effusions from the heart which appeal to the most unsophisticated understandings. That exquisite lyric, "Oh, breathe not his name, let it rest in the shade," was suggested by the well-known passage in the dying speech of the unfortunate Robert Emmet—"Let no man write my epitaph, * * * "let my tomb remain uninscribed, till other times and other men shall learn to do justice to my memory." That eloquent and heart-felt poem, "Shall the Harp then be silent?" is a glowing tribute to Ireland's greatest patriot, Henry Grattan; and the last song in the collection is, as we have already stated, an elegy to the memory of Moore's friend and colleague in the work, Sir John Stevenson. To the lyric student, the "Irish Melodies" will prove one of the most instructive volumes in the English language. He who reads it carefully can hardly fail to profit by his labour. The smoothness and flow of the verse, the felicity of the diction, the brilliant fancy, the wit and deep feeling, the pointed allusions, and the grace that invests the whole with a halo of beauty, cannot, we think, be found in any other collection extant. Backed by such recommendations, the songs might claim the world's applause without the aid of music. Combined with music, every impulse of the heart becomes enlisted.

January, 1859.

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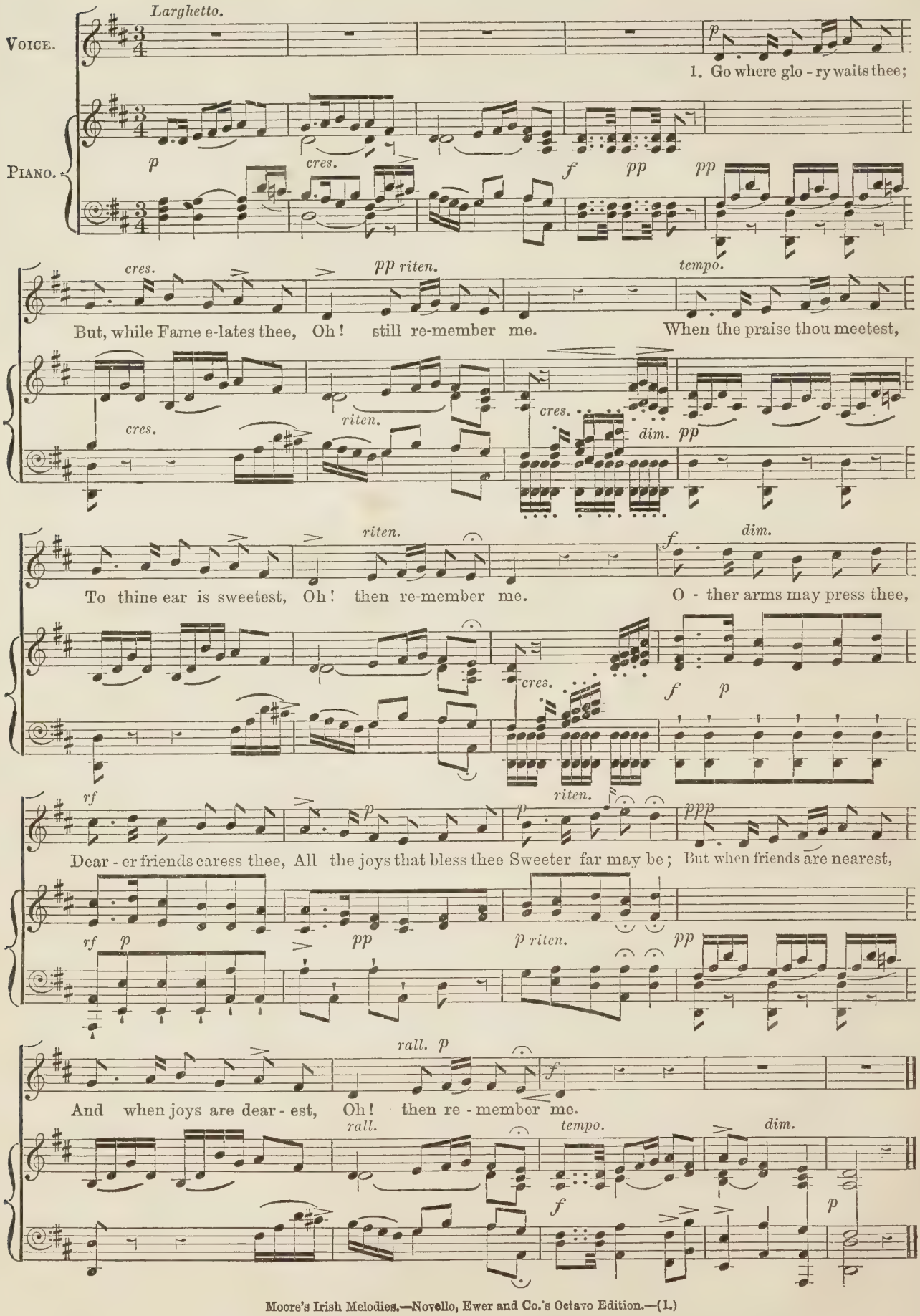
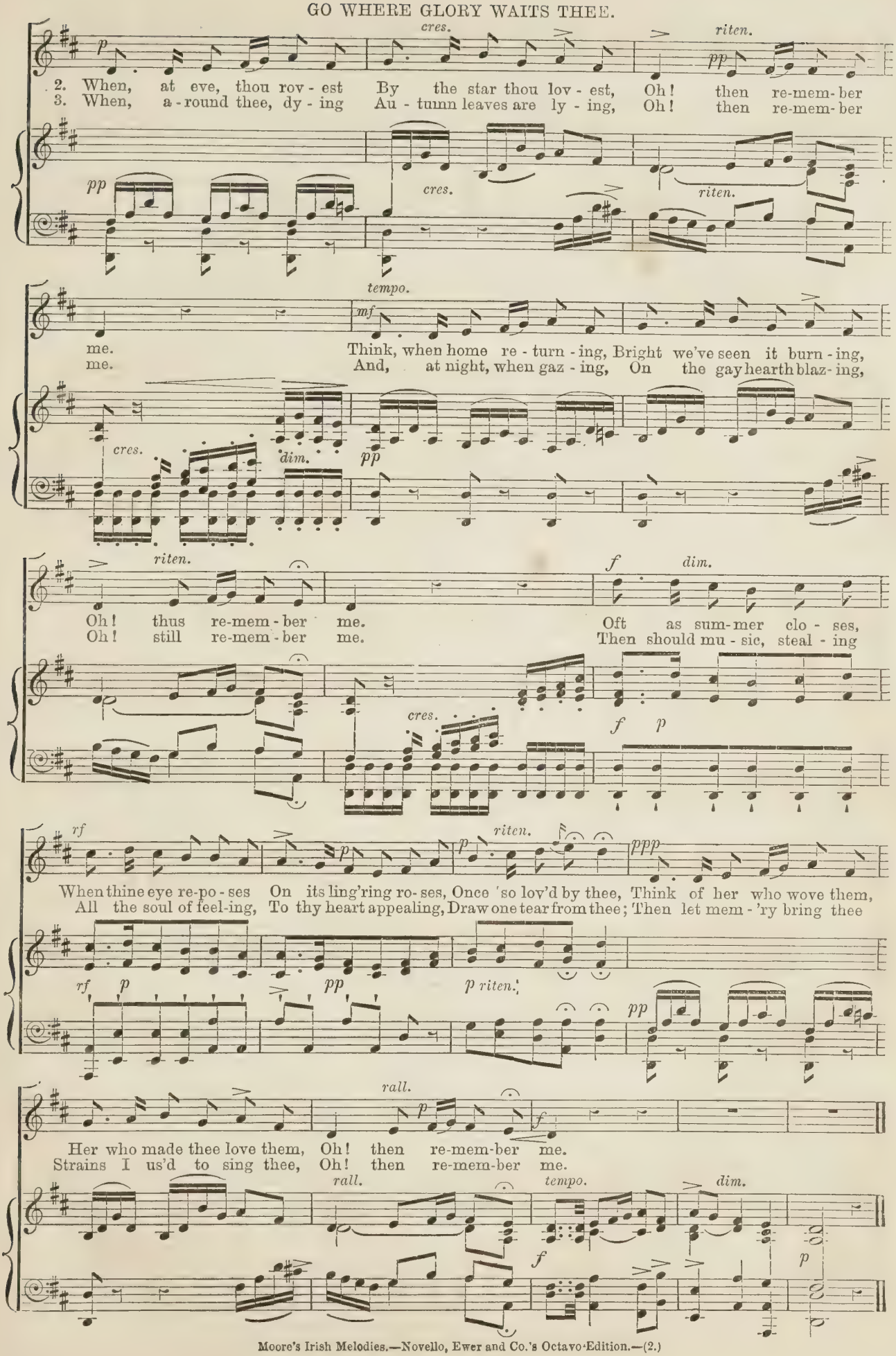
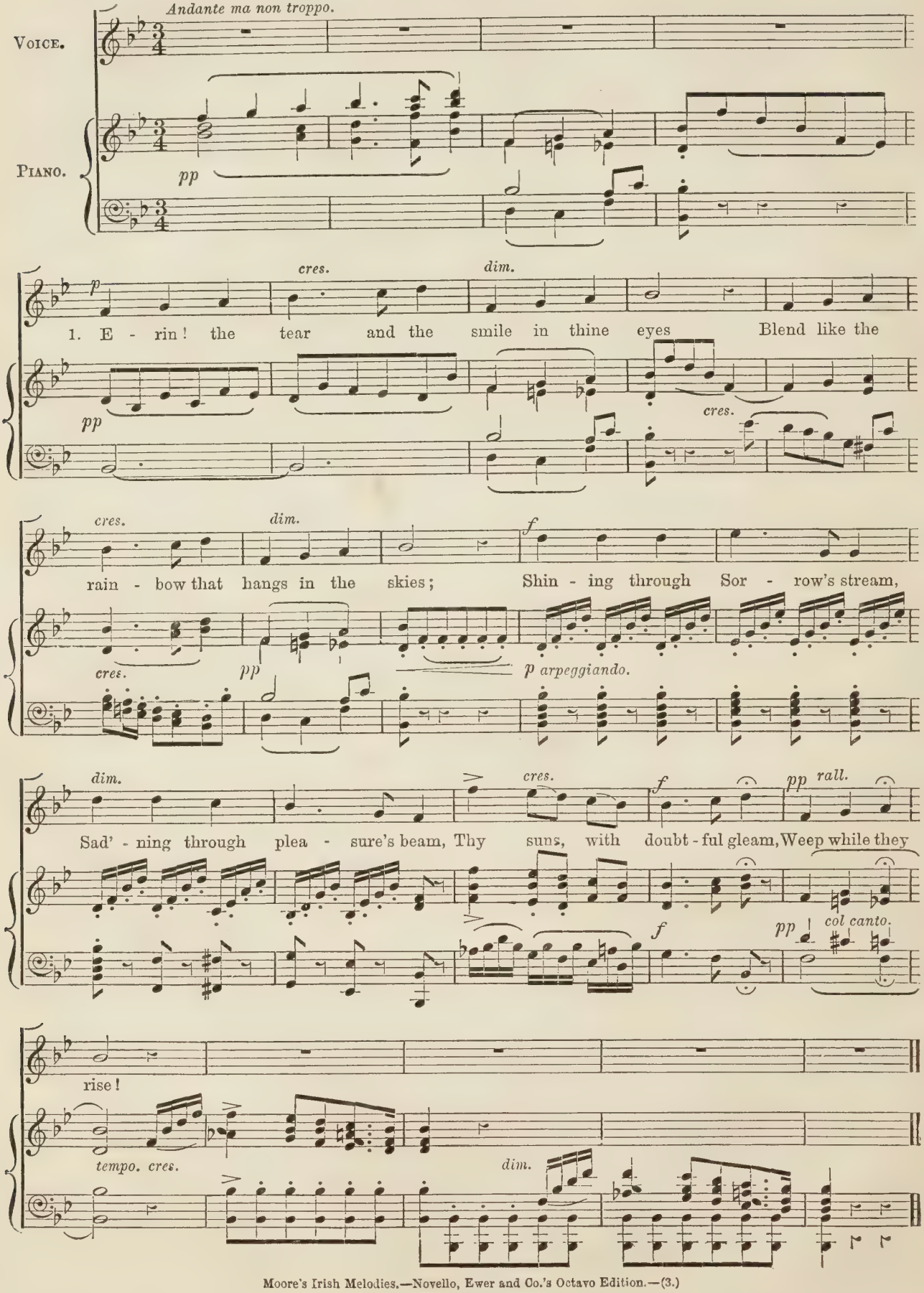
MOORE'S
IRISH MELODIES.

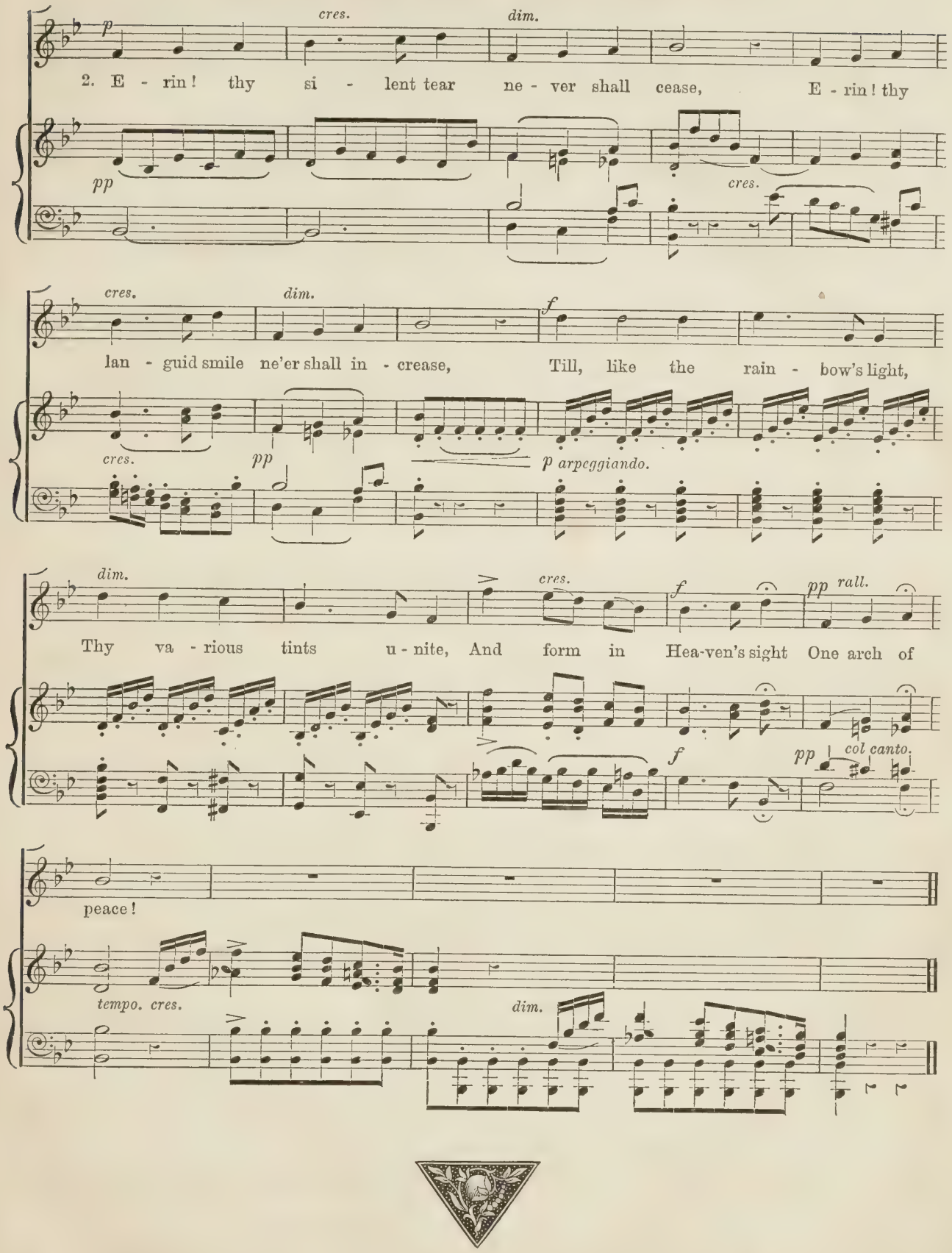
GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—"MAID OF THE VALLEY."

Larghetto.
Voice.
Piano.
1. Go where glo - ry waits thee;
But, while Fame e-lates thee, Oh! still re-member me. When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then re-member me. O - ther arms may press thee,
Dear - er friends caress thee, All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re - member me.

p
cres.
riten.
pp
2. When, at eve, thou rov - est By the star thou lov - est, Oh! then re-mem-ber
3. When, a - round thee, dy - ing Au - tumn leaves are ly - ing, Oh! then re-mem-ber
pp
cres.
riten.
tempo.
mf
me.
me.
Think, when home re - turn - ing, Bright we've seen it burn - ing,
And, at night, when gaz - ing, On the gay hearth blaz - ing,
cres.
dim.
pp
riten.
f
dim.
Oh! thus re-mem - ber me.
Oh! still re-mem - ber me.
Oft as sum-mer clo - ses,
Then should mu - sic, steal - ing
cres.
f
p
rf
p
riten.
ppp
When thine eye re-po - ses On its ling'ring ro - ses, Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them,
All the soul of feel-ing, To thy heart appealing, Draw one tear from thee; Then let mem - 'ry bring thee
rf
p
pp
p riten.
pp
rall.
p
f
Her who made thee love them, Oh! then re-mem-ber me.
Strains I us'd to sing thee, Oh! then re-mem-ber me.
rall.
tempo.
dim.
f
p

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

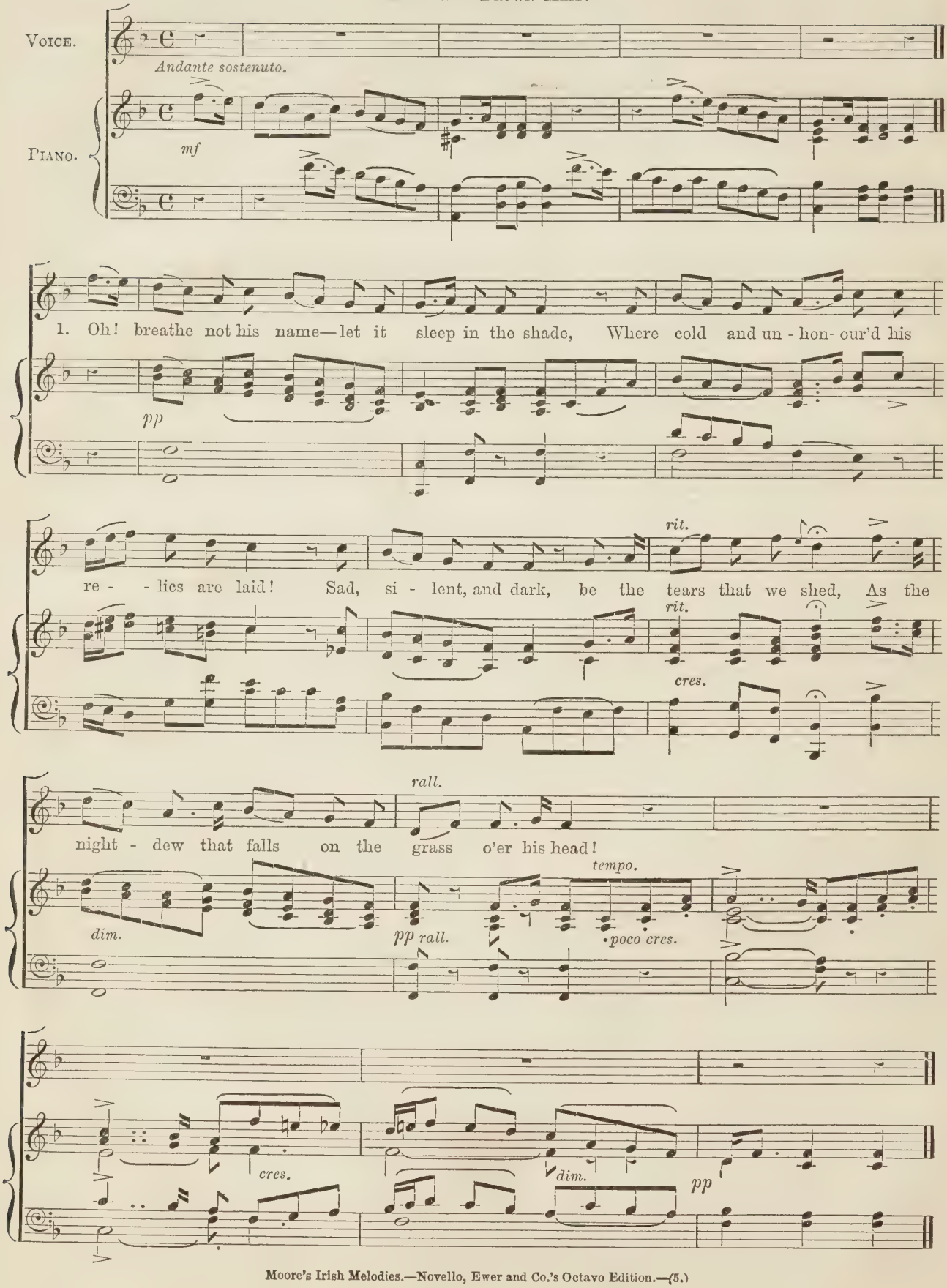
AIR—"AILEEN AROON."

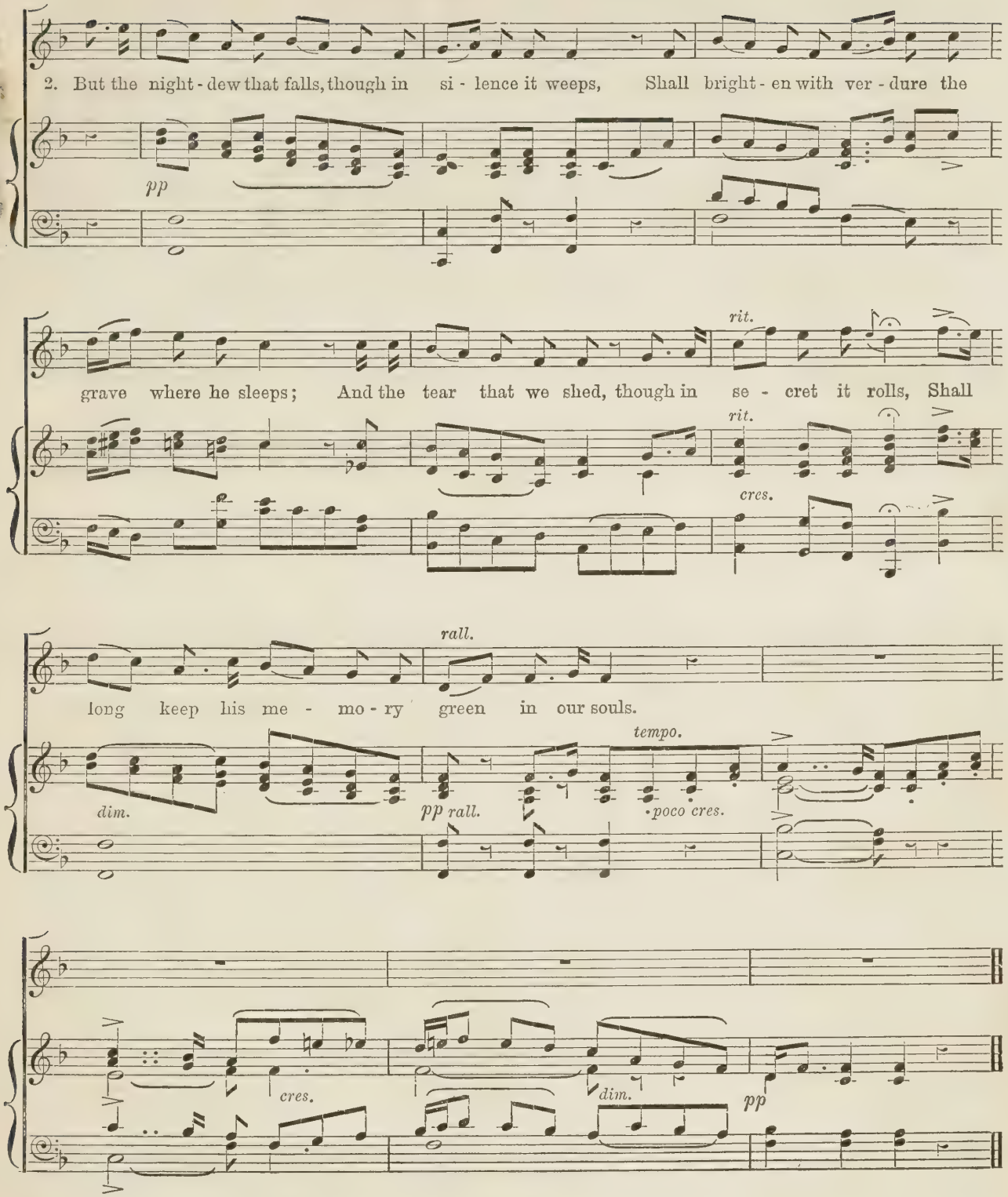

Andante ma non troppo.
Voice.
Piano.
pp
cres.
dim.
1. E - rin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the
rain - bow that hangs in the skies; Shin - ing through Sor - row's stream,
p arpeggiando.
Sad' - ning through plea - sure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they
rall.
col canto.
rise!
tempo. cres.


p
cres.
dim.
2. E - rin! thy si - lent tear ne - ver shall cease, E - rin! thy
pp
cres.
lan - guid smile ne'er shall in - crease, Till, like the rain - bow's light,
cres.
pp
f
p arpeggiando.
dim.
cres.
f
pp rall.
Thy va - rious tints u - nite, And form in Hea-ven's sight One arch of
f
pp
col canto.
peace!
tempo. cres.
dim.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

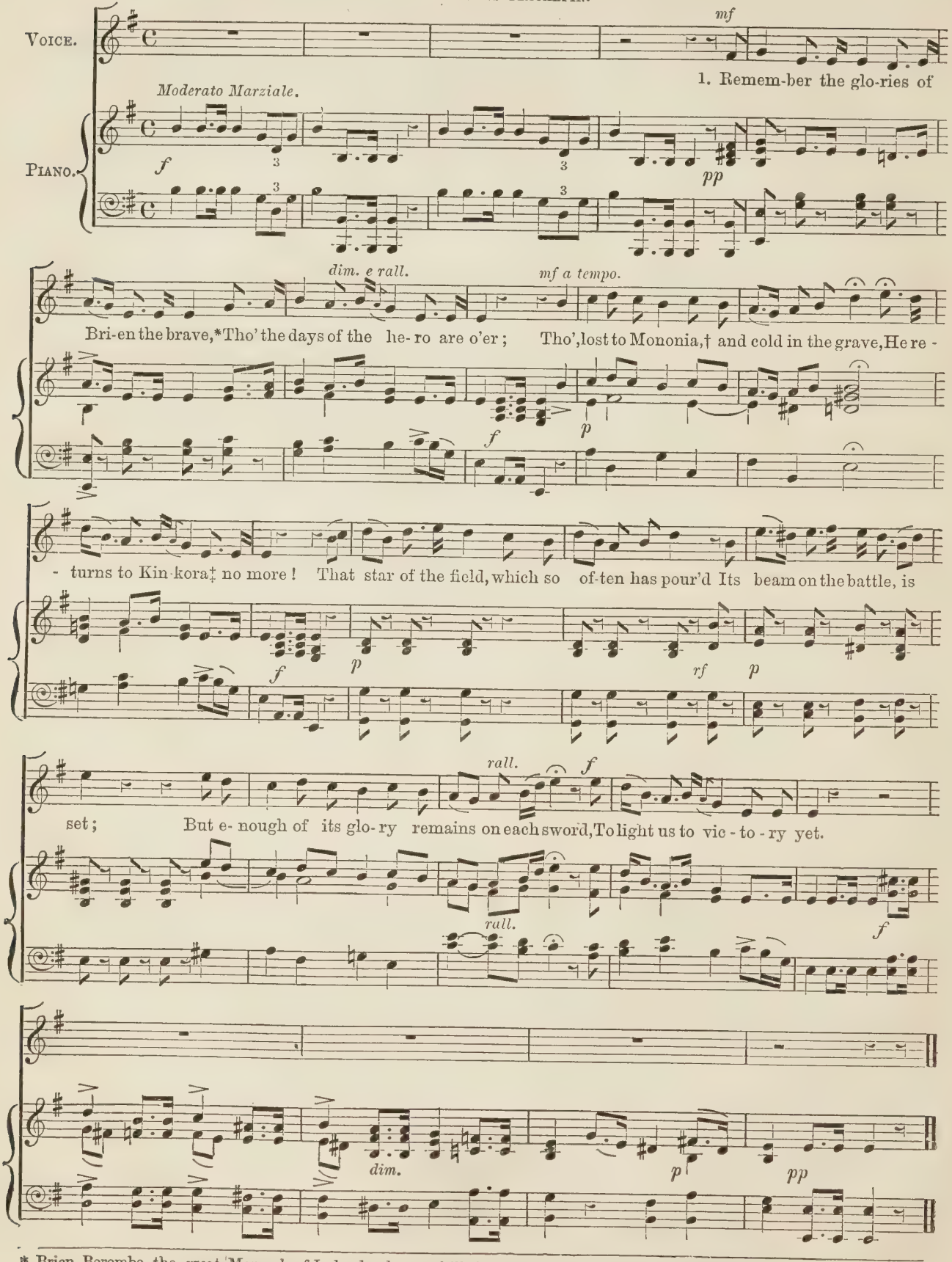
AIR—"THE BROWN MAID."




2. But the night-dew that falls, though in si-lence it weeps, Shall bright-en with ver-dure the
pp
grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, though in se-cret it rolls, Shall
rit.
rit.
cres.
long keep his me-mo-ry green in our souls.
rall.
dim.
pp rall.
tempo.
poco cres.
cres.
dim.
pp

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

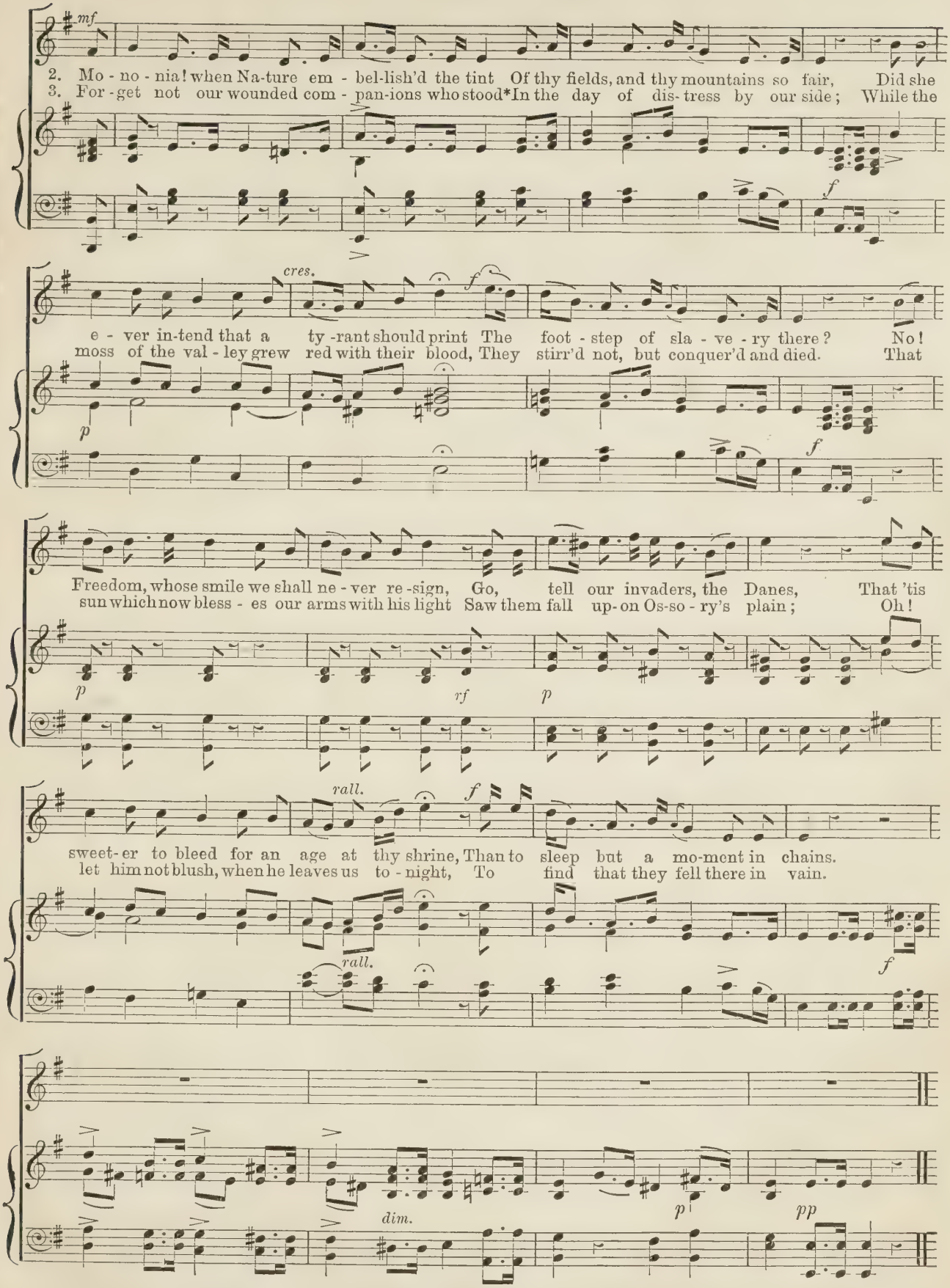
AIR—"MOLLY MACALPIN."


Voice.
Piano.
Moderato Marziale.
mf
1. Remem-ber the glo-ries of
dim. e rall.
mf a tempo.
Bri-en the brave,*Tho' the days of the he-ro are o'er; Tho',lost to Mononia,† and cold in the grave,He re-
- turns to Kin-kora‡ no more! That star of the field, which so of-ten has pour'd Its beam on the battle, is
rall.
set; But e- nough of its glo- ry remains on each sword,To light us to vic - to - ry yet.
dim.

* Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th Century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

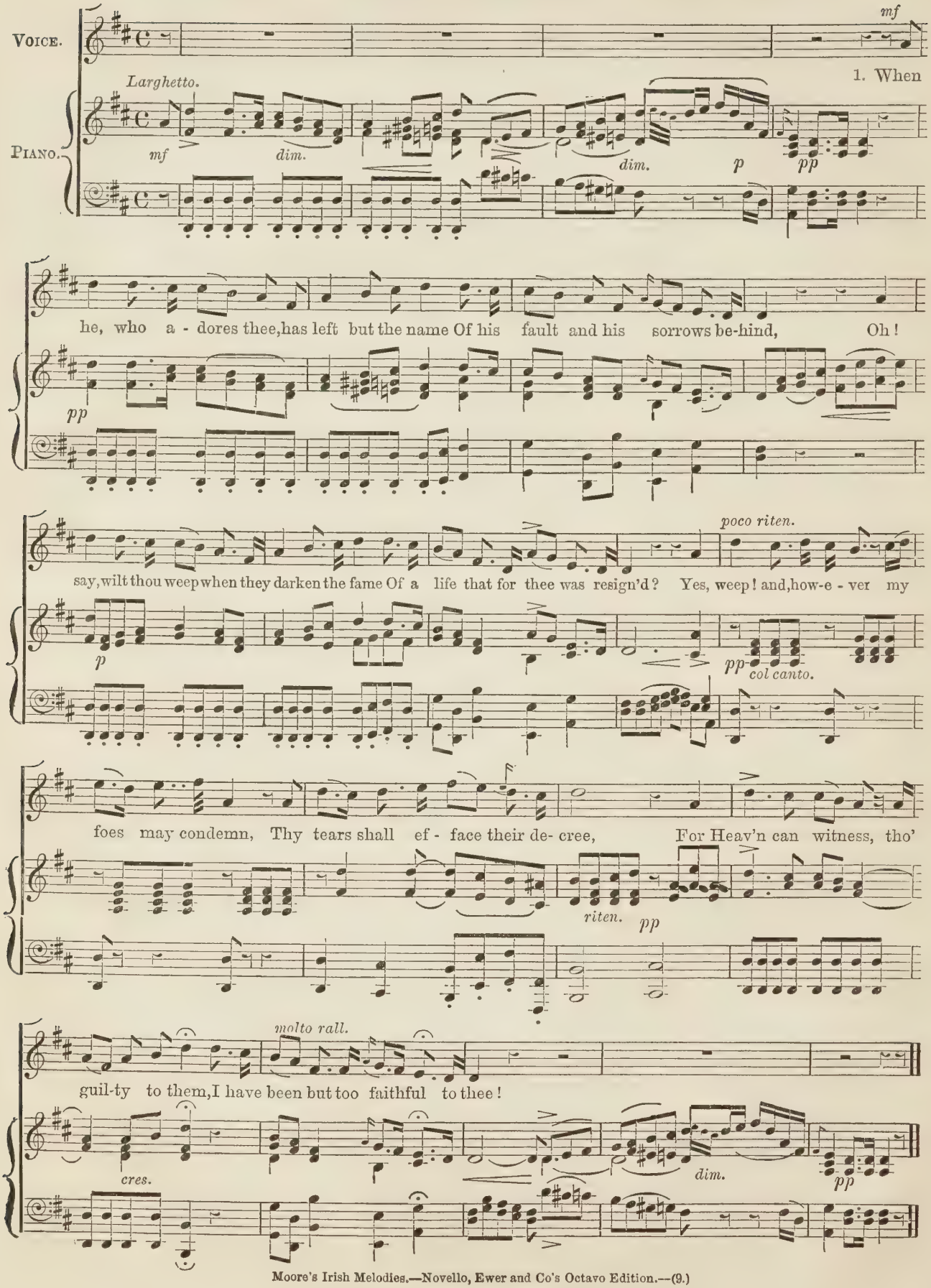
‡ The Palace of Brien.

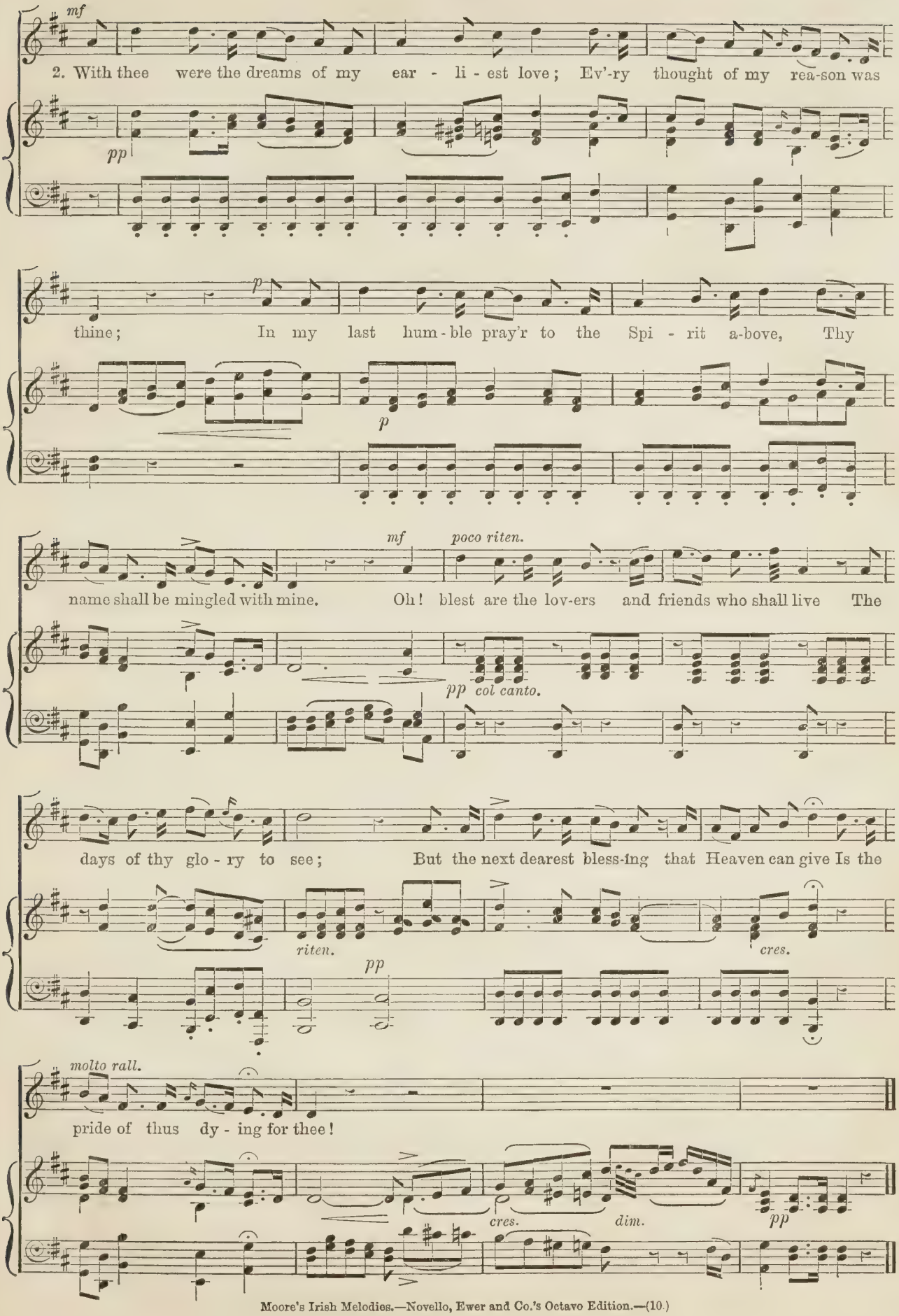

mf
2. Mo - no - nia! when Na-ture em - bel-lish'd the tint Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair, Did she
3. For - get not our wounded com - pan-ions who stood*In the day of dis-tress by our side; While the
cres.
f
e - ver in-tend that a ty -rant should print The foot - step of sla - ve - ry there? No!
moss of the val - ley grew red with their blood, They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died. That
p
Freedom, whose smile we shall ne - ver re -sign, Go, tell our invaders, the Danes, That 'tis
sun which now bless - es our arms with his light Saw them fall up- on Os-so - ry's plain; Oh!
rf
rall.
sweet- er to bleed for an age at thy shrine, Than to sleep but a mo-ment in chains.
let him not blush, when he leaves us to - night, To find that they fell there in vain.
dim.
pp

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest.—"*Let stakes* (they said) *be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*"—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops; never was such another sight exhibited."—*History of Ireland,* Book xii. chap. 1.

WHEN HE, WHO ADORES THEE.

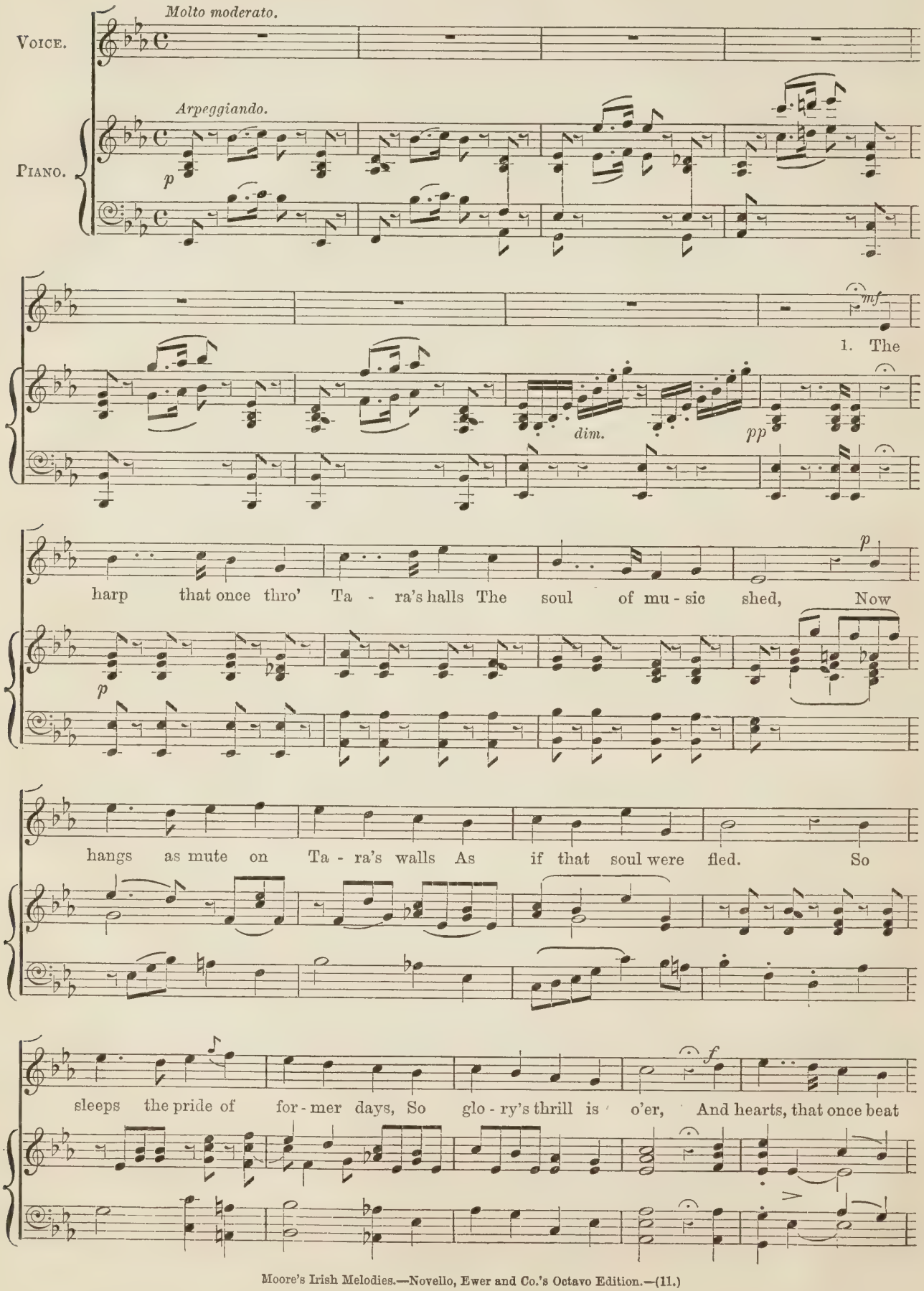
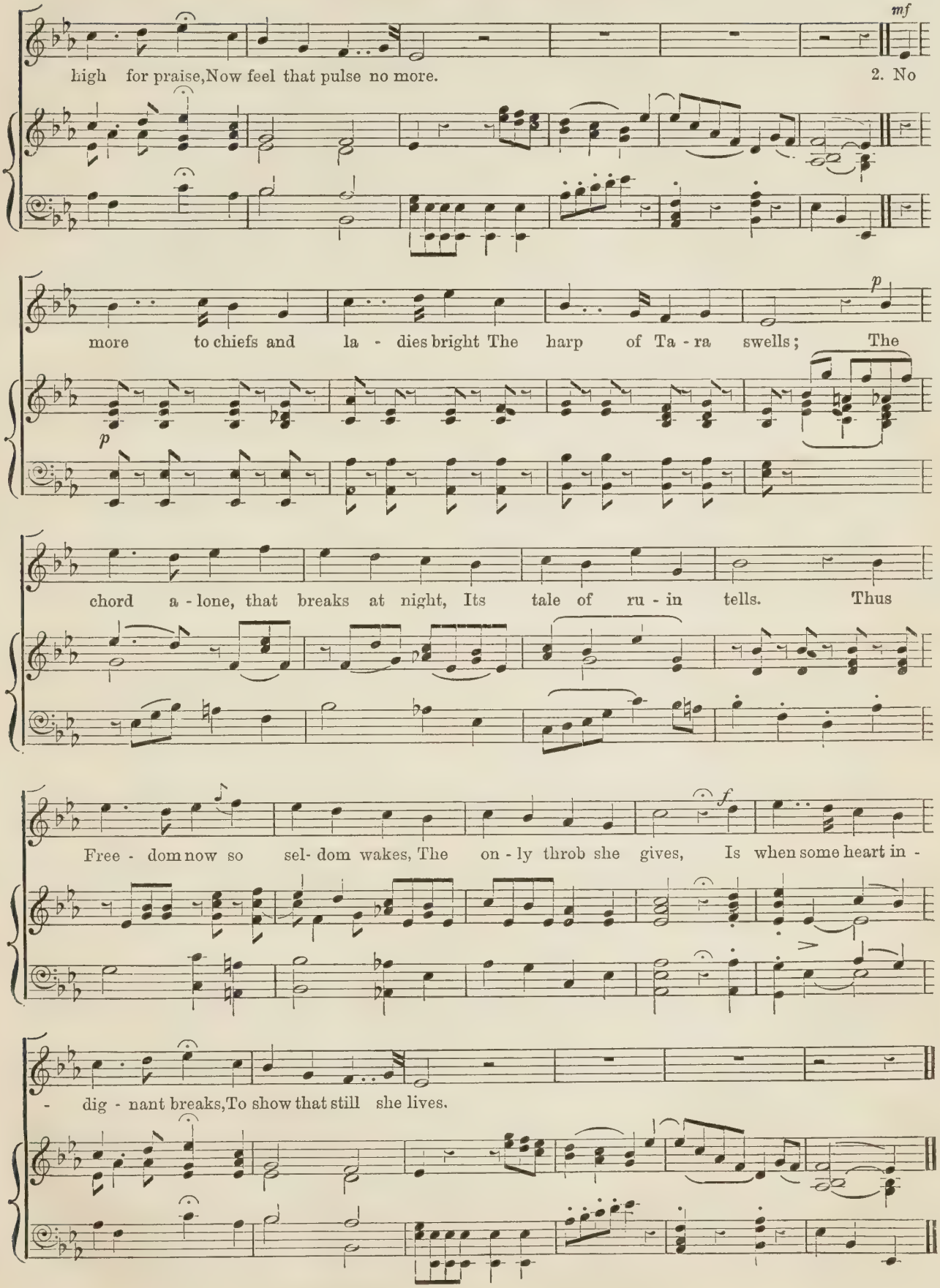
Air—"The Fox's Sleep."




mf
2. With thee were the dreams of my ear - li - est love; Ev'-ry thought of my rea-son was
pp
p
thine; In my last hum - ble pray'r to the Spi - rit a-bove, Thy
p
mf
poco riten.
name shall be mingled with mine. Oh! blest are the lov-ers and friends who shall live The
pp col canto.
days of thy glo - ry to see; But the next dearest bless-ing that Heaven can give Is the
riten.
pp
cres.
molto rall.
pride of thus dy - ing for thee!
cres.
dim.
pp

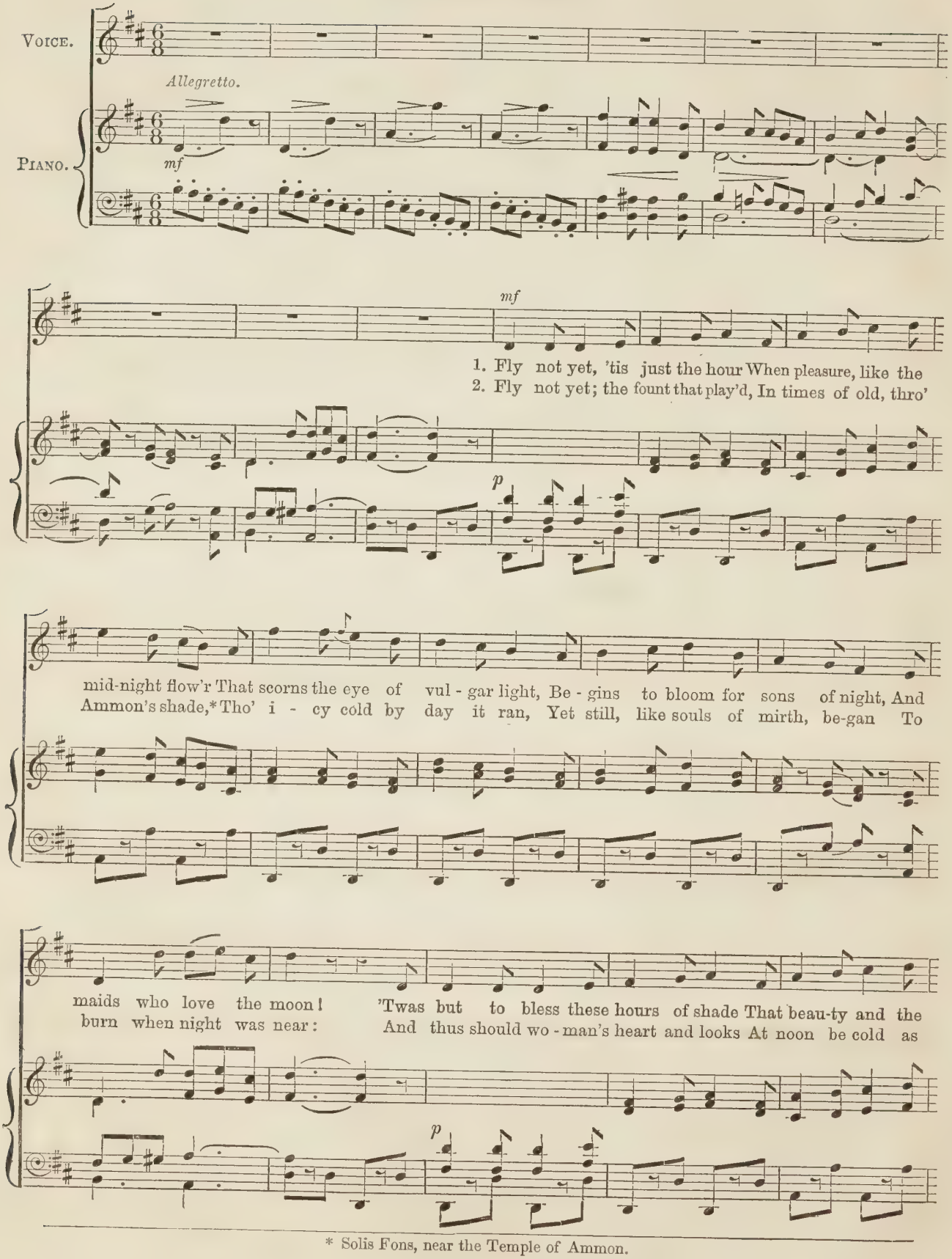
THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

AIR—"GRAMACHREE."

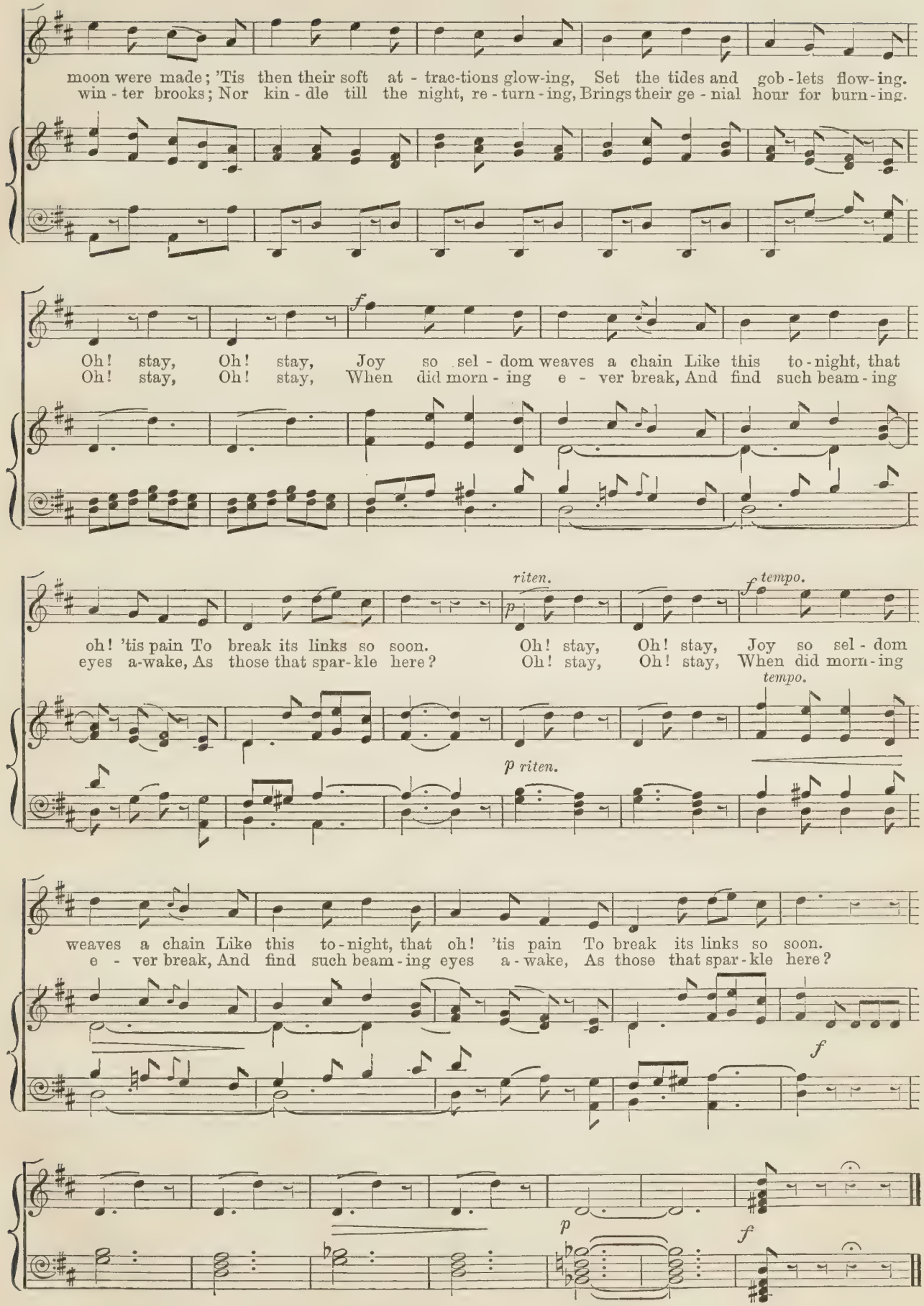

Molto moderato.
Voice.
Arpeggiando.
Piano.
p
mf
1. The
dim.
pp
harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now
p
hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So
sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts, that once beat
f

mf
high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
2. No
p
more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The
p
chord a - lone, that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus
f
Free - dom now so sel- dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives, Is when some heart in -
- dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

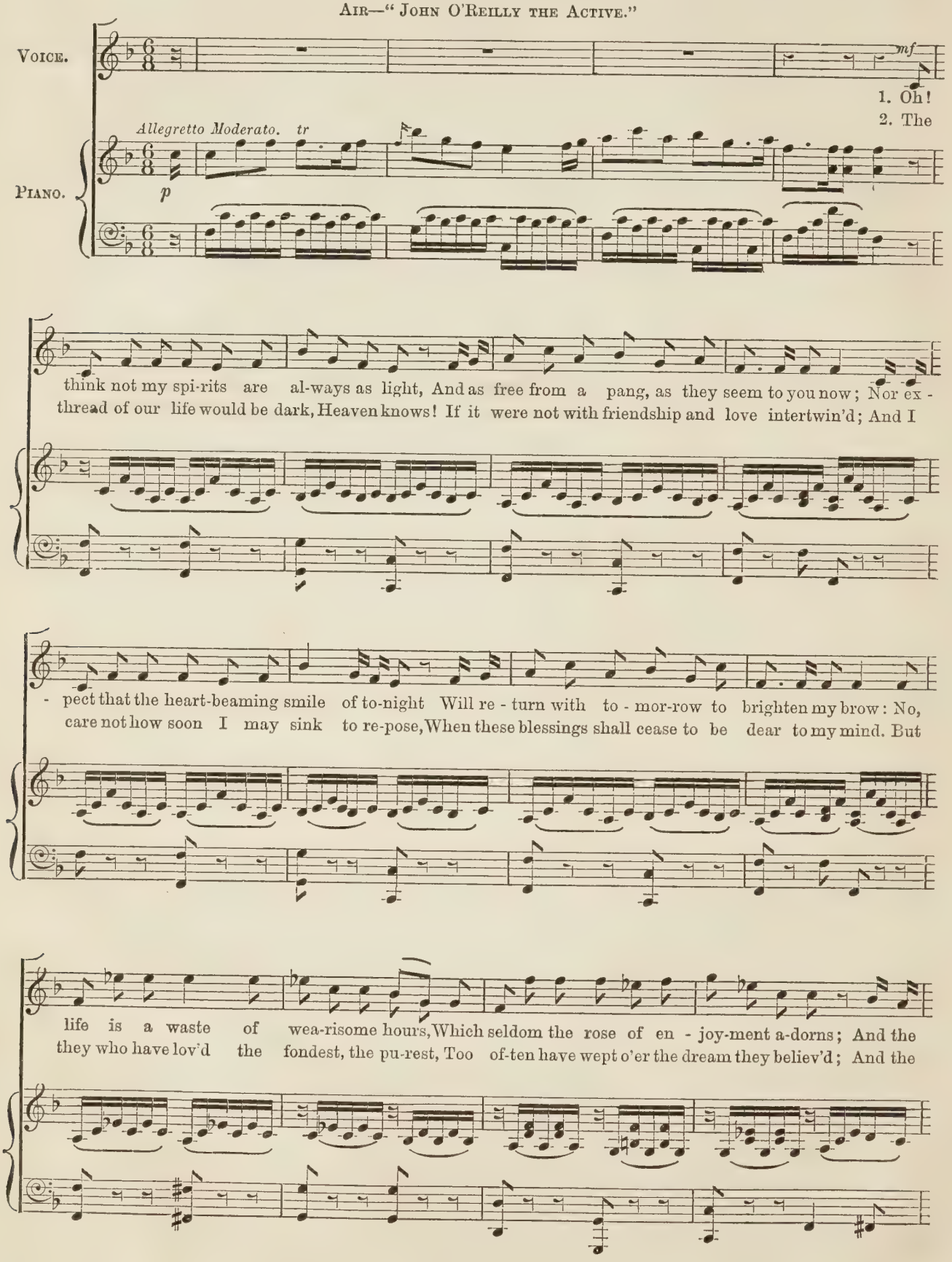
AIR—"PLANXTY KELLY."

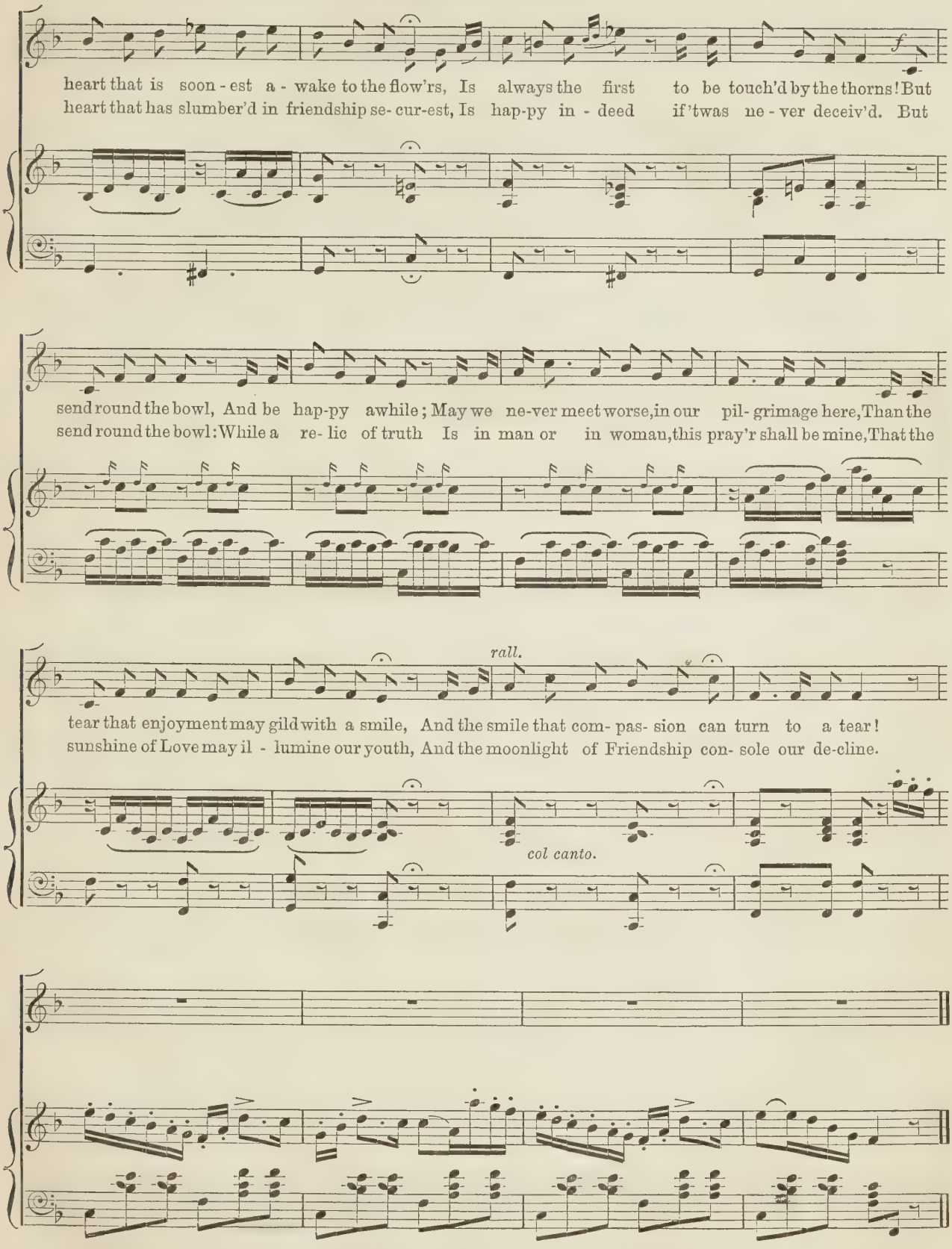

Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
mf
mf
p
1. Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour When pleasure, like the
2. Fly not yet; the fount that play'd, In times of old, thro'
mid-night flow'r That scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night, And
Ammon's shade,* Tho' i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, be-gan To
maids who love the moon! 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade That beau-ty and the
burn when night was near: And thus should wo - man's heart and looks At noon be cold as
p

* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.


moon were made; 'Tis then their soft at - trac-tions glow-ing, Set the tides and gob - lets flow-ing.
win - ter brooks; Nor kin - dle till the night, re - turn - ing, Brings their ge - nial hour for burn - ing.
Oh! stay, Oh! stay, Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like this to - night, that
Oh! stay, Oh! stay, When did morn - ing e - ver break, And find such beam - ing
riten.
tempo.
oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon. Oh! stay, Oh! stay, Joy so sel - dom
eyes a-wake, As those that spar-kle here? Oh! stay, Oh! stay, When did morn - ing
p riten.
weaves a chain Like this to - night, that oh! 'tis pain To break its links so soon.
e - ver break, And find such beam - ing eyes a - wake, As those that spar - kle here?

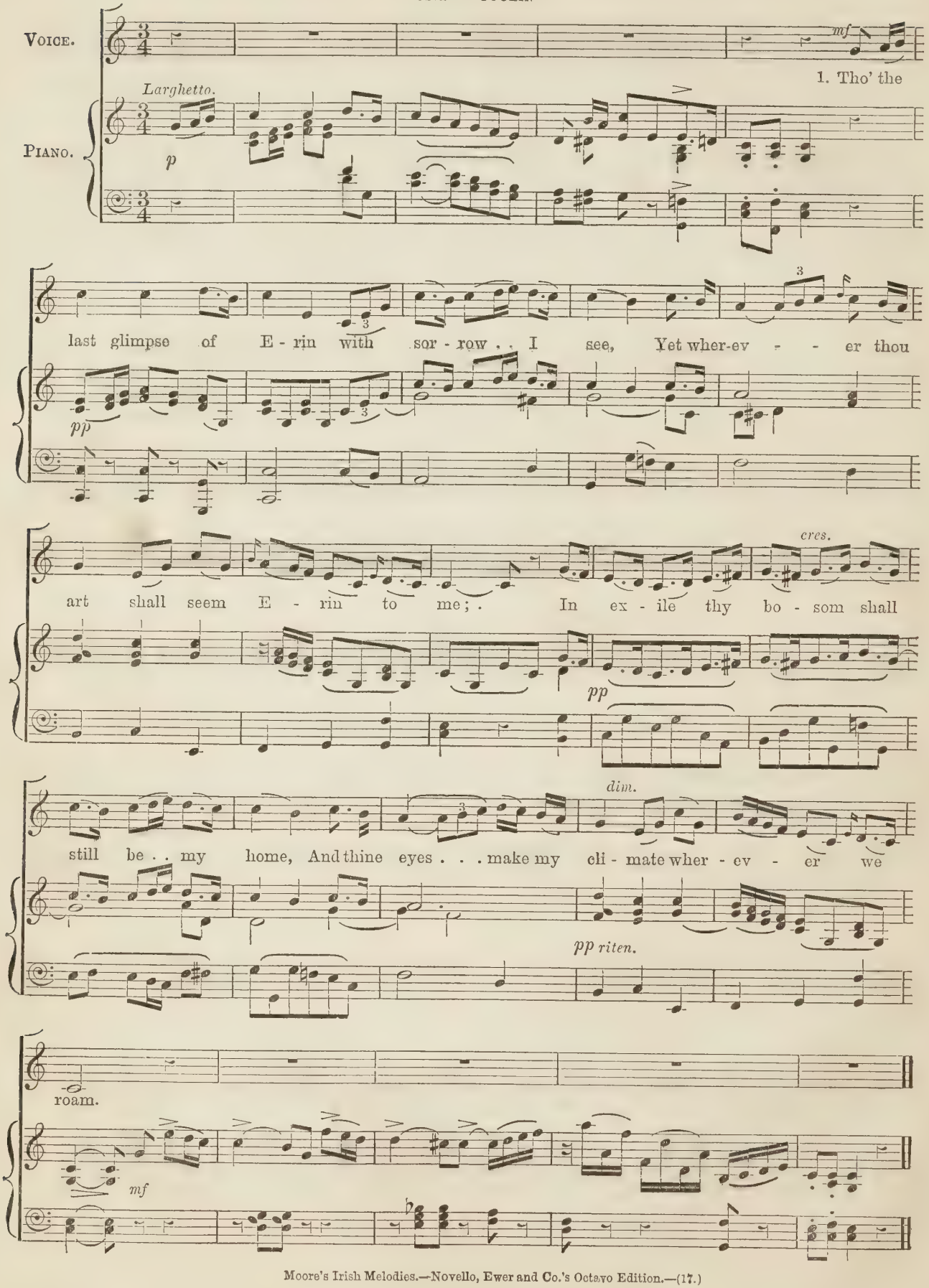
O THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

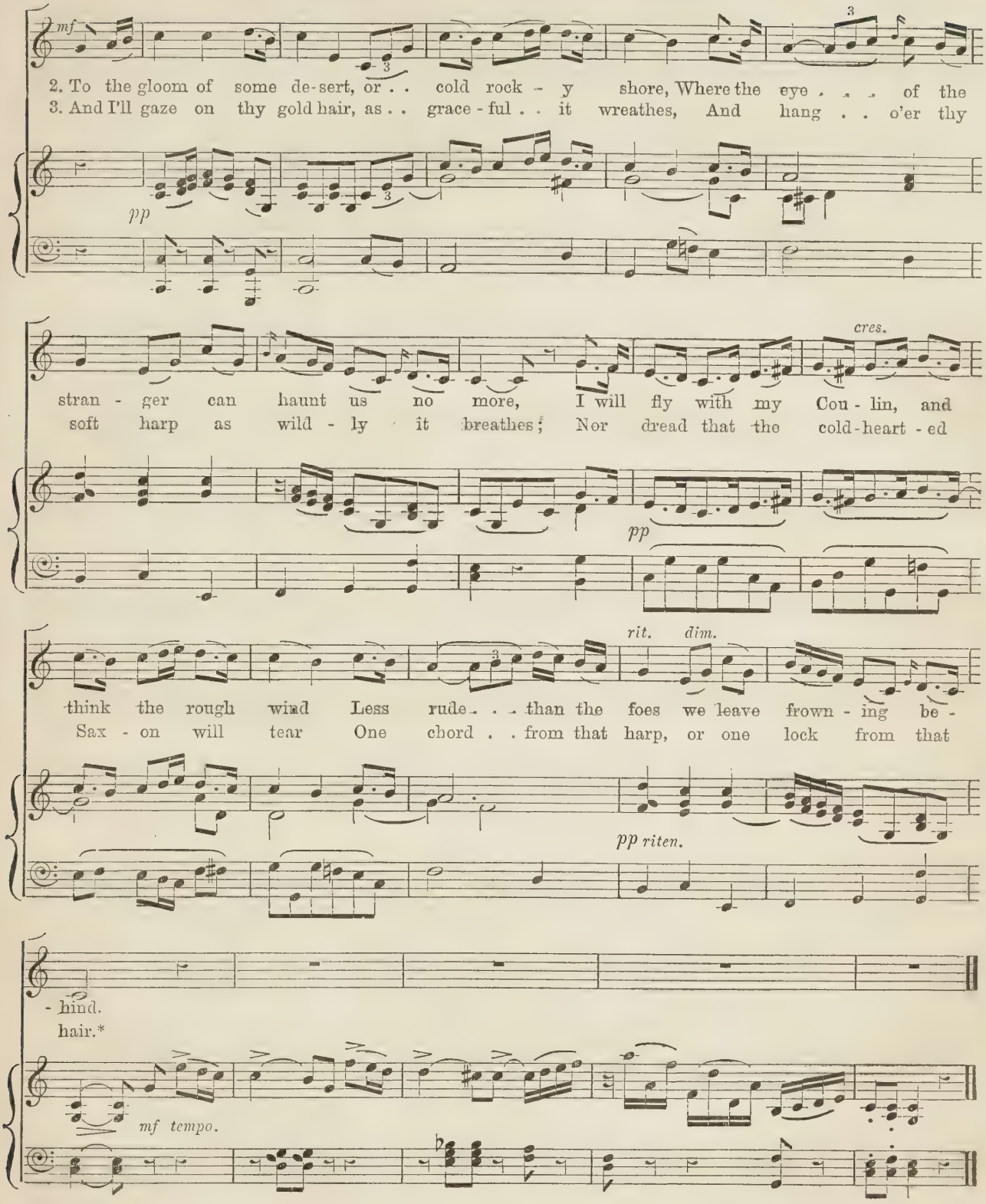
AIR—"JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE."

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto Moderato.
tr
p
mf
1. Oh!
2. The
think not my spi-rits are al-ways as light, And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now; Nor ex -
thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows! If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd; And I
- pect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night Will re - turn with to - mor-row to brighten my brow: No,
care not how soon I may sink to re-pose, When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind. But
life is a waste of wea-risome hours, Which seldom the rose of en - joy-ment a-dorns; And the
they who have lov'd the fondest, the pu-rest, Too of-ten have wept o'er the dream they believ'd; And the


heart that is soon - est a - wake to the flow'rs, Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns! But
heart that has slumber'd in friendship se- cur-est, Is hap-py in - deed if 'twas ne - ver deceiv'd. But
f
send round the bowl, And be hap-py awhile; May we ne-ver meet worse, in our pil- grimage here, Than the
send round the bowl: While a re- lic of truth Is in man or in woman, this pray'r shall be mine, That the
rall.
tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile, And the smile that com- pas- sion can turn to a tear!
sunshine of Love may il - lumine our youth, And the moonlight of Friendship con- sole our de-cline.
col canto.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

AIR—"COULIN."

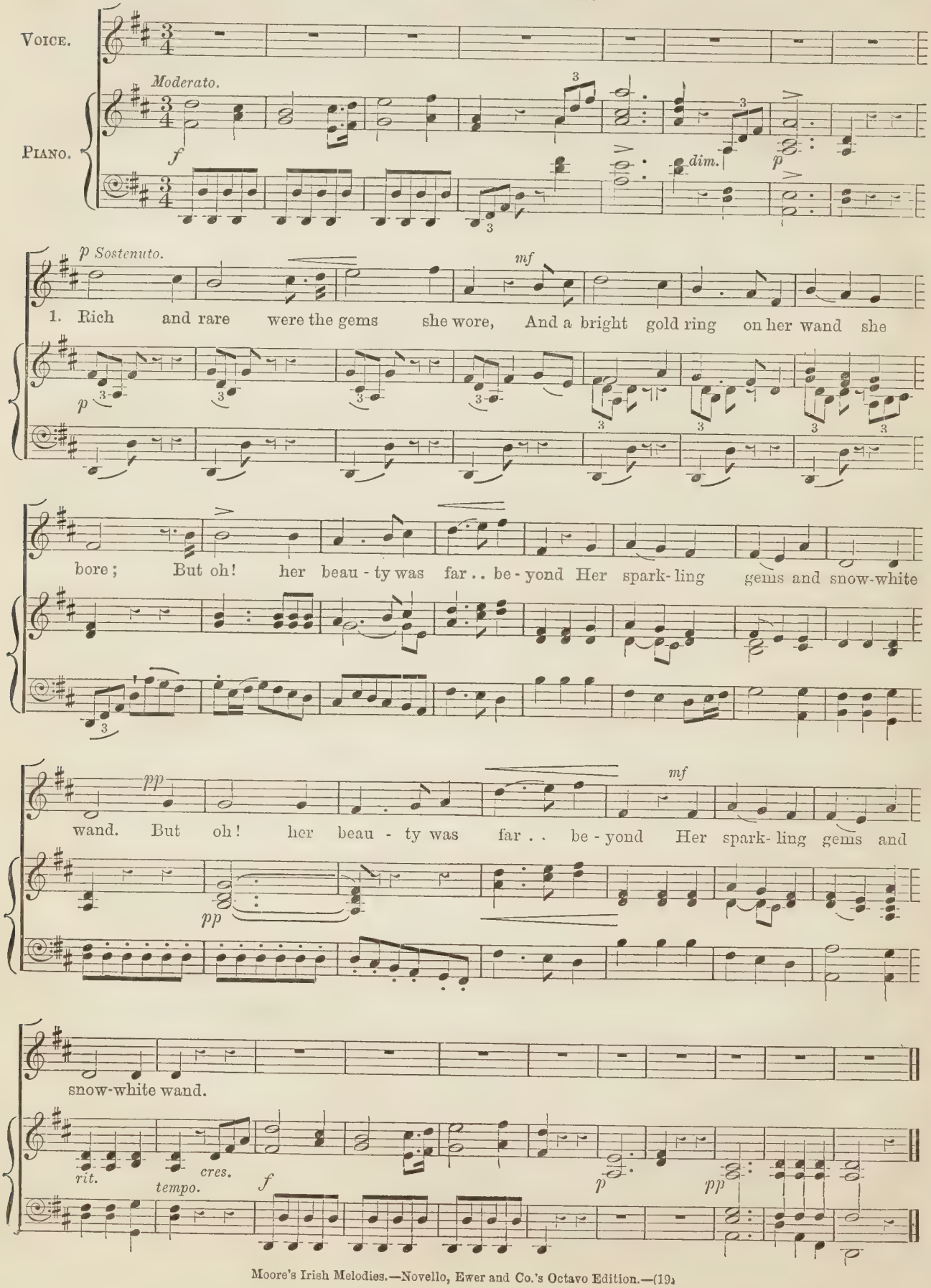

Voice.
Piano.
Larghetto.
p
mf
1. Tho' the
last glimpse of E - rin with sor - row . . I see, Yet wher-ev - - - er thou
pp
art shall seem E - rin to me; . In ex - ile thy bo - som shall
cres.
pp
still be . . my home, And thine eyes . . . make my cli - mate wher - ev - er we
dim.
pp riten.
roam.
mf

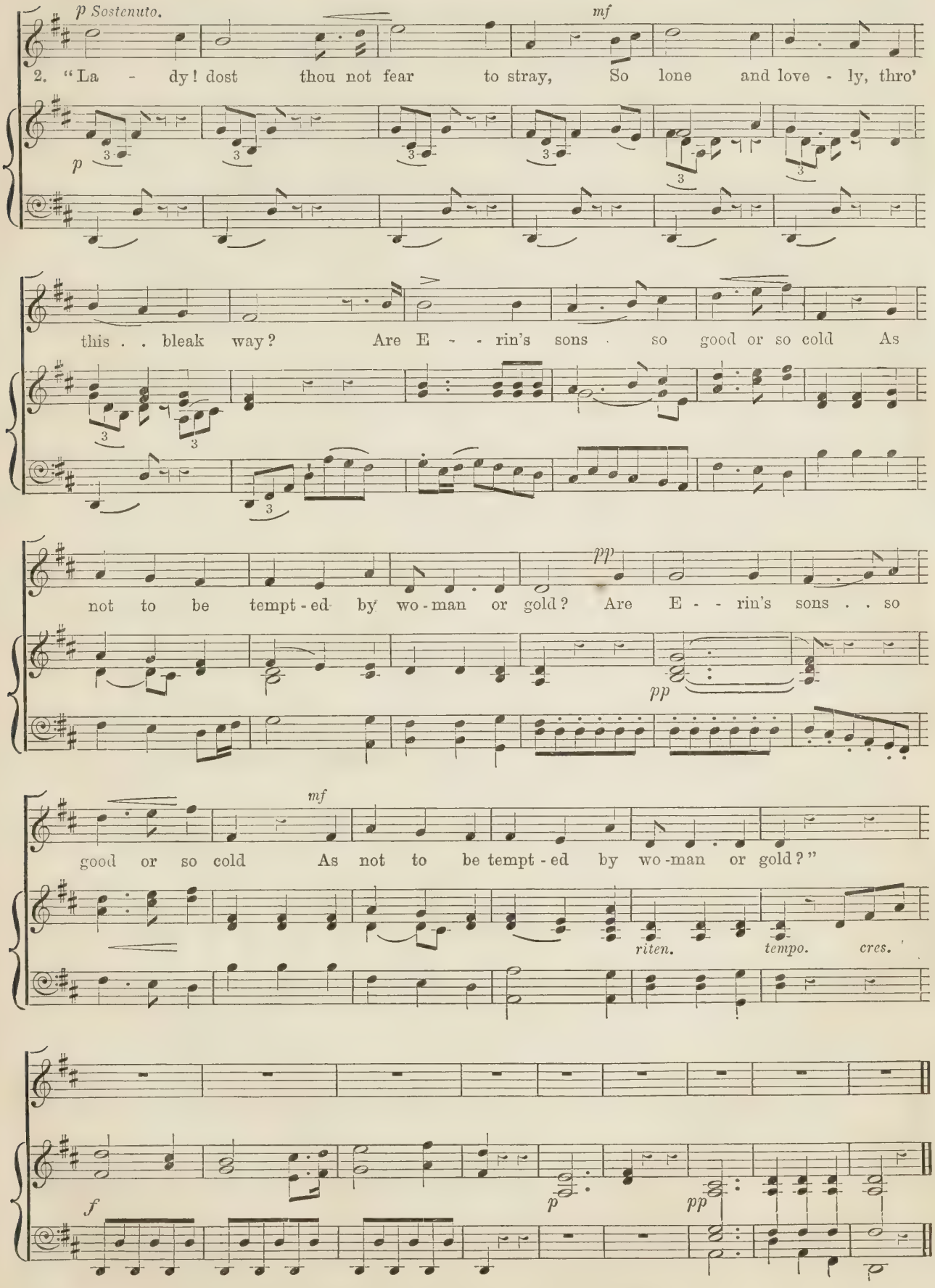

mf
2. To the gloom of some de-sert, or . . cold rock - y shore, Where the eye . . . of the
3. And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as . . grace - ful . . it wreathes, And hang . . o'er thy
pp
cres.
stran - ger can haunt us no more, I will fly with my Cou - lin, and
soft harp as wild - ly it breathes; Nor dread that the cold-heart - ed
pp
rit. dim.
think the rough wind Less rude . . . than the foes we leave frown - ing be -
Sax - on will tear One chord . . from that harp, or one lock from that
pp riten.
- hind.
hair.*
mf tempo.

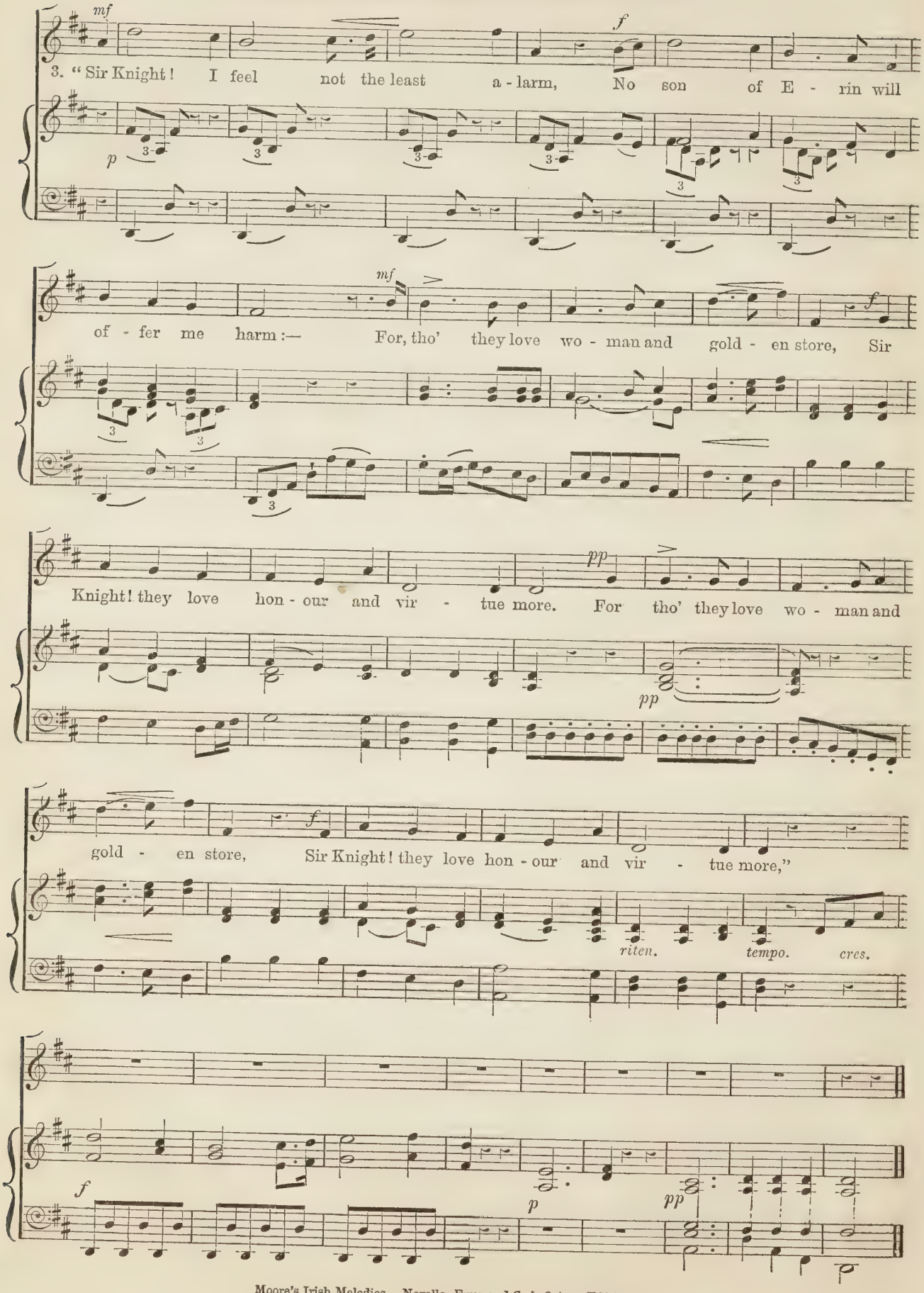
* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an Act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a Song was written by one of our Bards, in which an Irish Virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this Song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER's *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 134. Mr. WALKER informs us, also, that, about the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

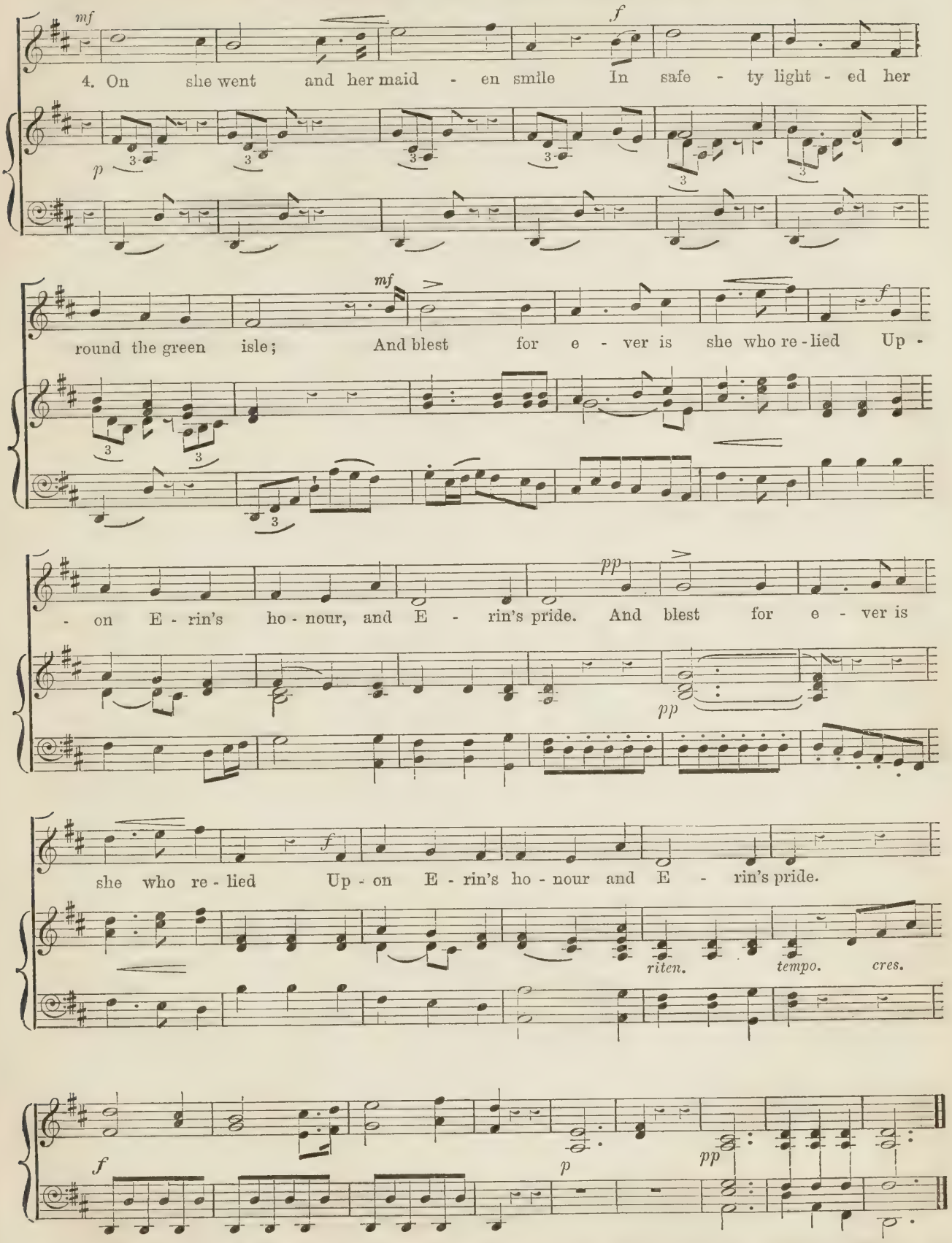
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

AIR—"THE SUMMER IS COMING."




p Sostenuto.
mf
2. "La - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly, thro'
p
this . . bleak way? Are E - - rin's sons . so good or so cold As
pp
not to be tempt - ed by wo - man or gold? Are E - - rin's sons . . so
pp
mf
good or so cold As not to be tempt - ed by wo - man or gold?"
riten.
tempo.
cres.
f
p
pp

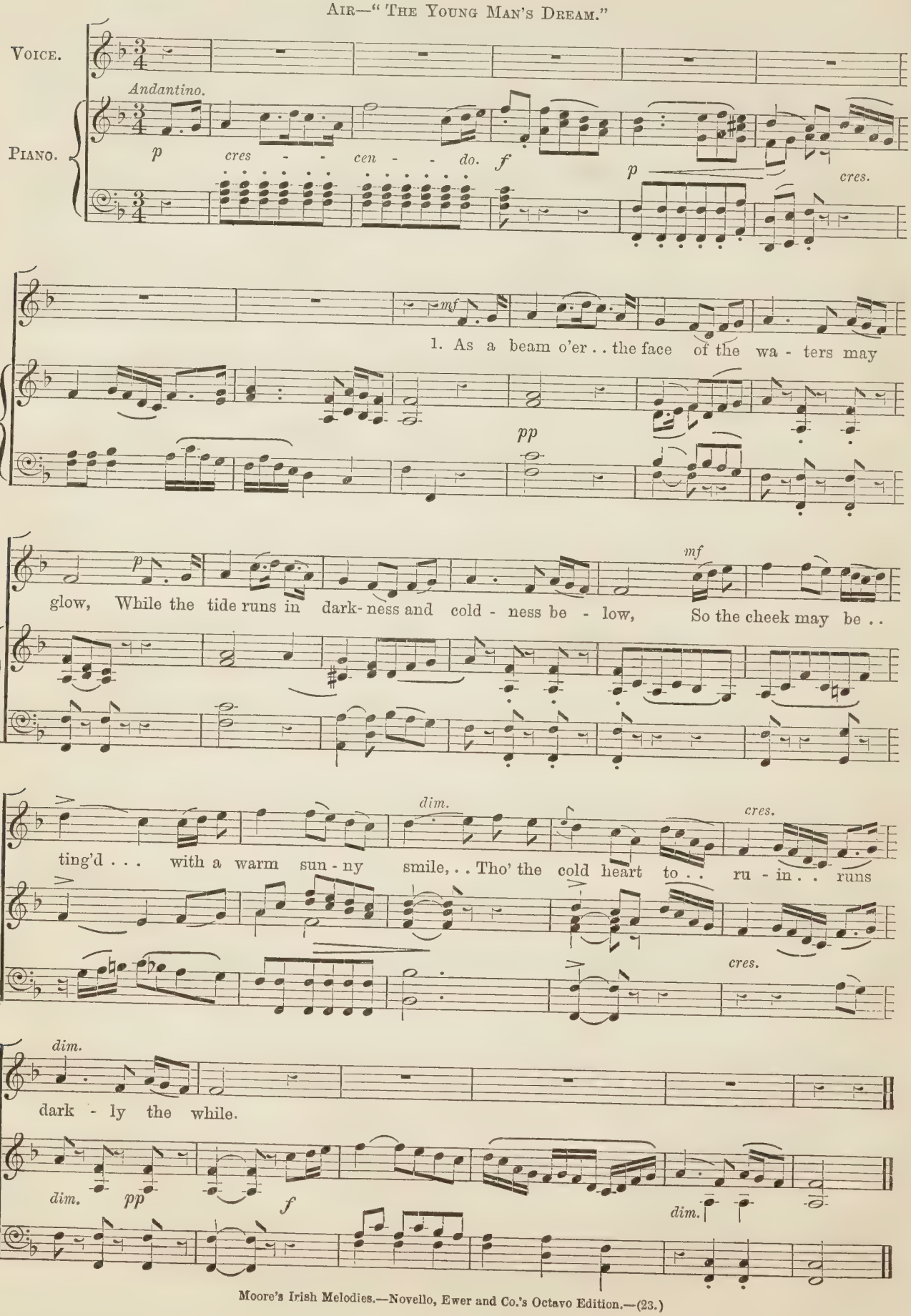

mf
f
3. "Sir Knight! I feel not the least a-larm, No son of E-rin will
p
mf
of-fer me harm:— For, tho' they love wo-man and gold-en store, Sir
f
pp
Knight! they love hon-our and vir-tue more. For tho' they love wo-man and
pp
f
gold-en store, Sir Knight! they love hon-our and vir-tue more,"
riten.
tempo.
cres.
f
p
pp

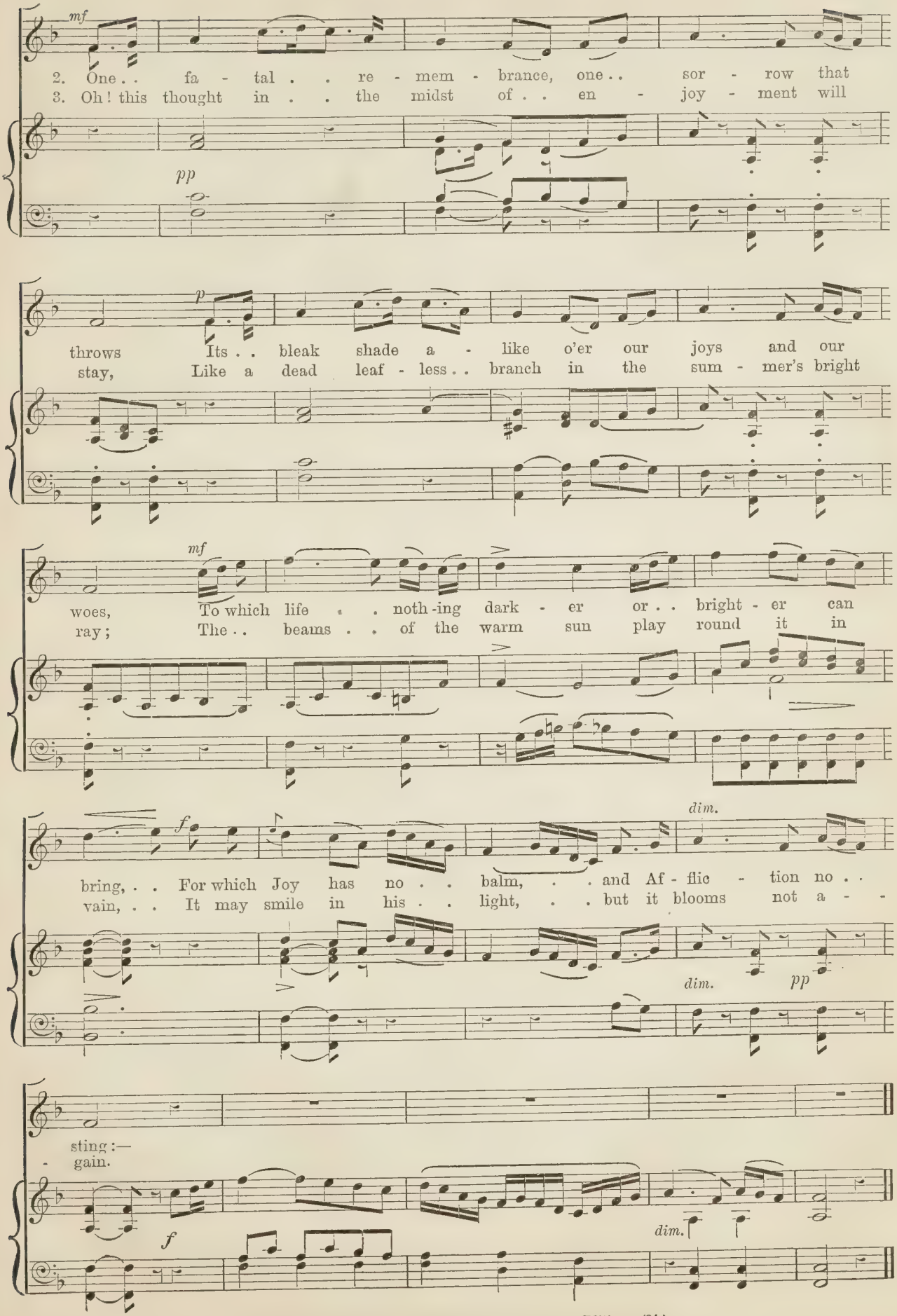

mf
f
4. On she went and her maid - en smile In safe - ty light - ed her
p
mf
round the green isle; And blest for e - ver is she who re - lied Up -
f
- on E - rin's ho - nour, and E - rin's pride. And blest for e - ver is
pp
pp
she who re - lied Up - on E - rin's ho - nour and E - rin's pride.
f
riten.
tempo.
cres.
f
p
pp

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, vol. i., book x.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS.

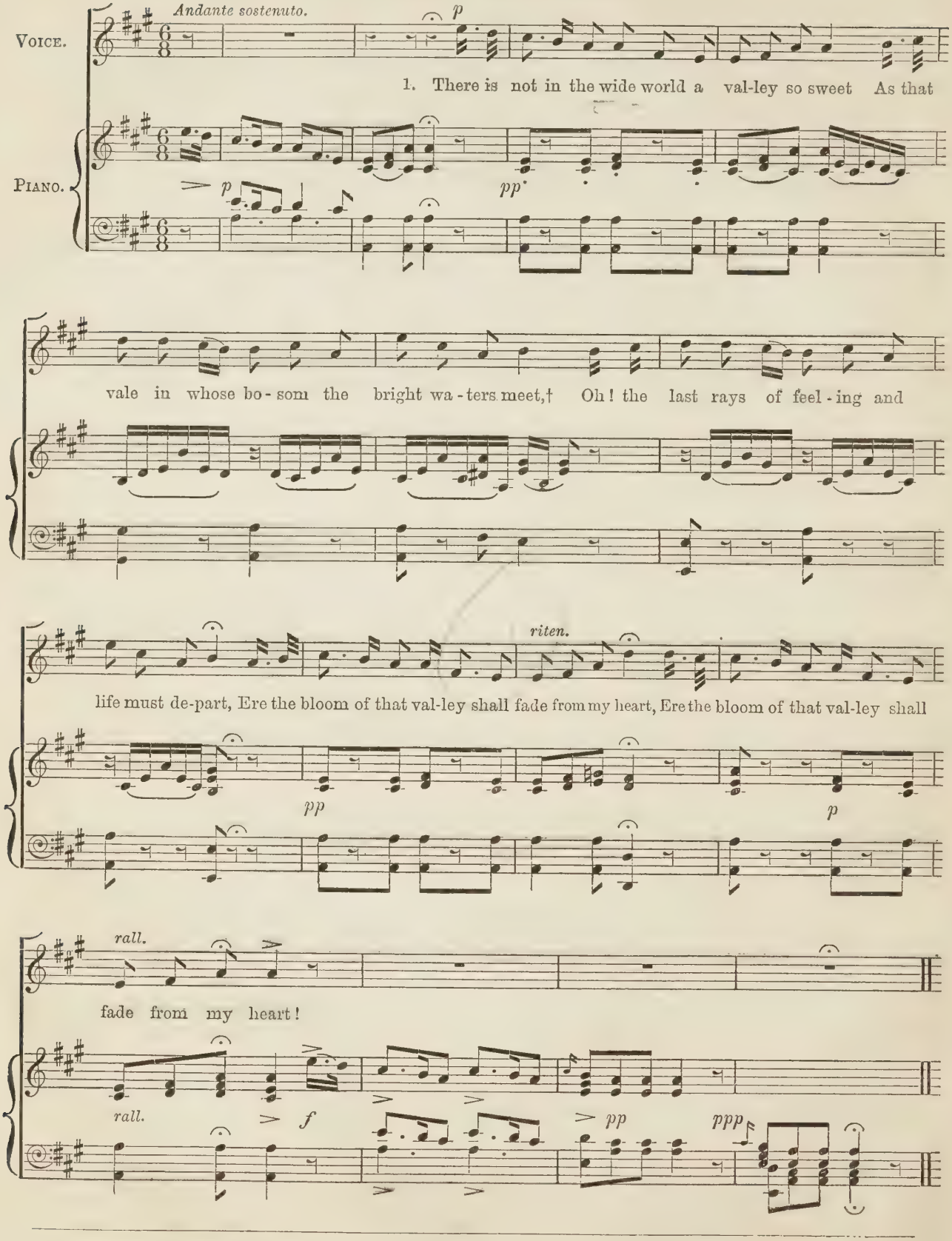
AIR—"THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM."




mf
2. One . . fa - tal . . re - mem - brance, one . . sor - row that
3. Oh! this thought in . . the midst of . . en - joy - ment will
pp
p
throws Its . . bleak shade a - like o'er our joys and our
stay, Like a dead leaf - less . . branch in the sum - mer's bright
mf
woes, To which life . . noth - ing dark - er or . . bright - er can
ray; The . . beams . . of the warm sun play round it in
f
dim.
bring, . . For which Joy has no . . balm, . . and Af - flic - tion no . .
vain, . . It may smile in his . . light, . . but it blooms not a - -
dim.
pp
sting:—
- gain.
f
dim.

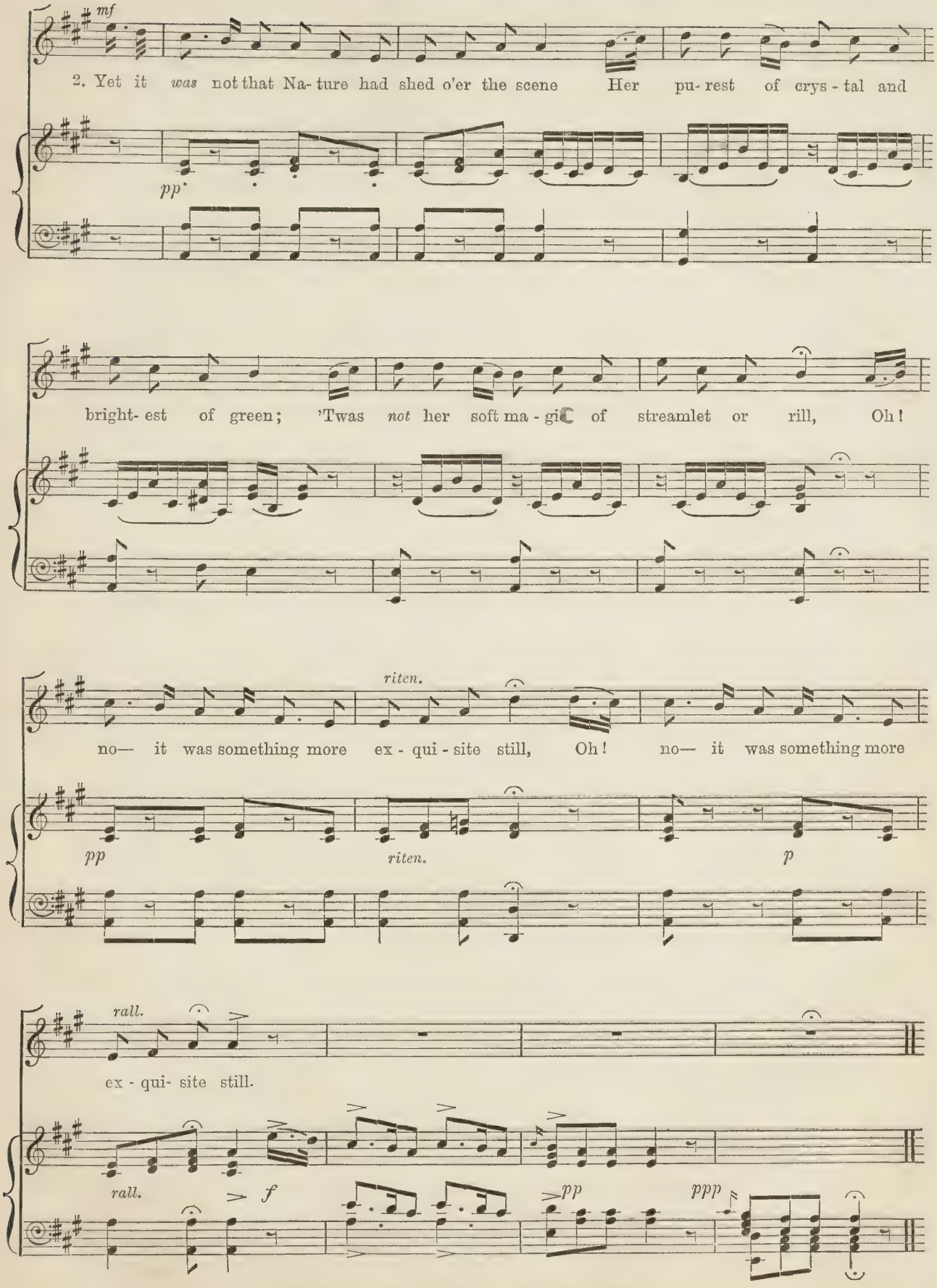
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.*

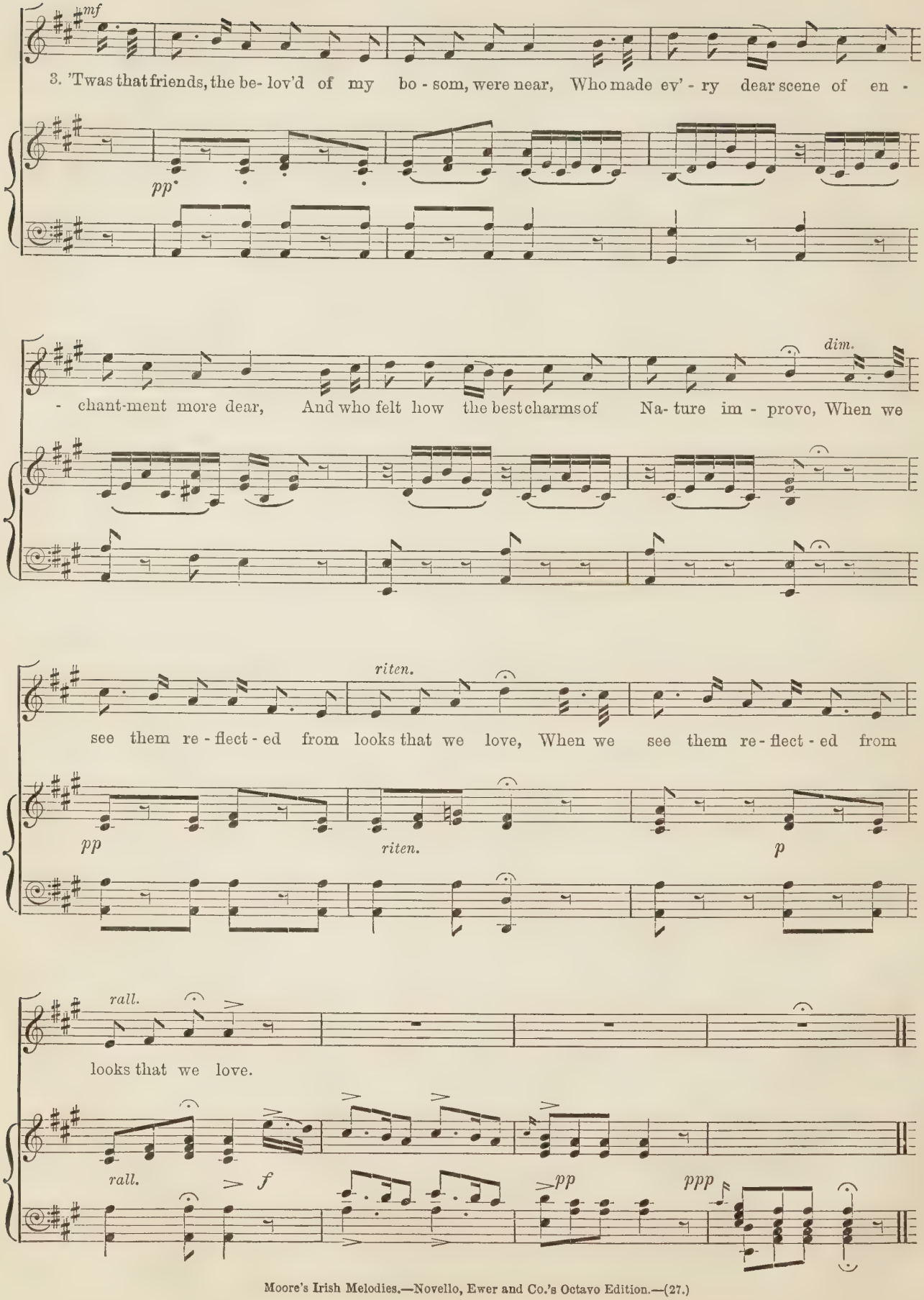
AIR—"THE OLD HEAD OF DENNIS."

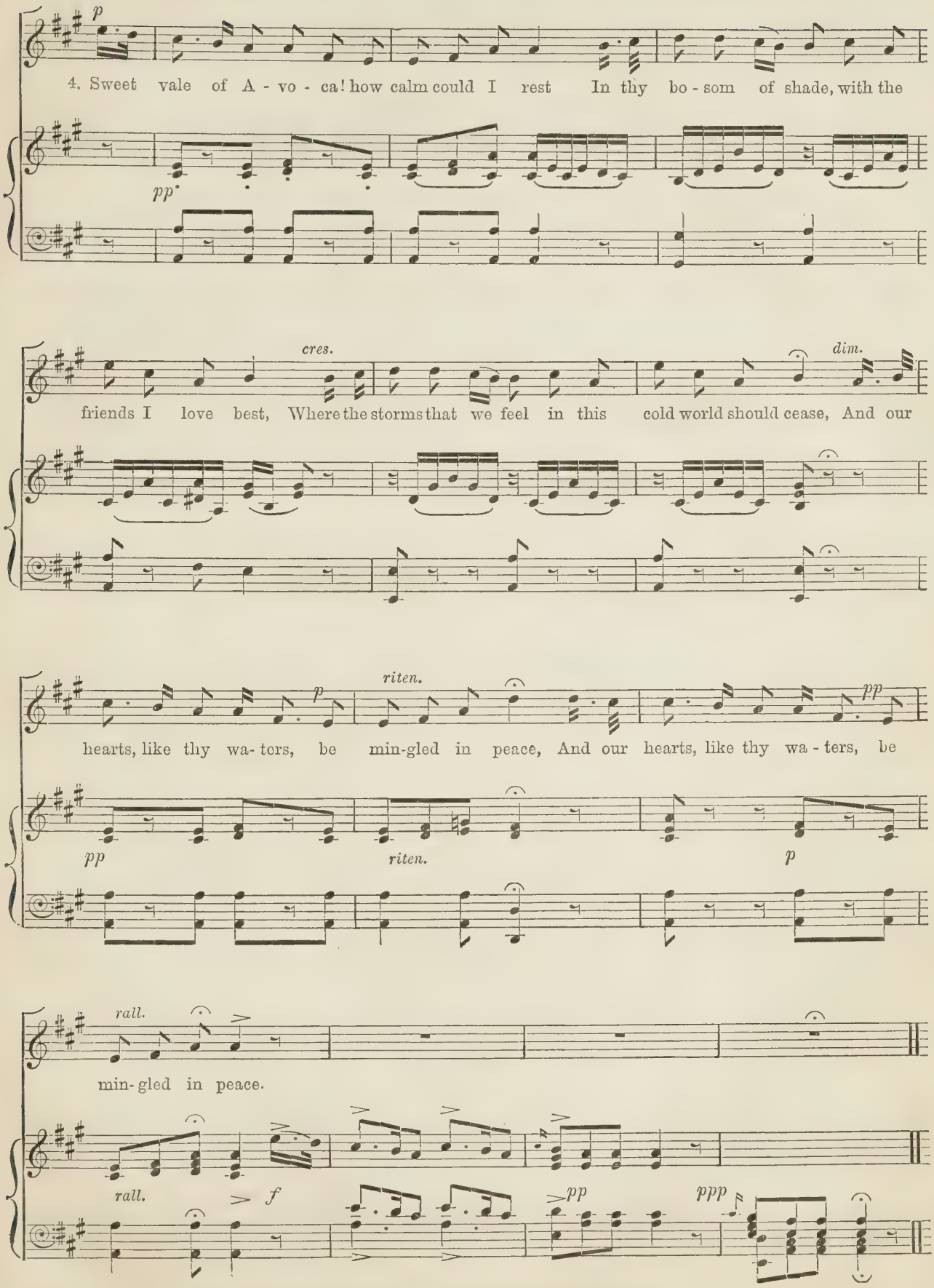


* "The meeting of the Waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the County of Wicklow; and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.


mf
2. Yet it was not that Na- ture had shed o'er the scene Her pu- rest of crys - tal and
pp
bright- est of green; 'Twas not her soft ma - gic of streamlet or rill, Oh!
riten.
no— it was something more ex - qui - site still, Oh! no— it was something more
pp
riten.
p
rall.
ex - qui- site still.
rall.
f
pp
ppp

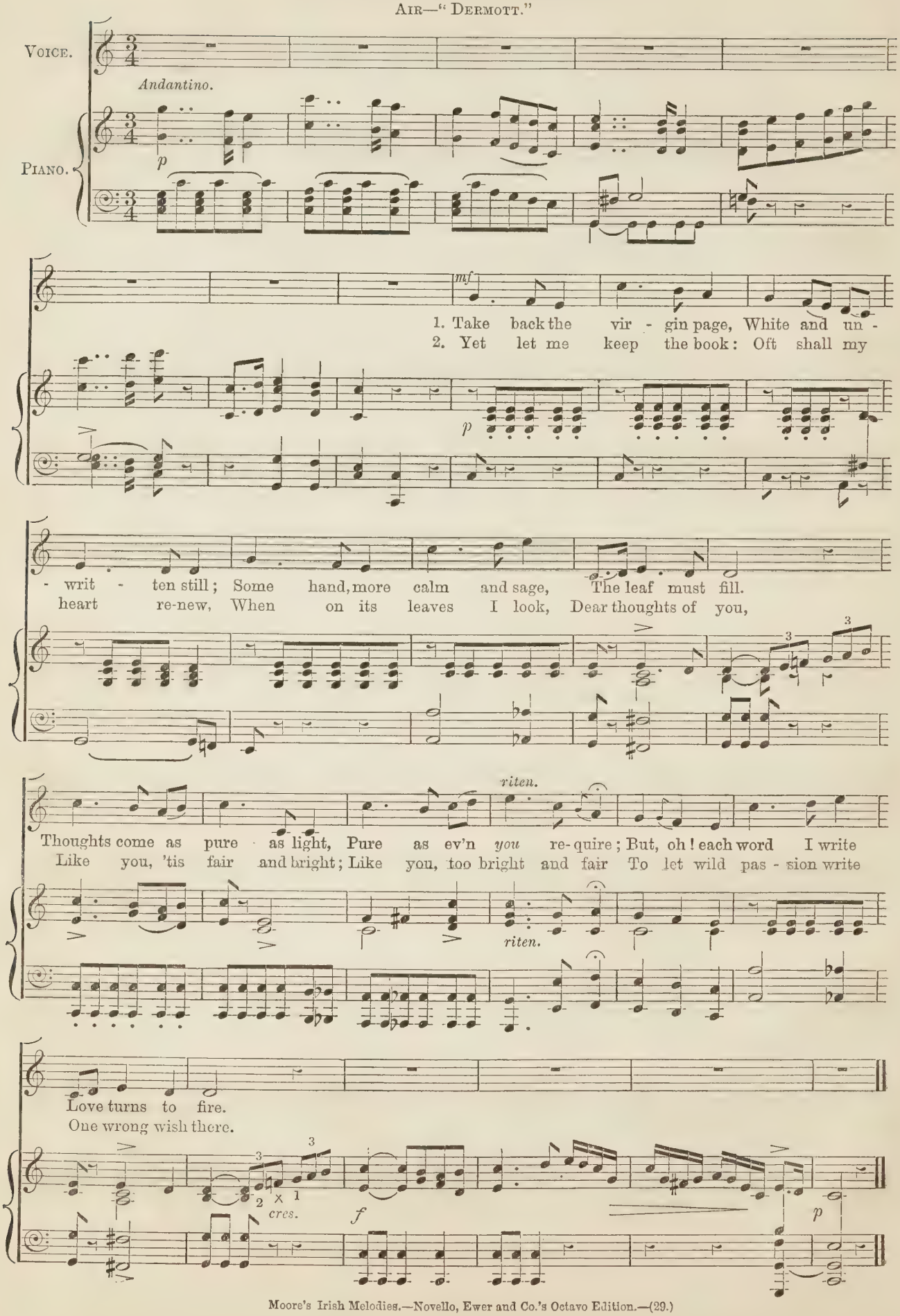

mf
3. 'Twas that friends, the be- lov'd of my bo - som, were near, Who made ev' - ry dear scene of en -
pp
- chant-ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of Na- ture im - prove, When we
dim.
riten.
see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we see them re - flect - ed from
pp
riten.
p
rall.
looks that we love.
rall.
f
pp
ppp

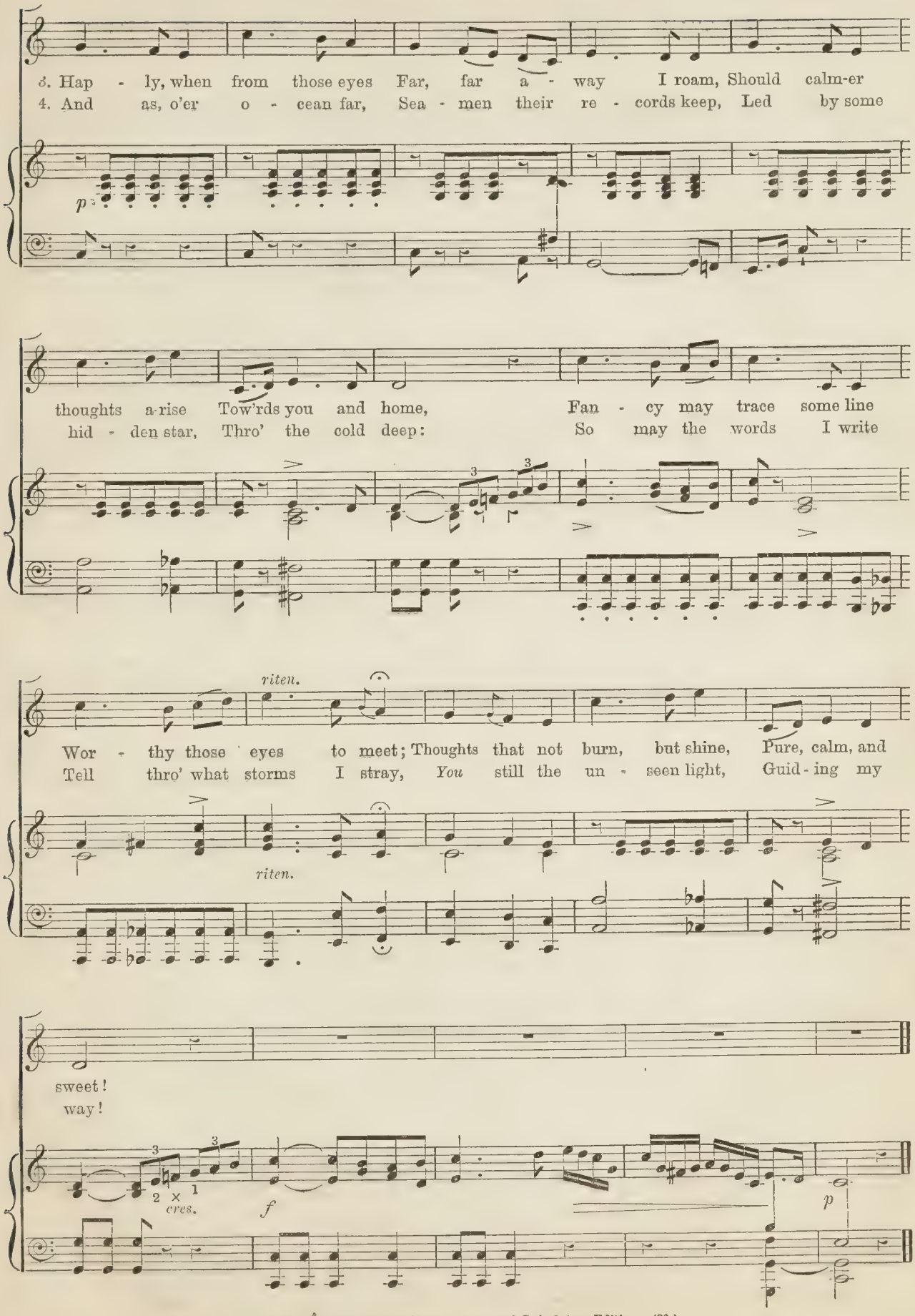

p
4. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy bo - som of shade, with the
pp
cres.
dim.
friends I love best, Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, And our
p
riten.
pp
hearts, like thy wa- ters, be min-gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be
pp
riten.
p
rall.
min- gled in peace.
rall.
f
pp
ppp

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

(WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.)

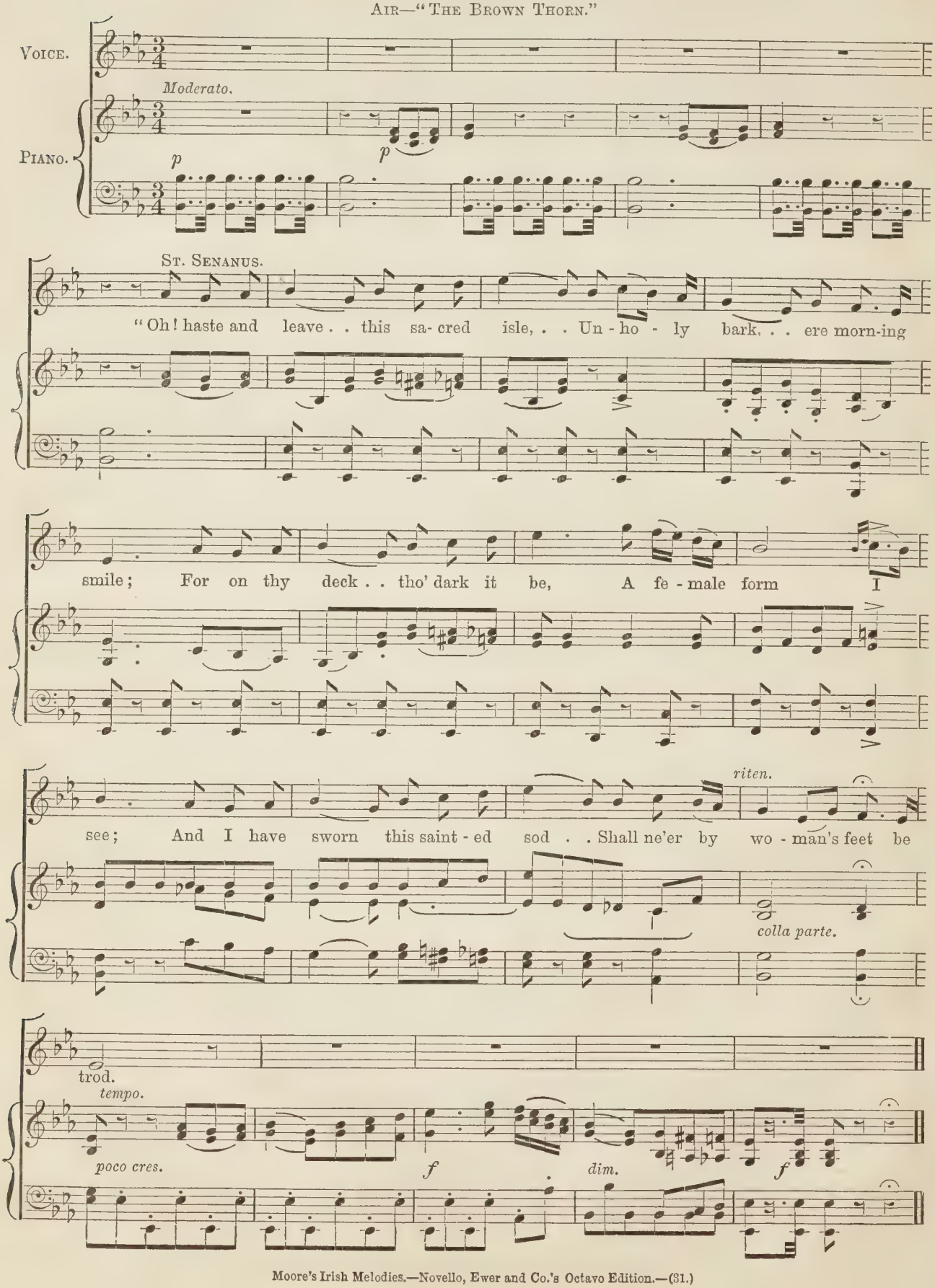
AIR—"DERMOTT."

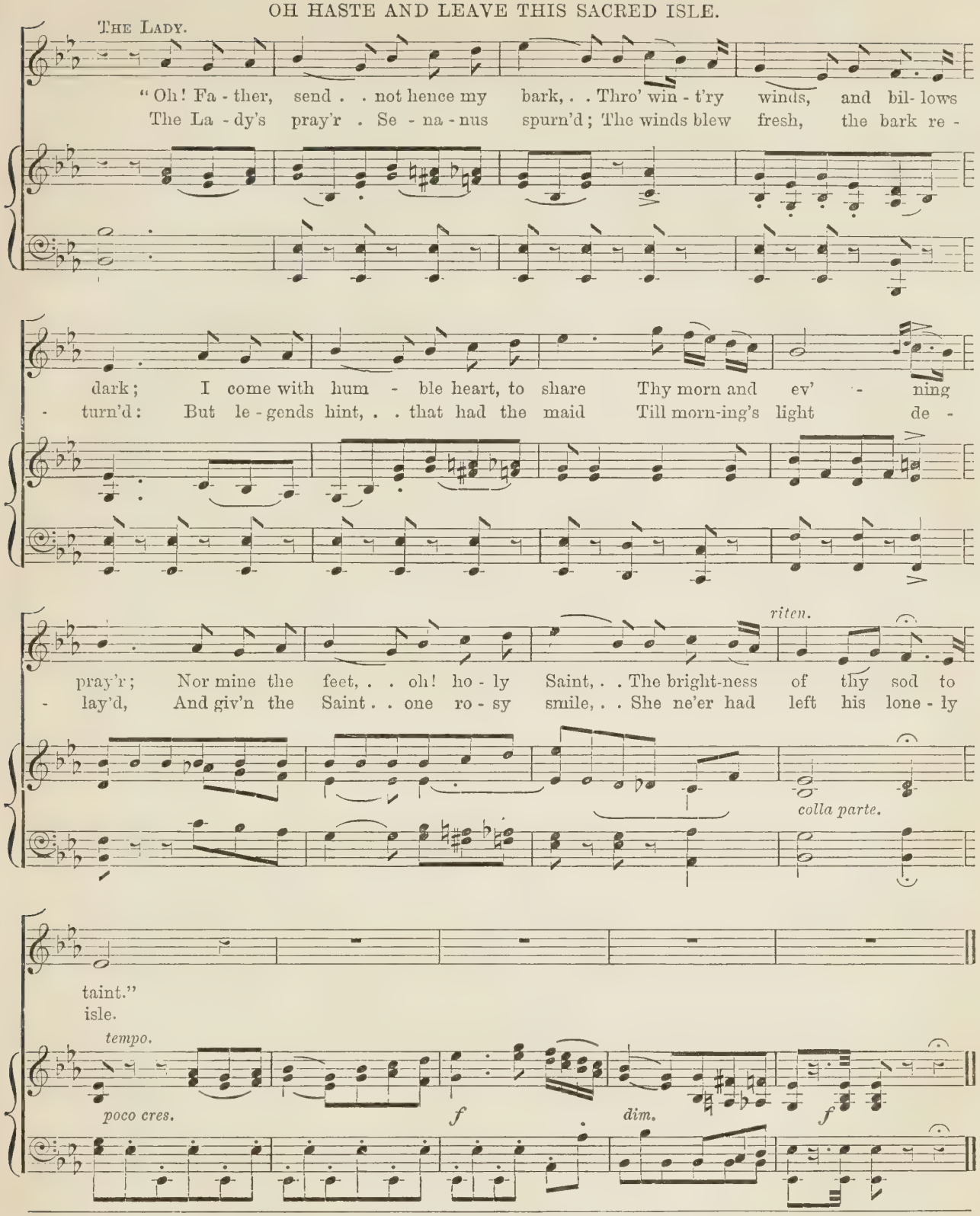

Voice.
Piano.
Andantino.
p
mf
1. Take back the vir - gin page, White and un -
2. Yet let me keep the book: Oft shall my
p
- writ - ten still; Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.
heart re-new, When on its leaves I look, Dear thoughts of you,
3
3
riten.
Thoughts come as pure as light, Pure as ev'n you re-quire; But, oh! each word I write
Like you, 'tis fair and bright; Like you, too bright and fair To let wild pas - sion write
riten.
Love turns to fire.
One wrong wish there.
3
3
2 x 1
cres.
f
p


3. Hap - ly, when from those eyes Far, far a - way I roam, Should calm-er
4. And as, o'er o - cean far, Sea - men their re - cords keep, Led by some
p
thoughts a-rise Tow'rds you and home, Fan - cy may trace some line
hid - den star, Thro' the cold deep: So may the words I write
riten.
Wor - thy those eyes to meet; Thoughts that not burn, but shine, Pure, calm, and
Tell thro' what storms I stray, You still the un - seen light, Guid - ing my
riten.
sweet!
way!
2 × 1
cres.
f
p

OH! HASTE AND LEAVE THIS SACRED ISLE.

AIR—"THE BROWN THORN."


Voice.
Piano.
Moderato.
p
p
St. Senanus.
"Oh! haste and leave . . this sa- cred isle, . . Un - ho - ly bark, . . ere morn-ing
smile; For on thy deck . . tho' dark it be, A fe - male form I
see; And I have sworn this saint - ed sod . . Shall ne'er by wo - man's feet be
riten.
colla parte.
trod.
tempo.
poco cres.
f
dim.
f

OH HASTE AND LEAVE THIS SACRED ISLE.

The Lady.
"Oh! Fa - ther, send . . not hence my bark, . . Thro' win - t'ry winds, and bil- lows
The La - dy's pray'r . Se - na - nus spurn'd; The winds blew fresh, the bark re -
dark; I come with hum - ble heart, to share Thy morn and ev' - ning
- turn'd: But le - gends hint, . . that had the maid Till morn-ing's light de -
riten.
pray'r; Nor mine the feet, . . oh! ho - ly Saint, . . The bright-ness of thy sod to
- lay'd, And giv'n the Saint . . one ro - sy smile, . . She ne'er had left his lone - ly
colla parte.
taint."
isle.
tempo.
poco cres.
f
dim.
f

In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannera, whom an Angel had taken to the island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

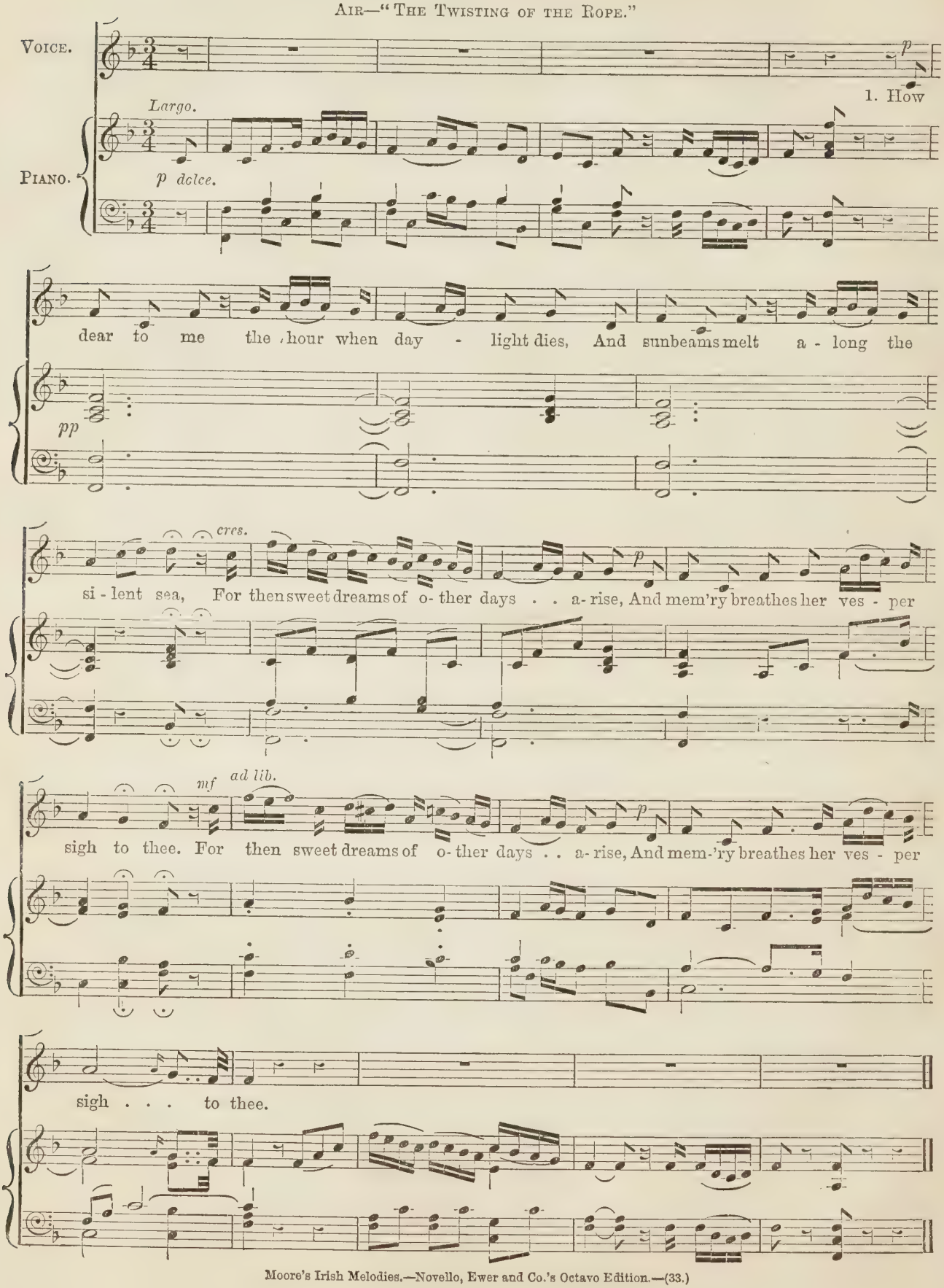
Cui Præsul: Quid fæminis
Commune est cum monachis?
Nec te nec ullam aliam
Admittemus in insulam.

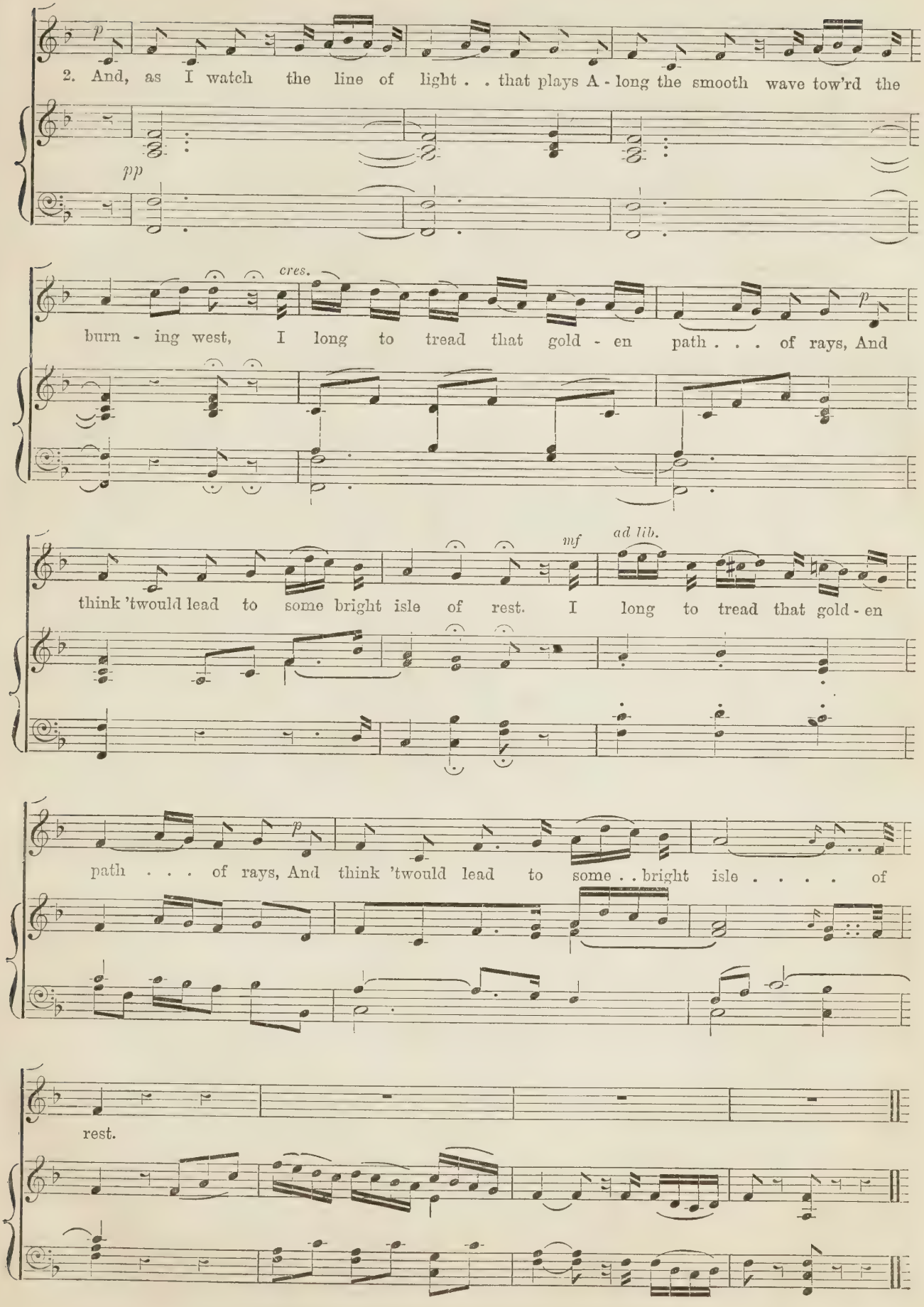
See the *Acta Sanct, Hib.*, page 610.

According to Dr Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor, and other antiquarians, deny the Metamorphose indignantly.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAYLIGHT DIES.

AIR—"THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE."

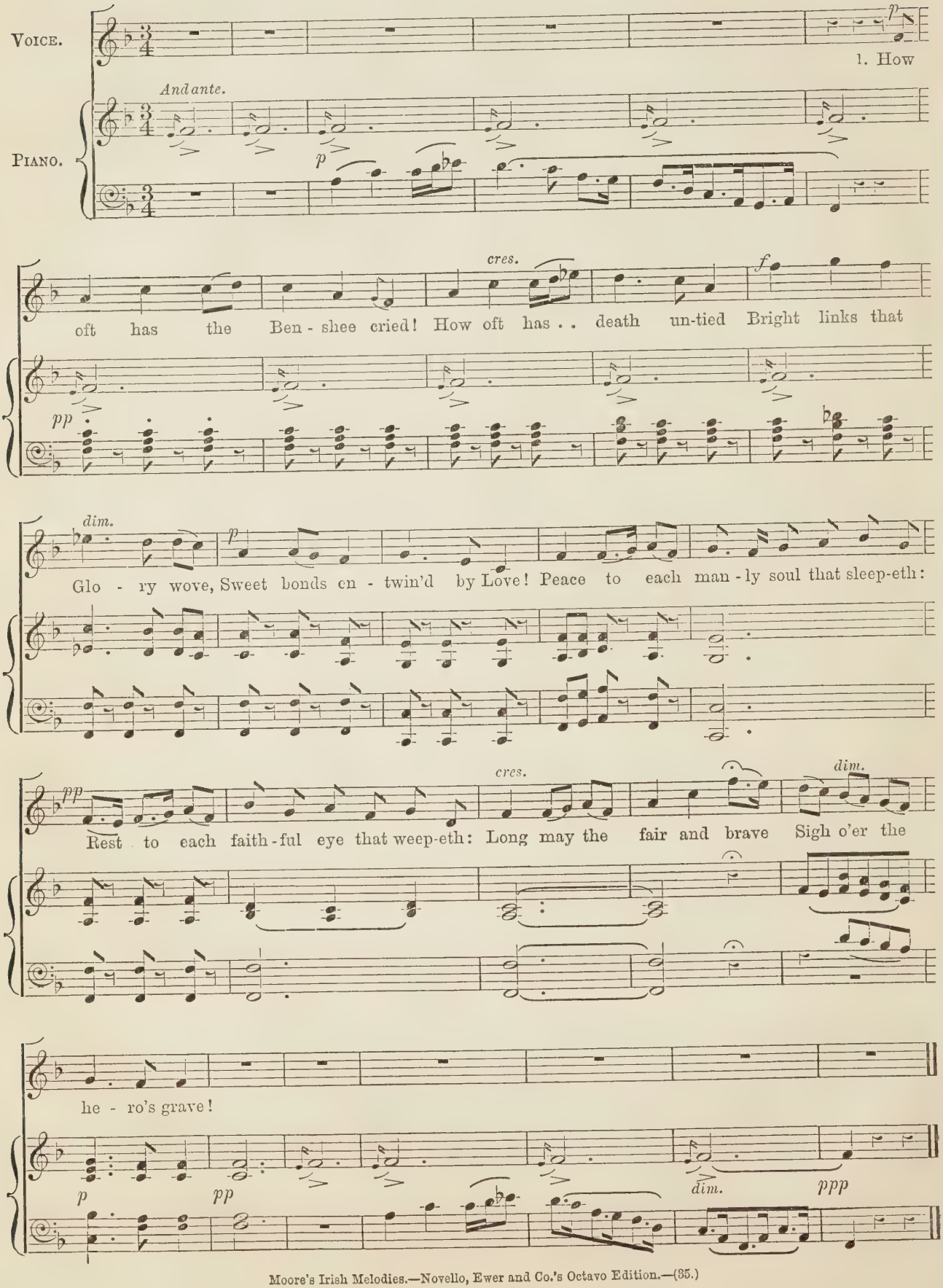

Voice.
Piano.
Largo.
p dolce.
p
1. How
dear to me the hour when day - light dies, And sunbeams melt a - long the
pp
cres.
si - lent sea, For then sweet dreams of o - ther days . . a - rise, And mem'ry breathes her ves - per
mf
ad lib.
p
sigh to thee. For then sweet dreams of o - ther days . . a - rise, And mem - 'ry breathes her ves - per
sigh . . . to thee.

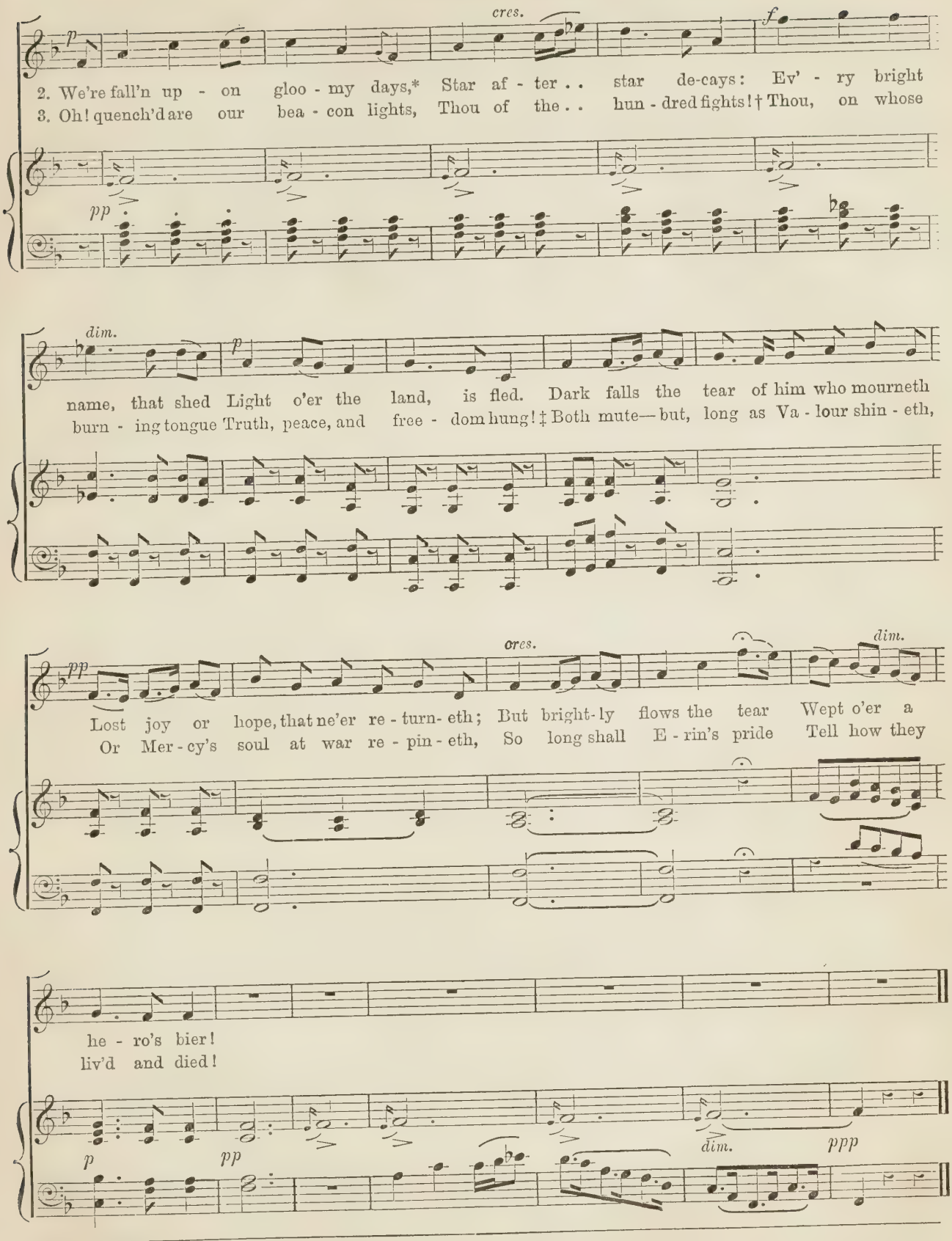

p
2. And, as I watch the line of light . . that plays A - long the smooth wave tow'rd the
pp
cres.
burn - ing west, I long to tread that gold - en path . . . of rays, And
p
mf
ad lib.
think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest. I long to tread that gold - en
p
path . . . of rays, And think 'twould lead to some . . bright isle . . . . of
rest.

THE DIRGE.

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED!

AIR—"THE DEAR BLACK MAID."




cres.
f
2. We're fall'n up - on gloo - my days,* Star af - ter . . star de-cays: Ev' - ry bright
3. Oh! quench'd are our bea - con lights, Thou of the . . hun - dred fights! † Thou, on whose
pp
dim.
p
name, that shed Light o'er the land, is fled. Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
burn - ing tongue Truth, peace, and free - dom hung! ‡ Both mute—but, long as Va - lour shin - eth,
cres.
dim.
pp
Lost joy or hope, that ne'er re - turn - eth; But bright - ly flows the tear Wept o'er a
Or Mer - cy's soul at war re - pin - eth, So long shall E - rin's pride Tell how they
he - ro's bier!
liv'd and died!
p
pp
dim.
ppp

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this Work, to allude to that sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

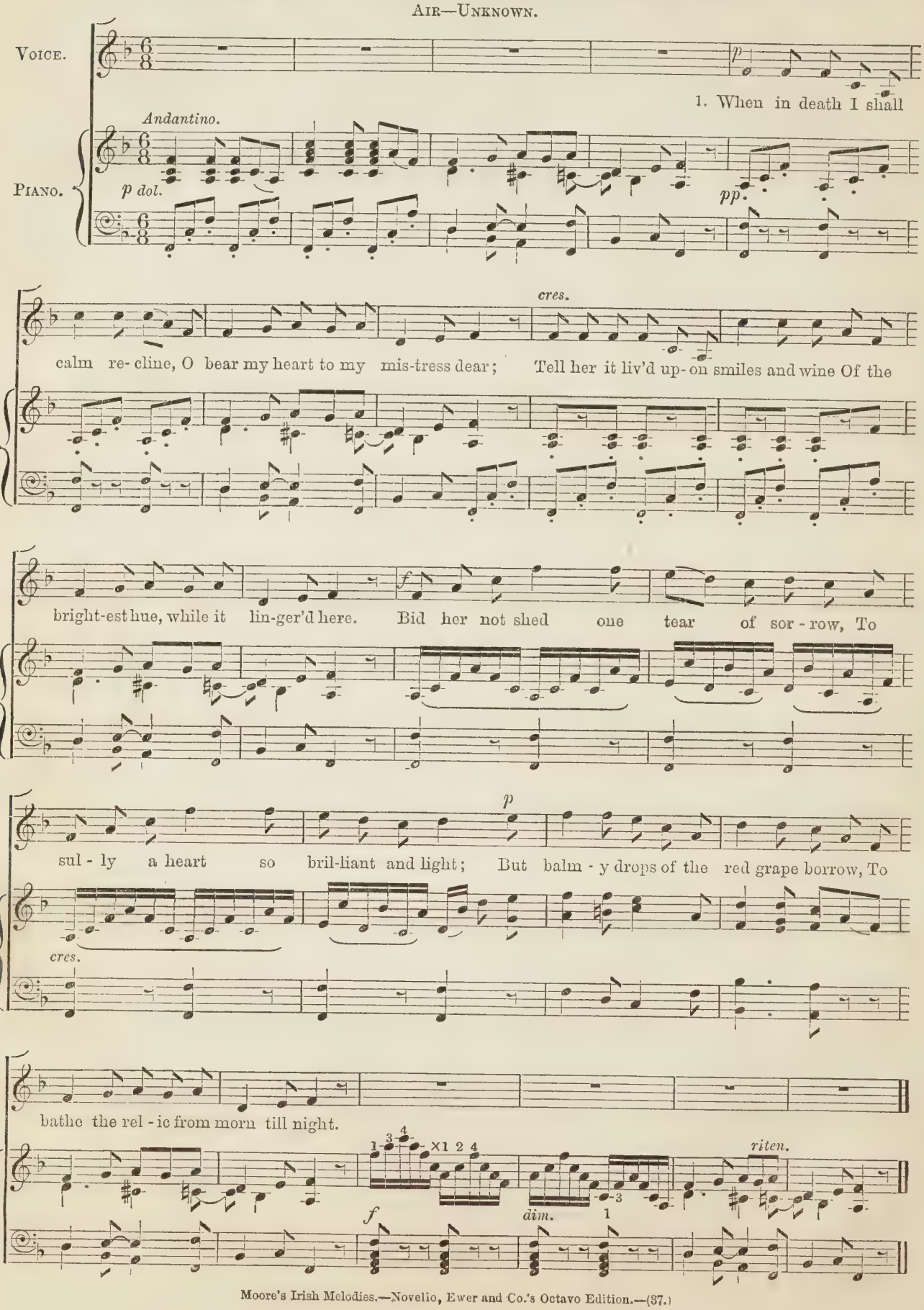
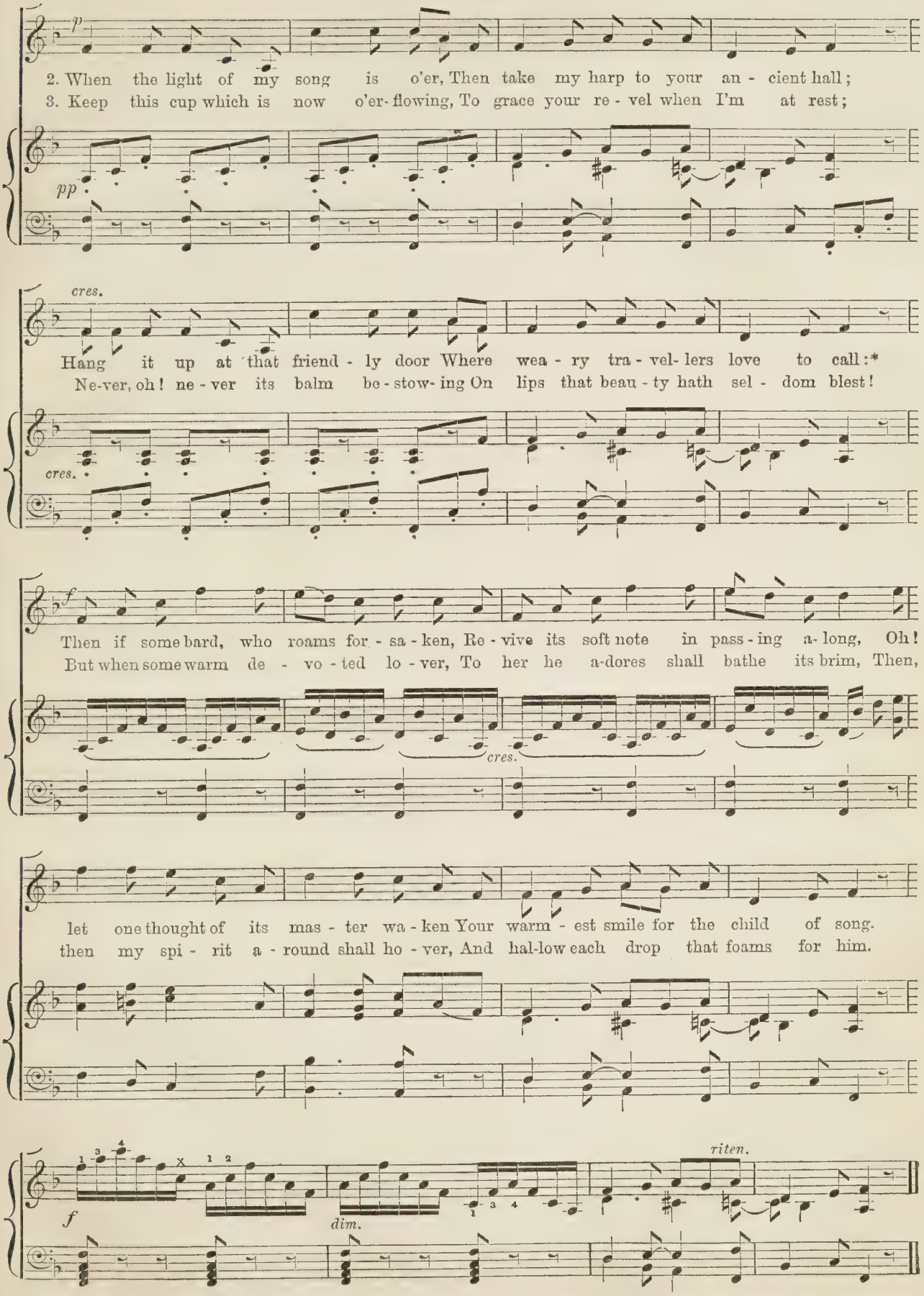
† This designation, which has been applied to Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero, in a poem by O'Guive, the bard of O'Niel, which is quoted in the *Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland*, page 433 :—"Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories!"

‡ Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

THE LEGACY.

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

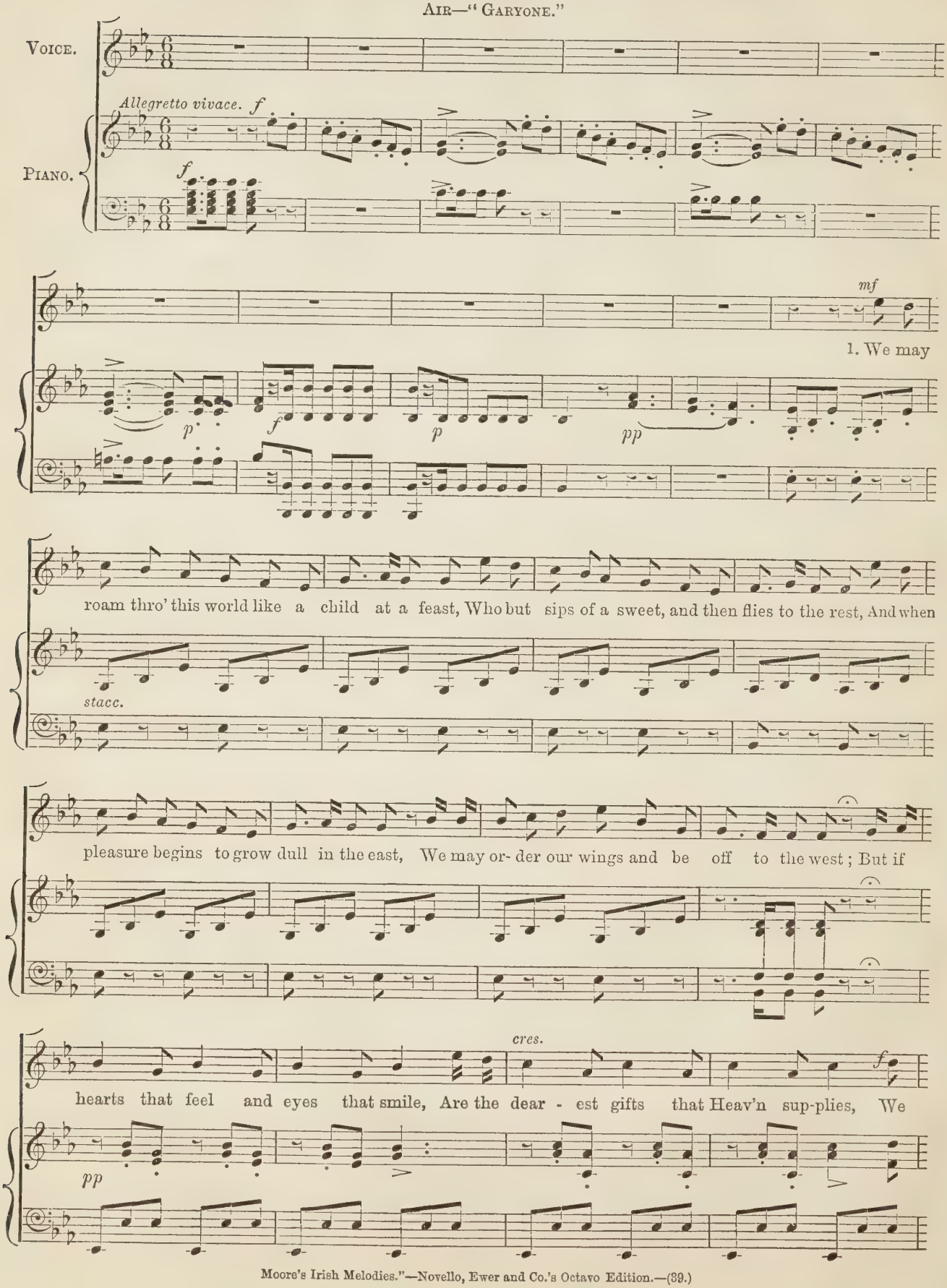
AIR—UNKNOWN.

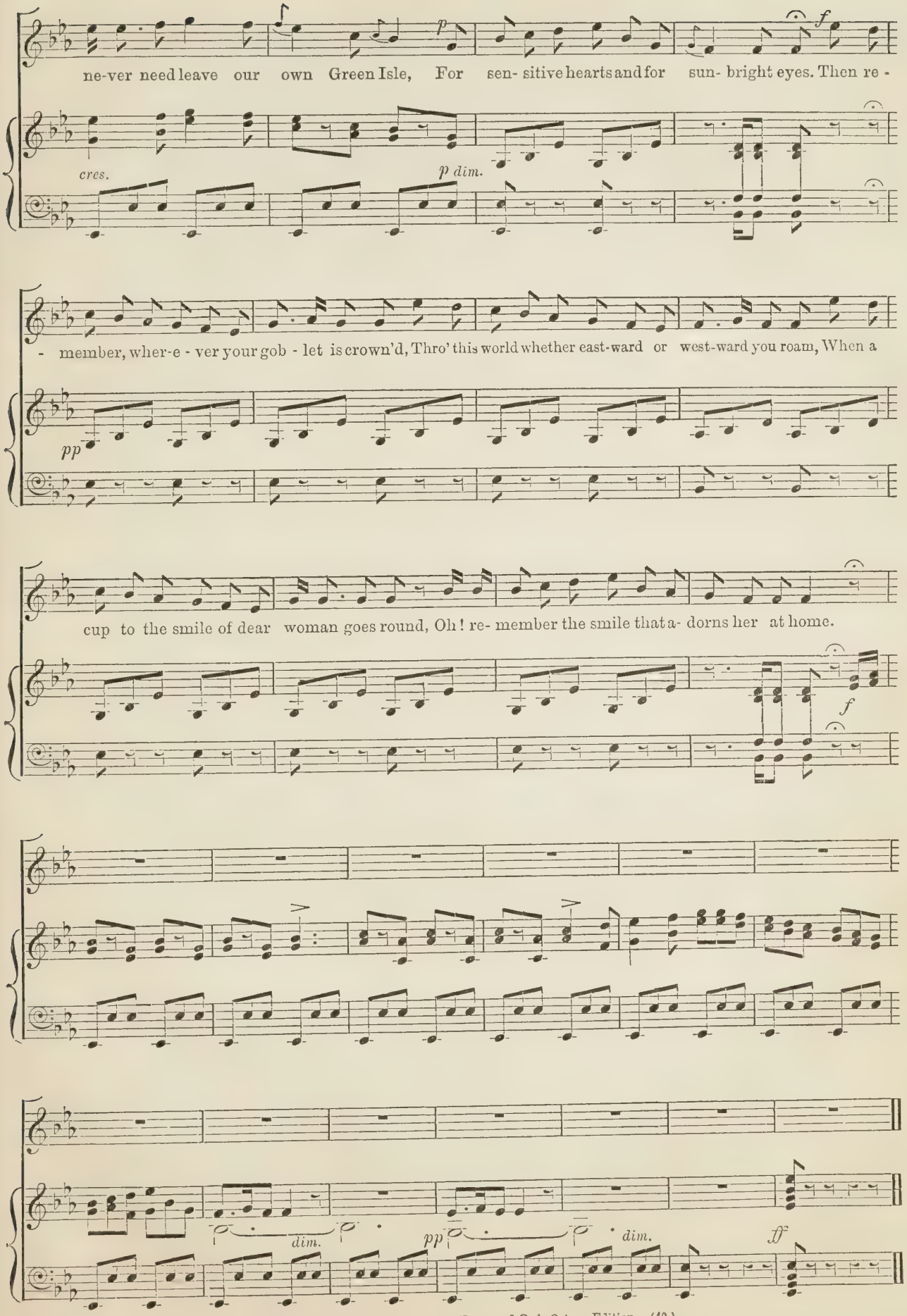

Voice.
Piano.
Andantino.
p dol.
pp.
1. When in death I shall
cres.
calm re- cline, O bear my heart to my mis-tress dear; Tell her it liv'd up- on smiles and wine Of the
bright-est hue, while it lin-ger'd here. Bid her not shed one tear of sor - row, To
f
p
sul - ly a heart so bril-liant and light; But balm - y drops of the red grape borrow, To
cres.
bathe the rel - ic from morn till night.
1 3 4
X1 2 4
f
dim.
riten.

p
2. When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your an - cient hall;
3. Keep this cup which is now o'er-flowing, To grace your re - vel when I'm at rest;
pp
cres.
Hang it up at that friend - ly door Where wea - ry tra - vel-lers love to call:*
Ne-ver, oh! ne - ver its balm be - stow- ing On lips that beau - ty hath sel - dom blest!
cres.
f
Then if some bard, who roams for - sa - ken, Re - vive its soft note in pass - ing a- long, Oh!
But when some warm de - vo - ted lo - ver, To her he a-dores shall bathe its brim, Then,
cres.
let one thought of its mas - ter wa - ken Your warm - est smile for the child of song.
then my spi - rit a - round shall ho - ver, And hal-low each drop that foams for him.
f
dim.
riten.

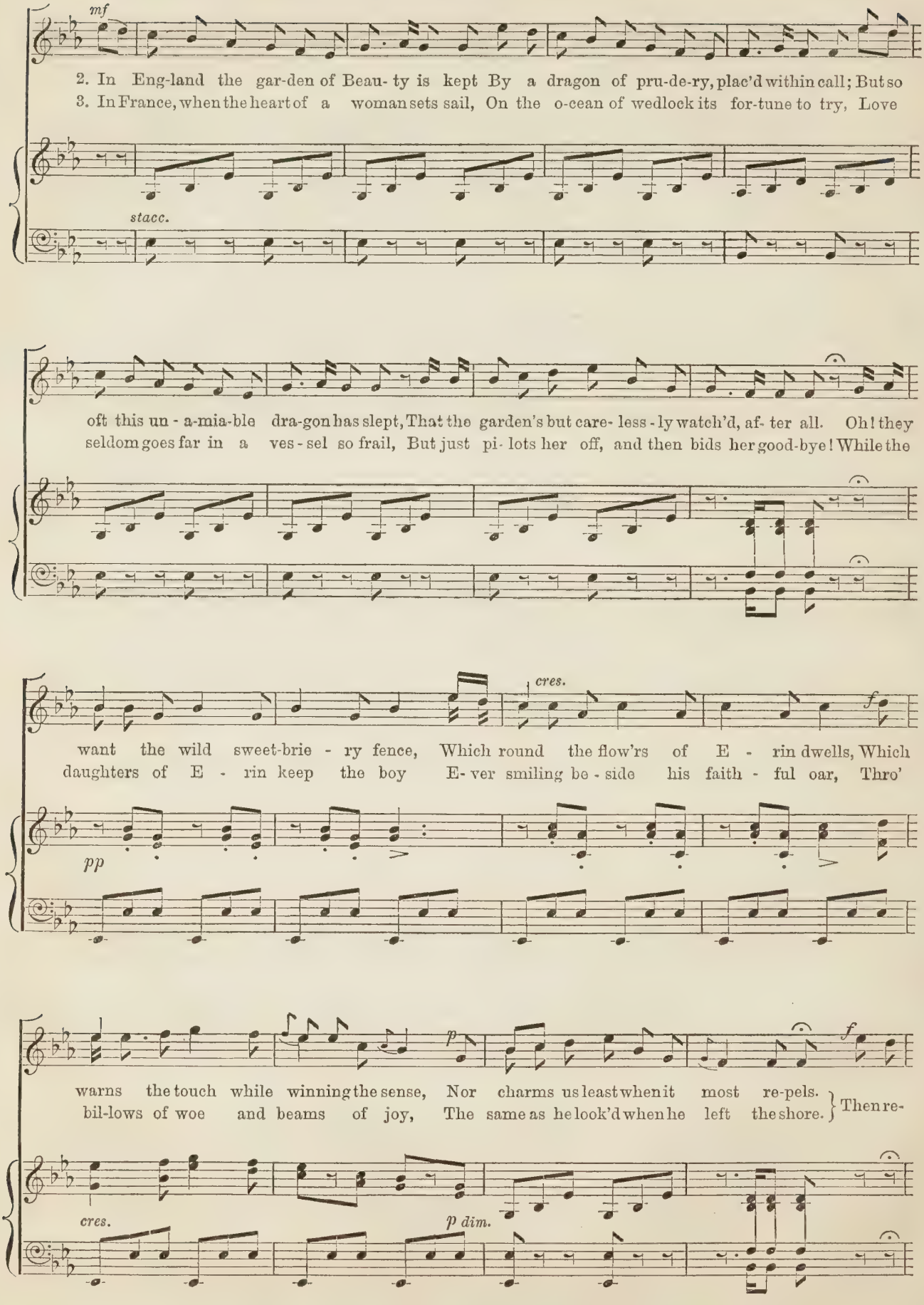
* In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in music."—O'Halloran.

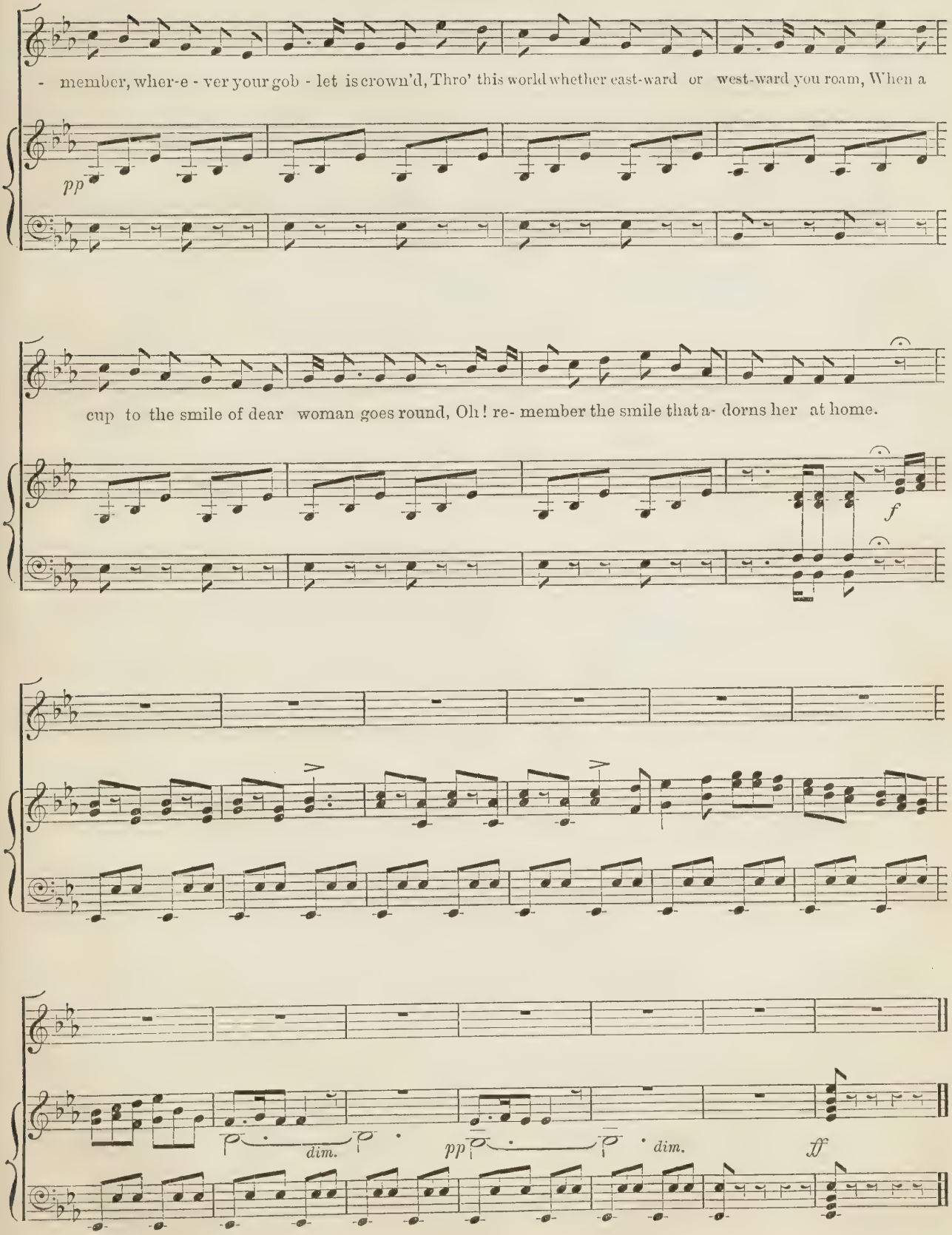
WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD.

AIR—"GARYONE."

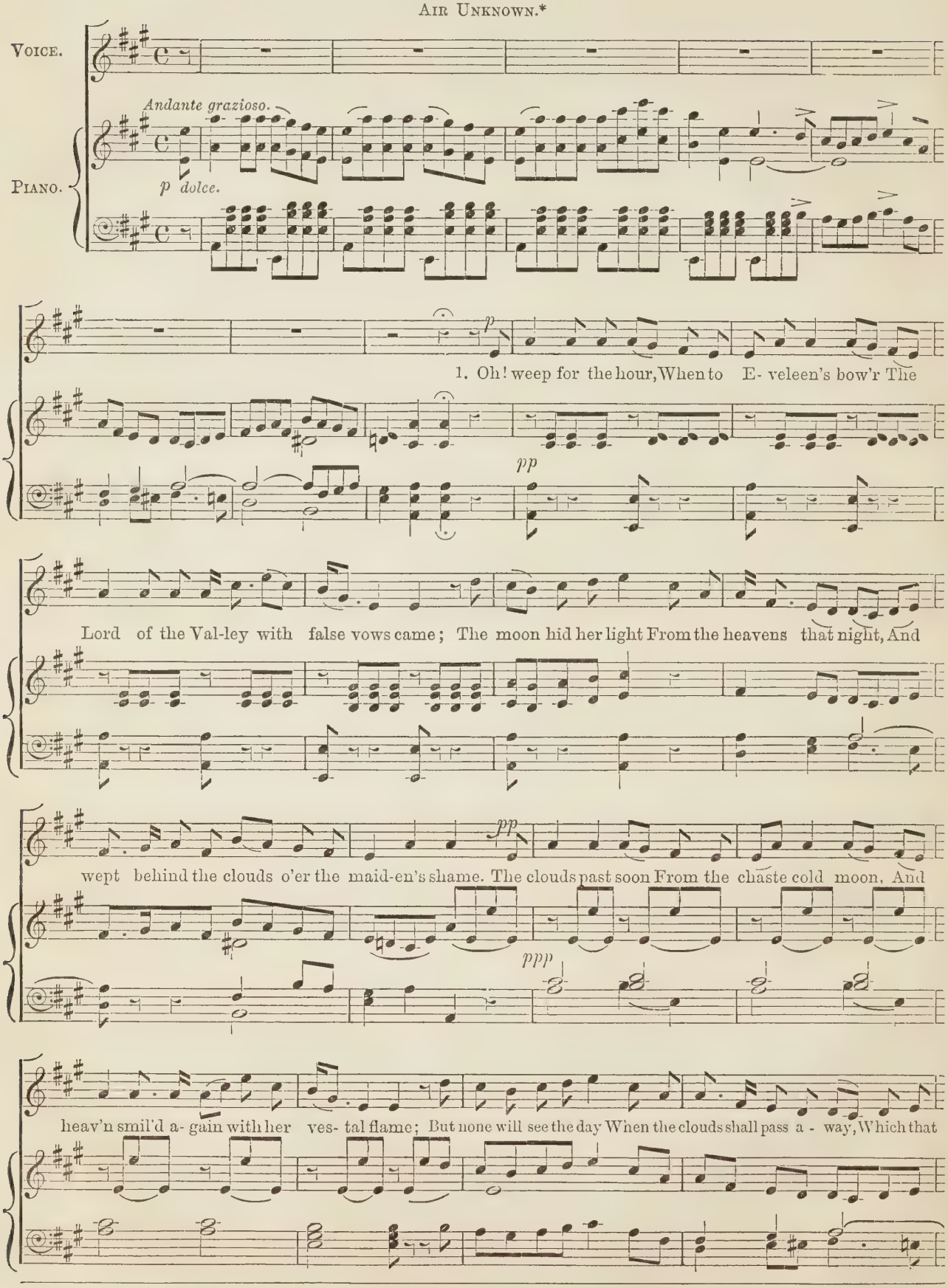

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto vivace. f
f
mf
1. We may
p
f
p
pp
roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And when
stacc.
pleasure begins to grow dull in the east, We may or- der our wings and be off to the west; But if
cres.
f
hearts that feel and eyes that smile, Are the dear - est gifts that Heav'n sup-plies, We
pp


ne-ver need leave our own Green Isle, For sen- sitive hearts and for sun- bright eyes. Then re -
cres.
p dim.
- member, wher-e - ver your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this world whether east-ward or west-ward you roam, When a
pp
cup to the smile of dear woman goes round, Oh! re- member the smile that a- dorns her at home.
dim.
pp
dim.

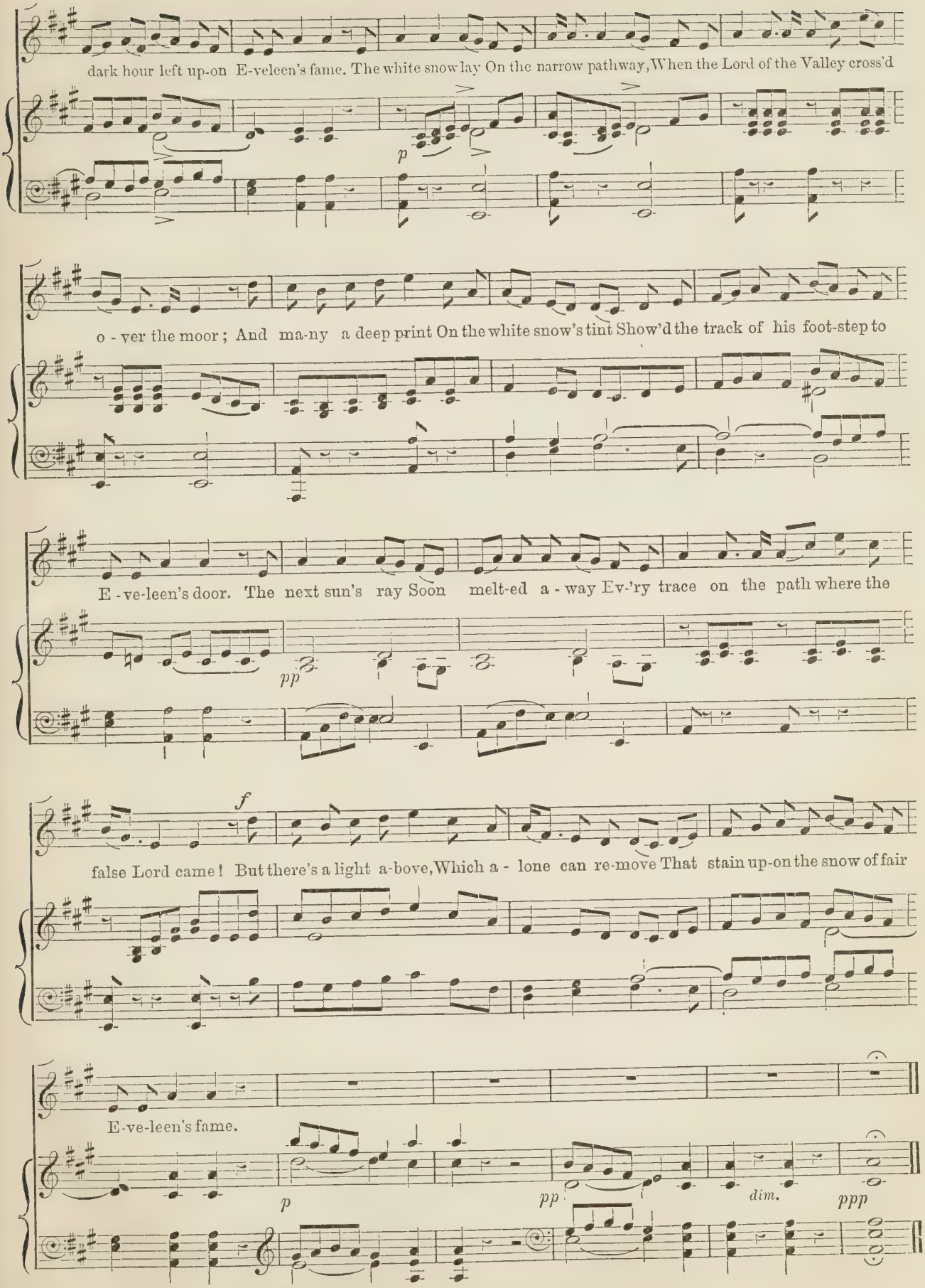

mf
2. In Eng-land the gar-den of Beau- ty is kept By a dragon of pru-de-ry, plac'd within call; But so
3. In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail, On the o-cean of wedlock its for-tune to try, Love
stacc.
oft this un - a-mia-ble dra-gon has slept, That the garden's but care- less - ly watch'd, af- ter all. Oh! they
seldom goes far in a ves - sel so frail, But just pi- lots her off, and then bids her good-bye! While the
cres.
f
want the wild sweet-brie - ry fence, Which round the flow'rs of E - rin dwells, Which
daughters of E - rin keep the boy E- ver smiling be - side his faith - ful oar, Thro'
pp
p
f
warns the touch while winning the sense, Nor charms us least when it most re-pels.
bil-lows of woe and beams of joy, The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
Then re-
cres.
p dim.


- member, wher-e - ver your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this world whether east-ward or west-ward you roam, When a
pp
cup to the smile of dear woman goes round, Oh! re- member the smile that a- dorns her at home.
f
dim.
pp
dim.
ff

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

AIR UNKNOWN.*

VOICE.
PIANO.
Andante grazioso.
p dolce.
p
1. Oh! weep for the hour, When to E- veleen's bow'r The
pp
Lord of the Val-ley with false vows came; The moon hid her light From the heavens that night, And
pp
wept behind the clouds o'er the maid-en's shame. The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And
ppp
heav'n smil'd a- gain with her ves- tal flame; But none will see the day When the clouds shall pass a - way, Which that

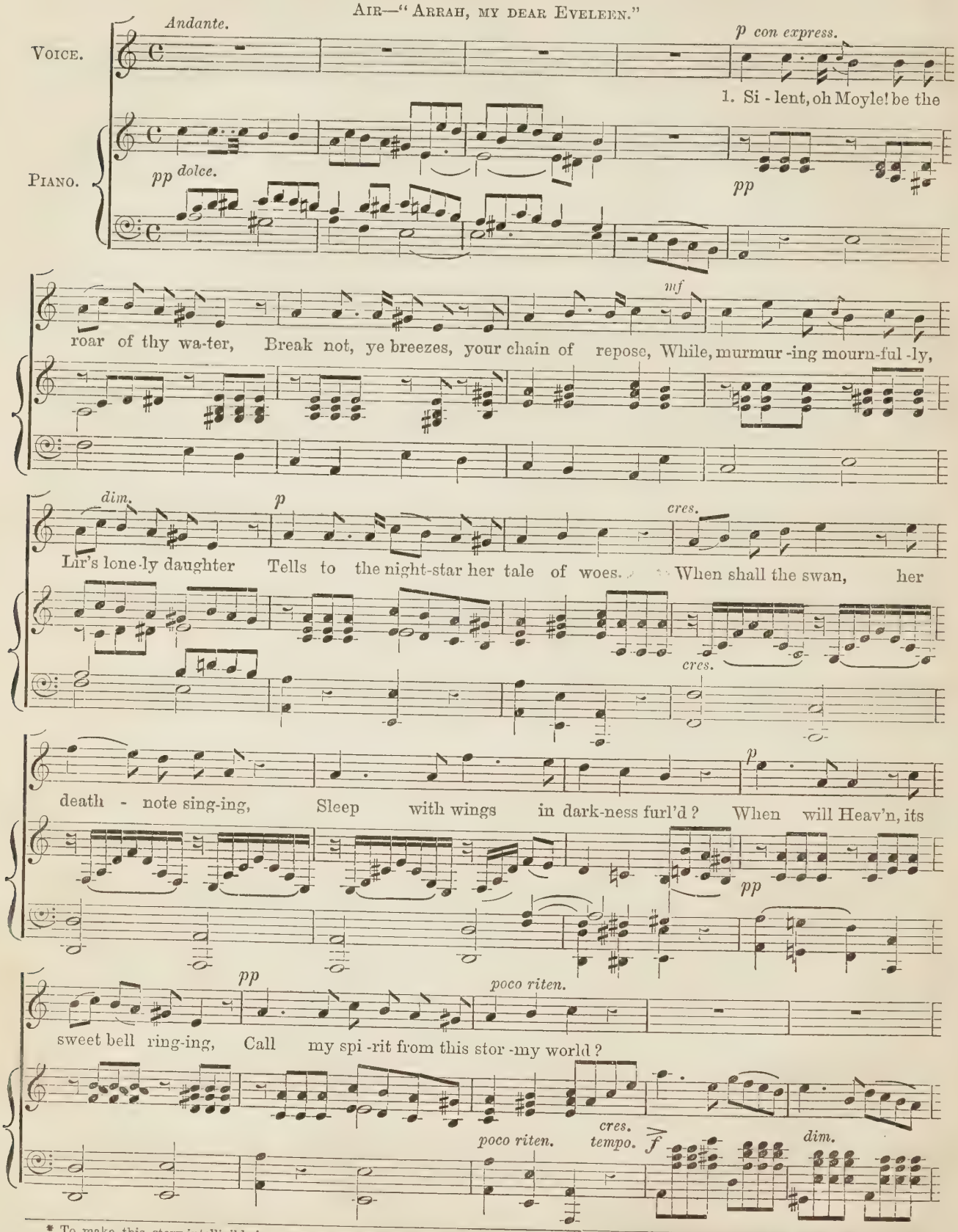
* Our claim to this Air has been disputed; but they who are best acquainted with National Melodies, pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The Pretty Girl of Derby, O!"


dark hour left up-on E-veleen's fame. The white snow lay On the narrow pathway, When the Lord of the Valley cross'd
p
o - ver the moor; And ma-ny a deep print On the white snow's tint Show'd the track of his foot-step to
E - ve-leen's door. The next sun's ray Soon melt-ed a - way Ev-'ry trace on the path where the
pp
f
false Lord came! But there's a light a-bove, Which a - lone can re-move That stain up-on the snow of fair
E-ve-leen's fame.
p
pp
dim.
ppp

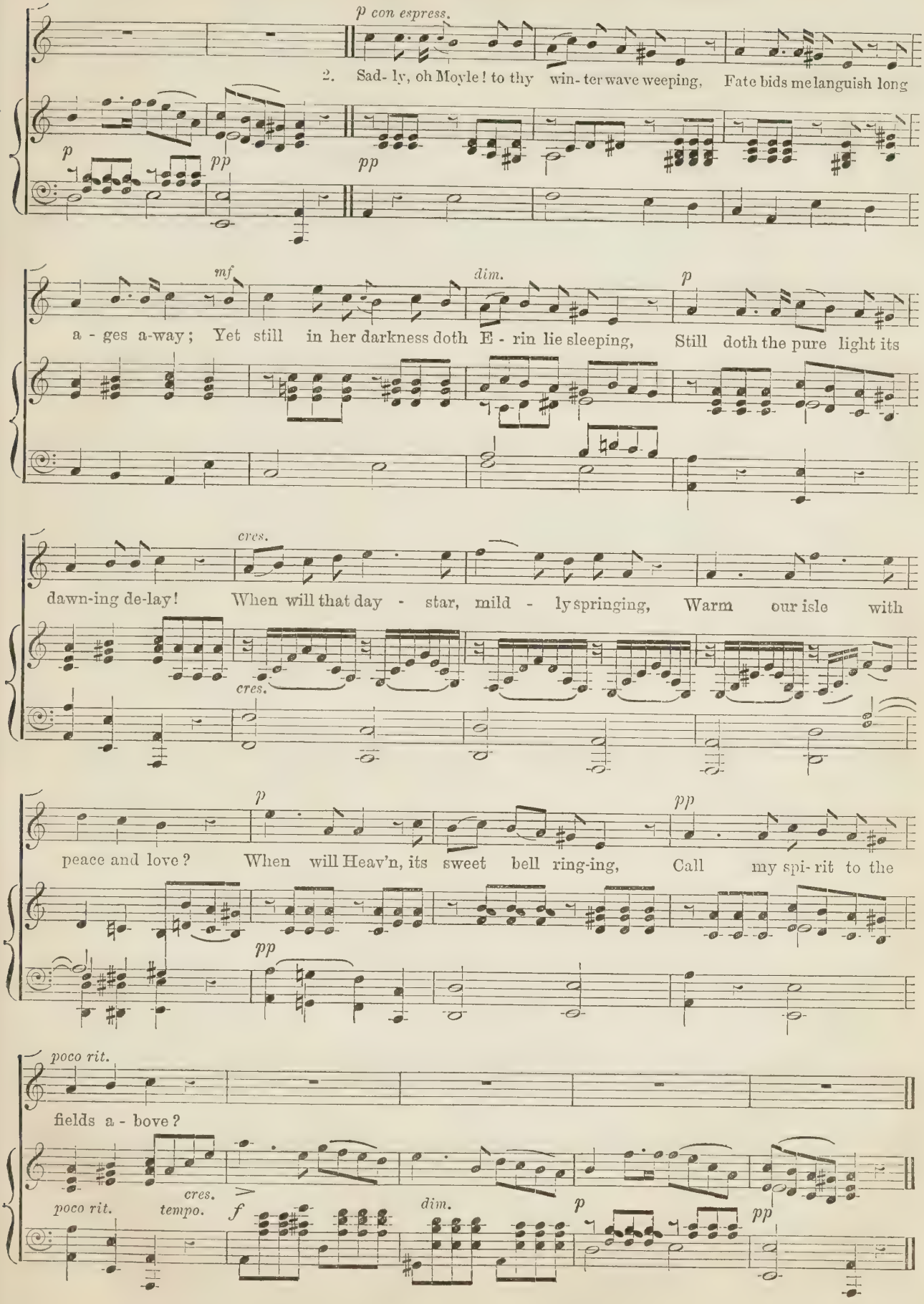
THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

SILENT, OH MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.

AIR—"ARRAH, MY DEAR EVELEEN."

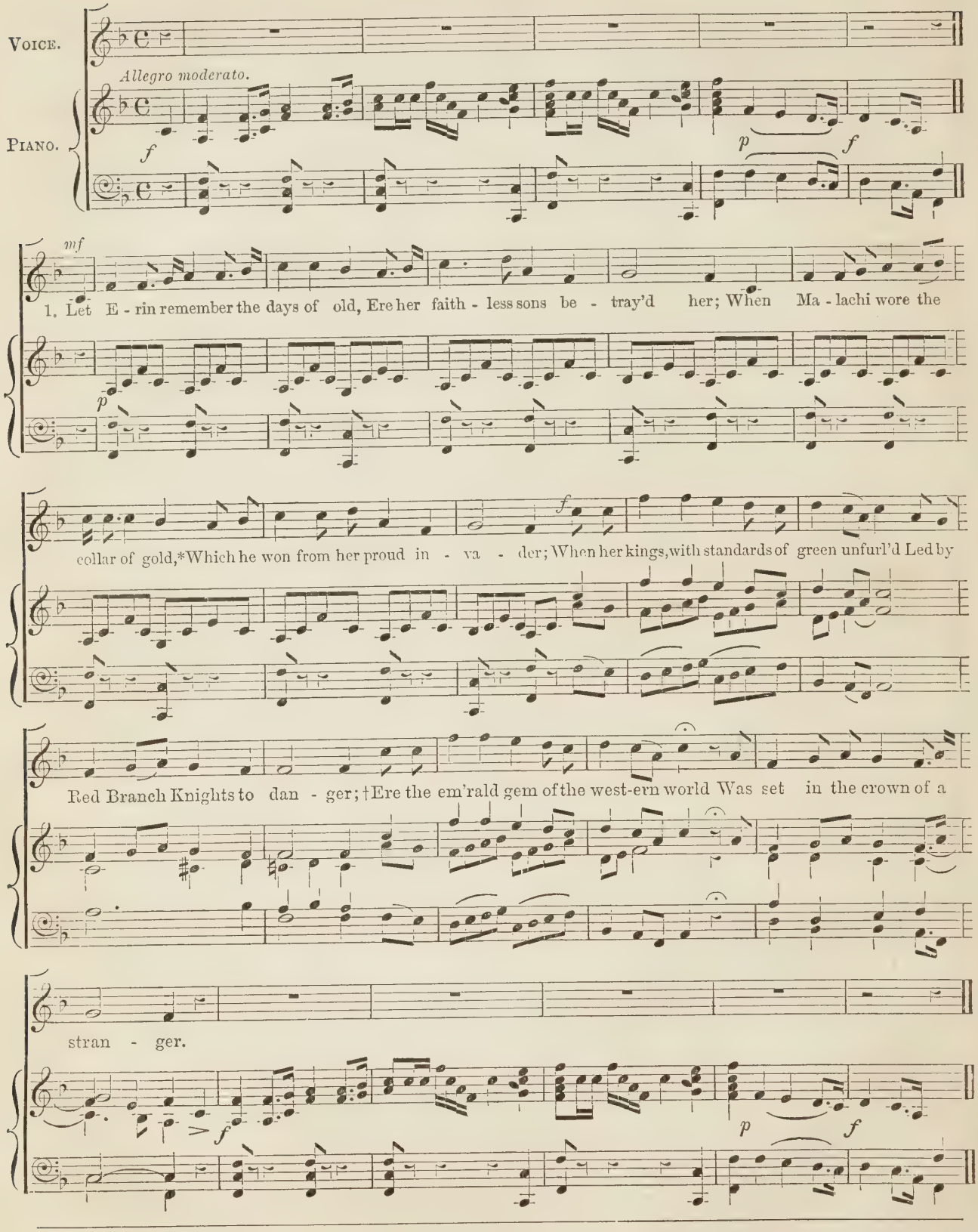


* To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.


p con espress.
2. Sad- ly, oh Moyle! to thy win- ter wave weeping, Fate bids me languish long
p
pp
pp
mf
dim.
p
a - ges a-way; Yet still in her darkness doth E - rin lie sleeping, Still doth the pure light its
cres.
cres.
dawn-ing de-lay! When will that day - star, mild - ly springing, Warm our isle with
p
pp
peace and love? When will Heav'n, its sweet bell ring-ing, Call my spi- rit to the
pp
poco rit.
fields a - bove?
poco rit.
cres.
tempo.
f
dim.
p
pp

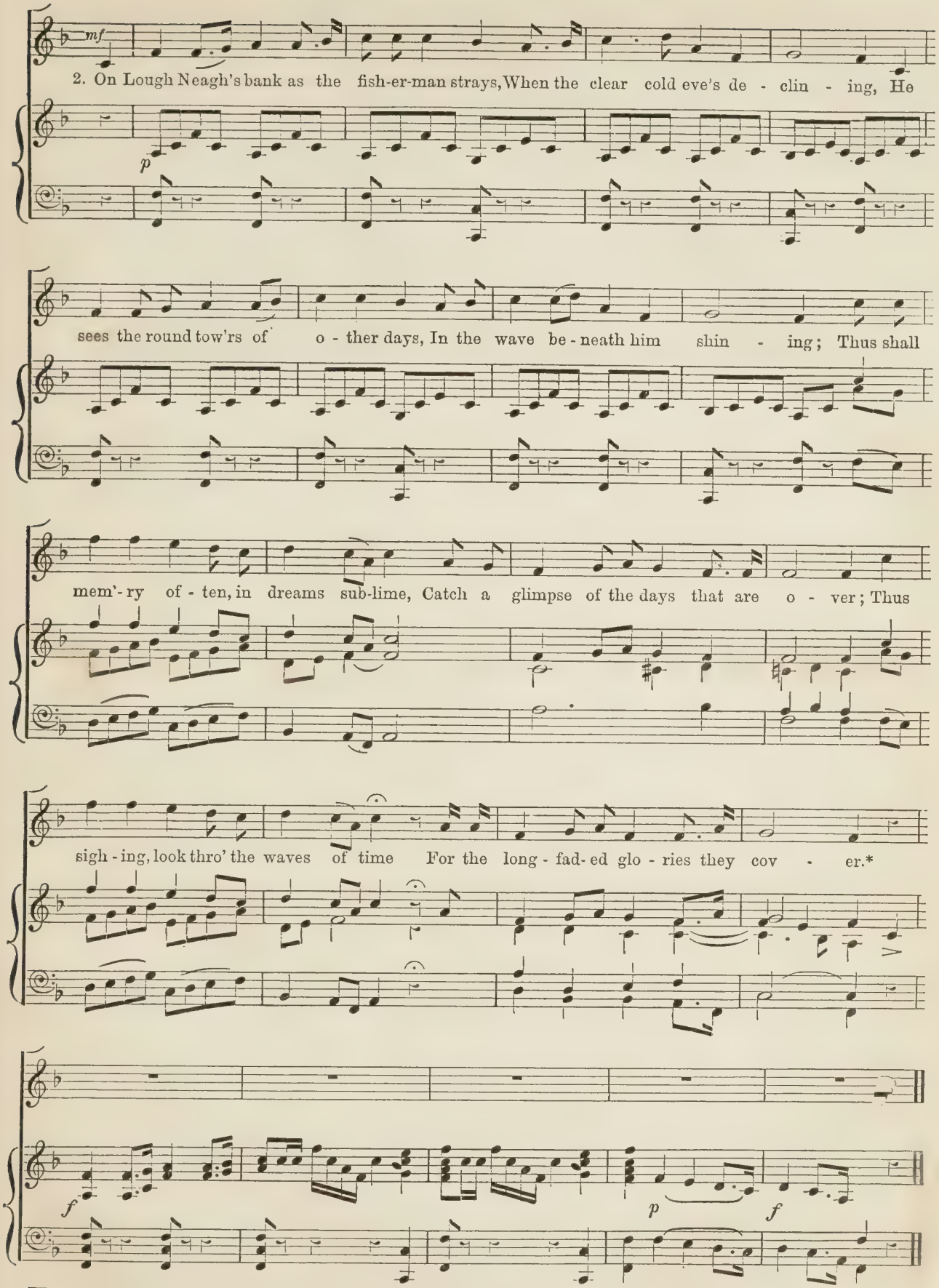
LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

AIR—"THE RED FOX."


VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegro moderato.
1. Let E - rin remember the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be - tray'd her; When Ma - lachi wore the
collar of gold,*Which he won from her proud in - va - der; When her kings, with standards of green unfurl'd Led by
Red Branch Knights to dan - ger; †Ere the em'rald gem of the west-ern world Was set in the crown of a
stran - ger.

* "This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively, hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—WARNER'S *History of Ireland*, vol. i., book ix.

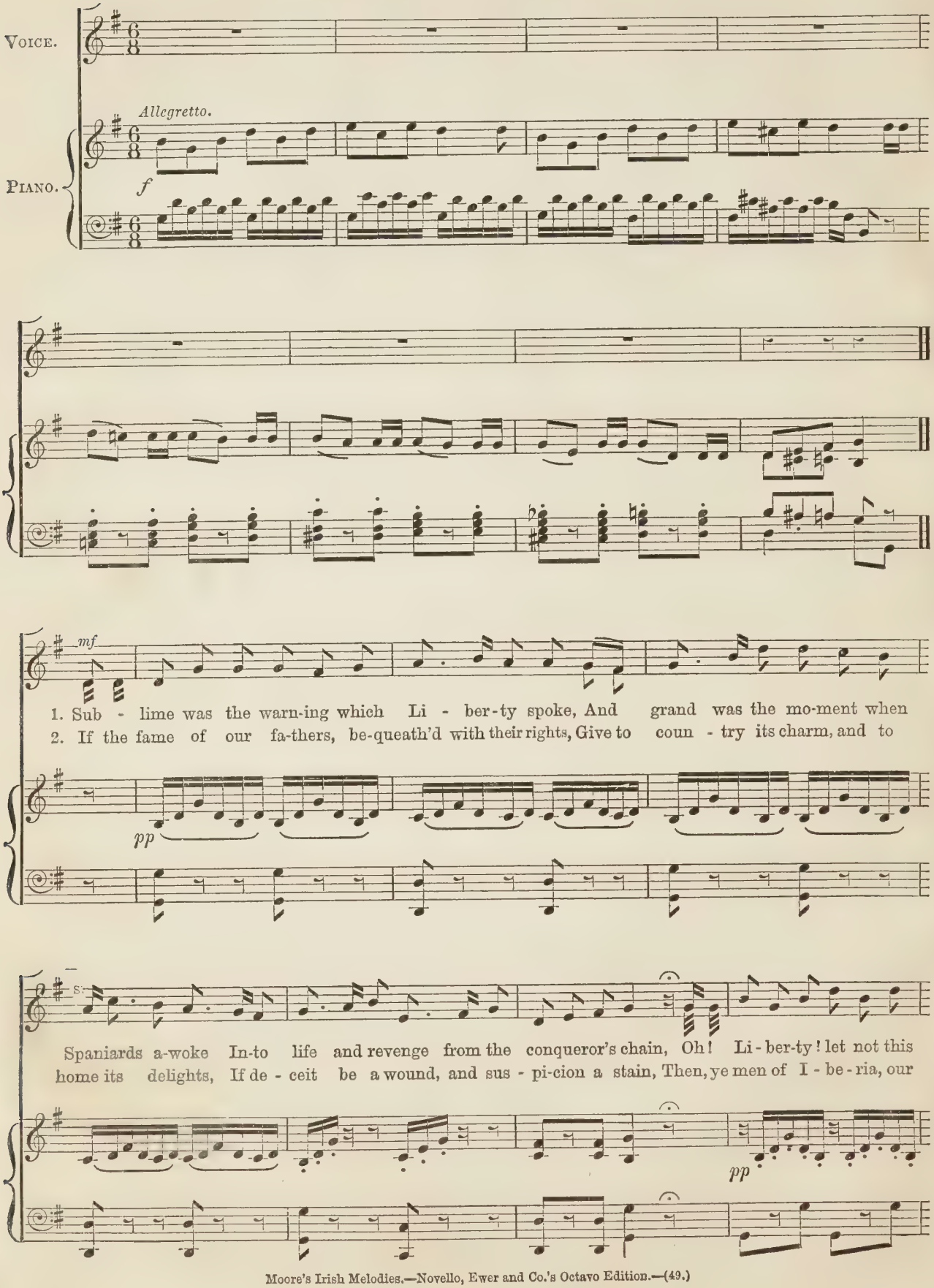
† "Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ we find an hereditary order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red-Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craiobhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red-Branch; and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights of soldiers, called *Bronbhearg*, or the house of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'HALLORAN'S *Introduction*, &c., part i., chap. v.

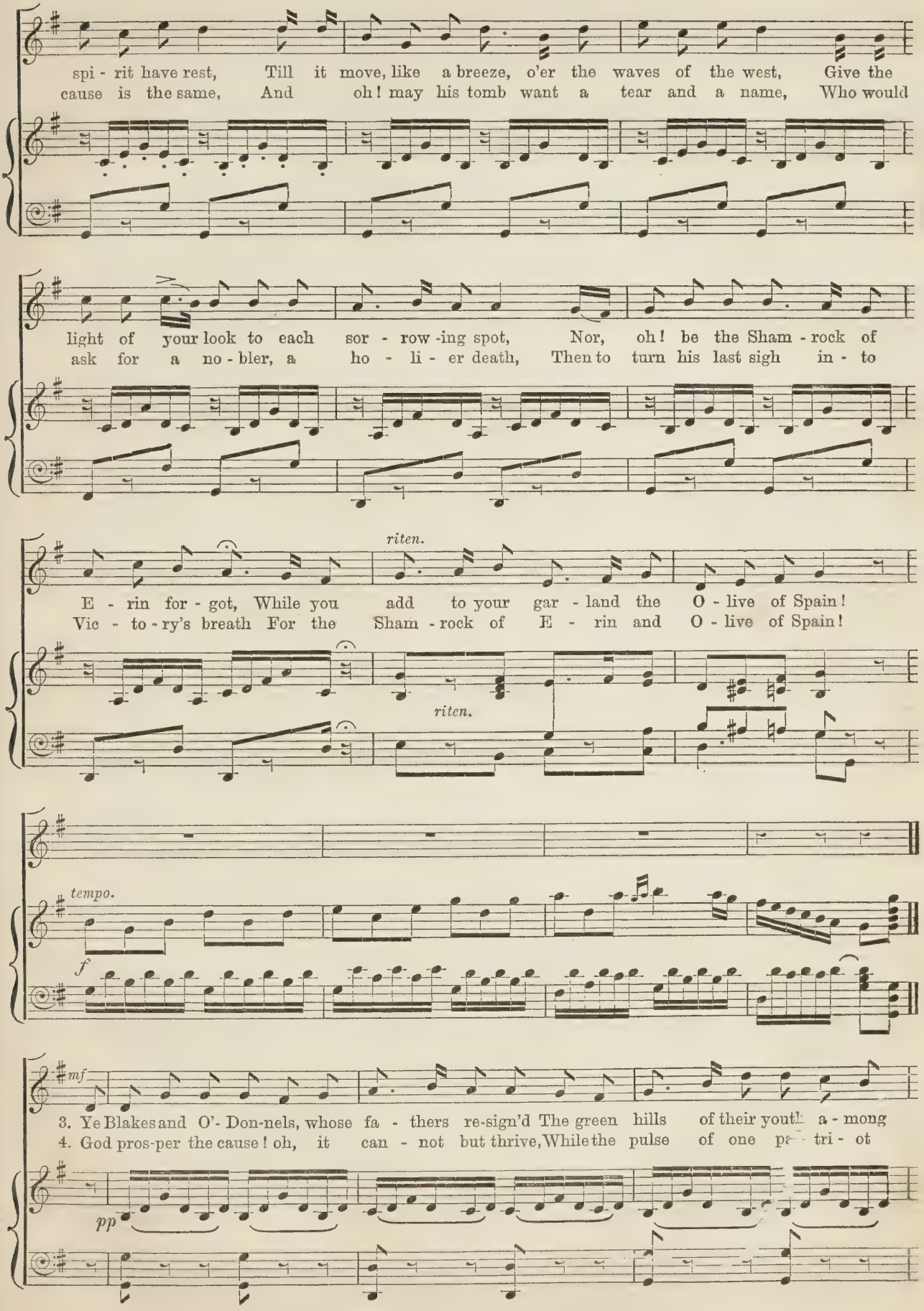
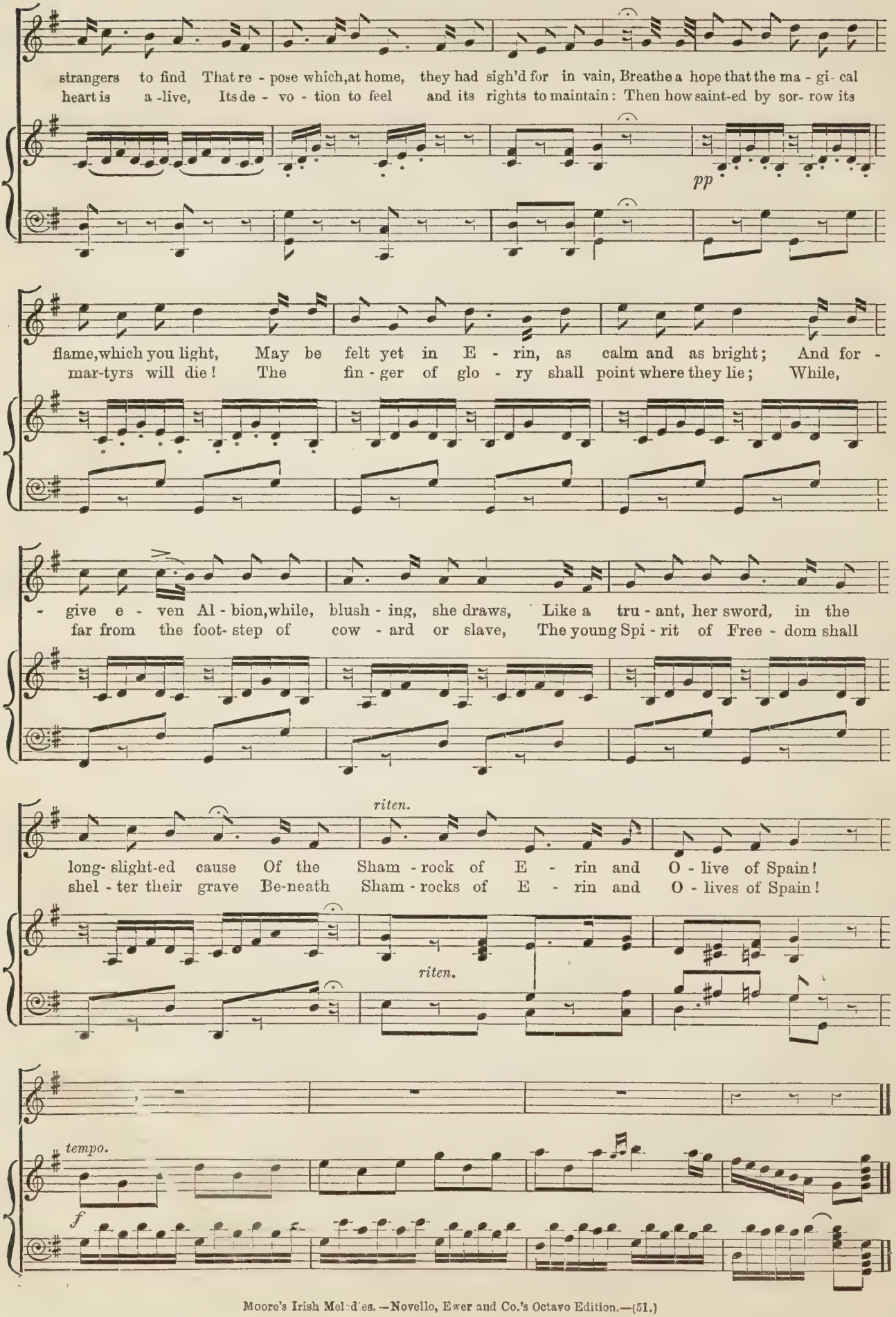

mf
2. On Lough Neagh's bank as the fish-er-man strays, When the clear cold eve's de - clin - ing, He
p
sees the round tow'rs of o - ther days, In the wave be - neath him shin - ing; Thus shall
mem'-ry of - ten, in dreams sub-lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus
sigh - ing, look thro' the waves of time For the long - fad- ed glo - ries they cov - er.*
f
p
f

* It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. *Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus, reique causas admirantibus, frequenter ostendunt.—Topogr. Hib.*, dist. ii. c. 9.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING WHICH LIBERTY SPOKE.

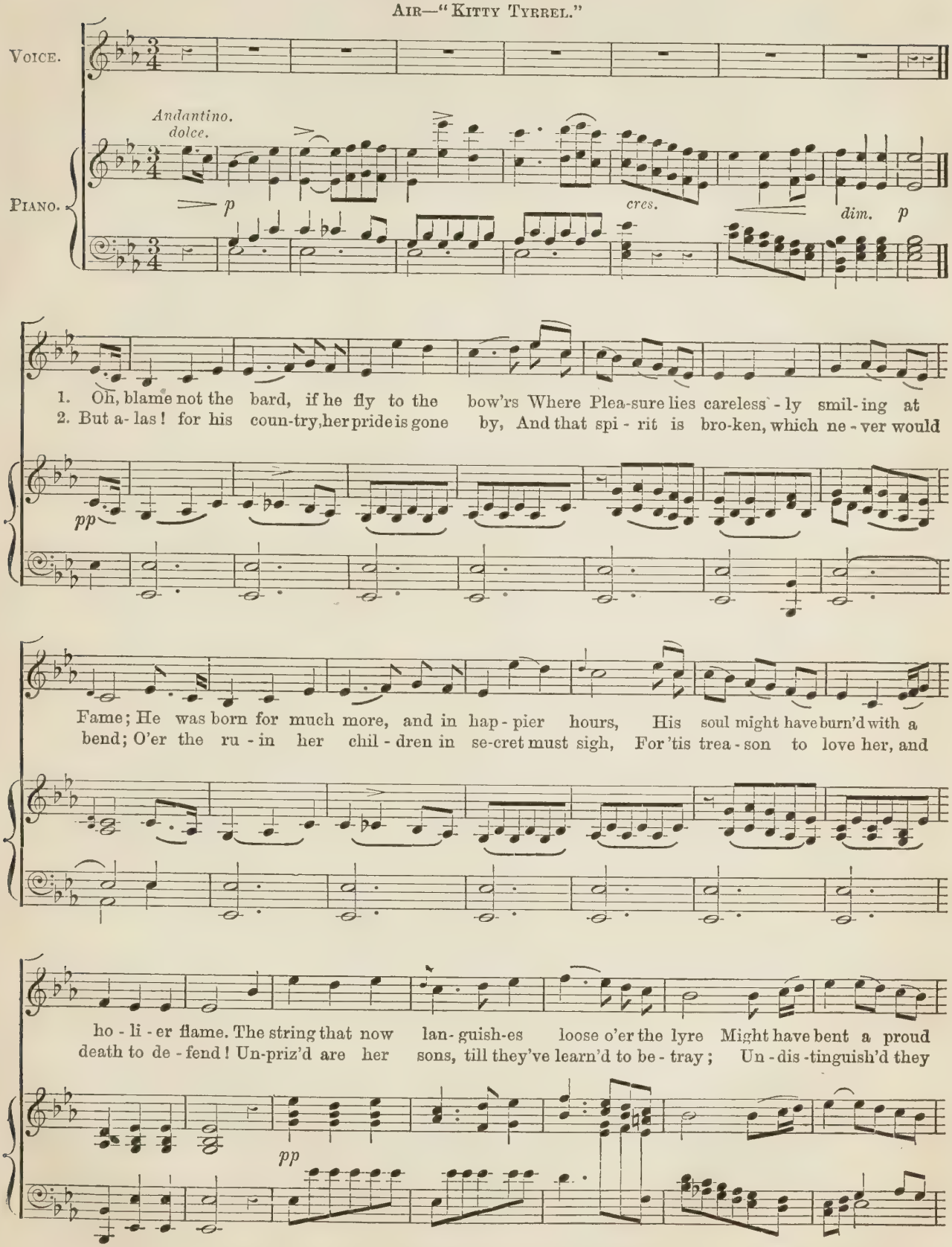
AIR—"THE BLACK JOKE."

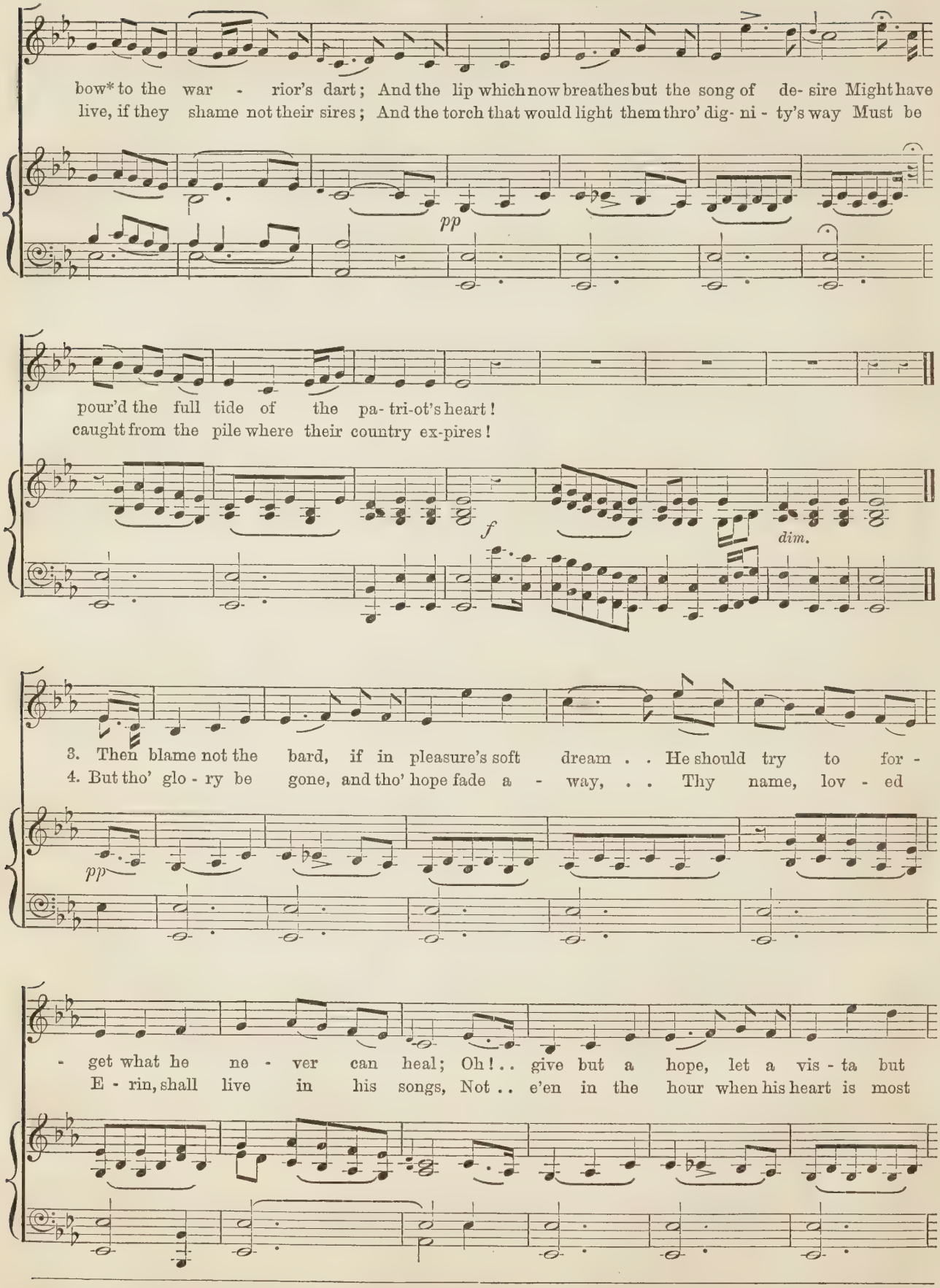

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto.
f
mf
1. Sub - lime was the warn-ing which Li - ber-ty spoke, And grand was the mo-ment when
2. If the fame of our fa-thers, be-queath'd with their rights, Give to coun - try its charm, and to
pp
Spaniards a-woke In-to life and revenge from the conqueror's chain, Oh! Li-ber-ty! let not this
home its delights, If de - ceit be a wound, and sus - pi-cion a stain, Then, ye men of I - be - ria, our
pp


spi - rit have rest, Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west, Give the
cause is the same, And oh! may his tomb want a tear and a name, Who would
light of your look to each sor - row-ing spot, Nor, oh! be the Sham - rock of
ask for a no - bler, a ho - li - er death, Then to turn his last sigh in - to
riten.
E - rin for - got, While you add to your gar - land the O - live of Spain!
Vic - to - ry's breath For the Sham - rock of E - rin and O - live of Spain!
riten.
tempo.
f
mf
3. Ye Blakes and O'- Don-nels, whose fa - thers re-sign'd The green hills of their youth a - mong
4. God pros-per the cause! oh, it can - not but thrive, While the pulse of one pa- tri - ot
pp

strangers to find That re - pose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain, Breathe a hope that the ma - gi - cal
heart is a - live, Its de - vo - tion to feel and its rights to maintain: Then how saint-ed by sor- row its
pp
flame, which you light, May be felt yet in E - rin, as calm and as bright; And for -
mar-tyrs will die! The fin - ger of glo - ry shall point where they lie; While,
- give e - ven Al - bion, while, blush - ing, she draws, Like a tru - ant, her sword, in the
far from the foot- step of cow - ard or slave, The young Spi - rit of Free - dom shall
riten.
long- slight-ed cause Of the Sham - rock of E - rin and O - live of Spain!
shel - ter their grave Be-neath Sham - rocks of E - rin and O - lives of Spain!
riten.
tempo.
f

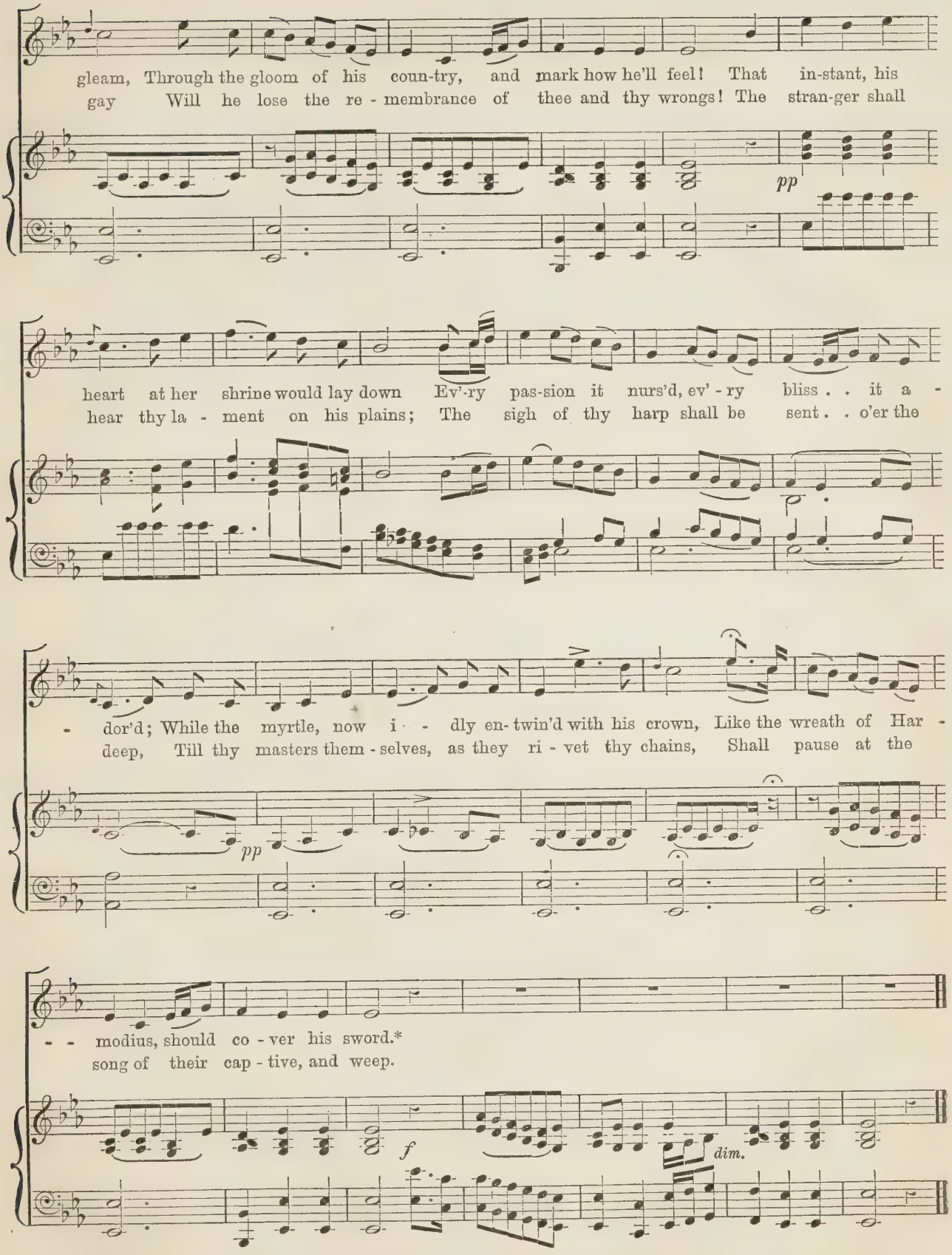
OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

AIR—"KITTY TYRREL."


Voice.
Piano.
Andantino.
dolce.
p
cres.
dim.
p
1. Oh, blame not the bard, if he fly to the bow'rs Where Plea-sure lies careless - ly smil-ing at
2. But a-las! for his coun-try, her pride is gone by, And that spi - rit is bro-ken, which ne - ver would
pp
Fame; He was born for much more, and in hap - pier hours, His soul might have burn'd with a
bend; O'er the ru - in her chil - dren in se-cret must sigh, For 'tis trea - son to love her, and
ho - li - er flame. The string that now lan- guish-es loose o'er the lyre Might have bent a proud
death to de - fend! Un-priz'd are her sons, till they've learn'd to be - tray; Un - dis - tinguish'd they
pp

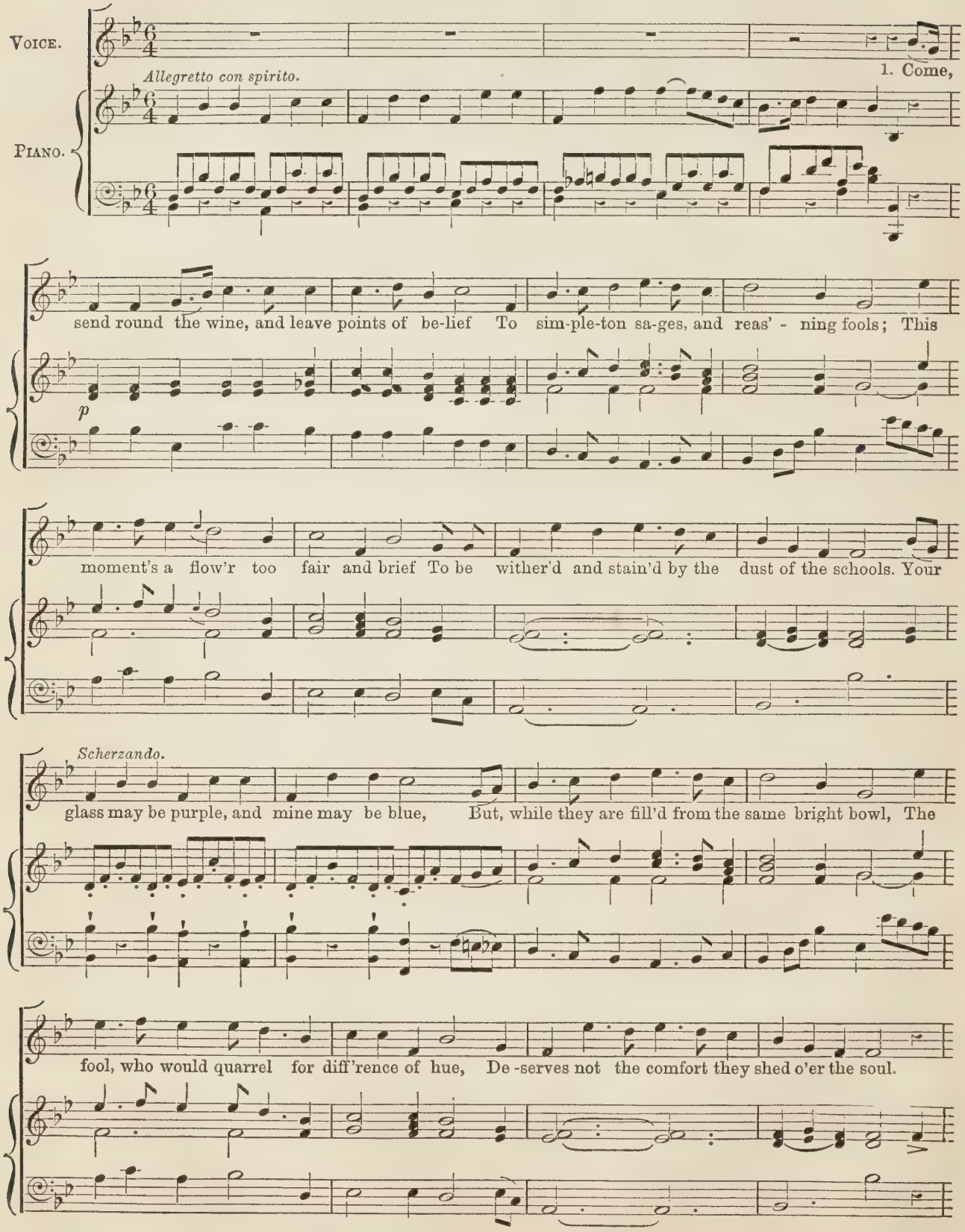
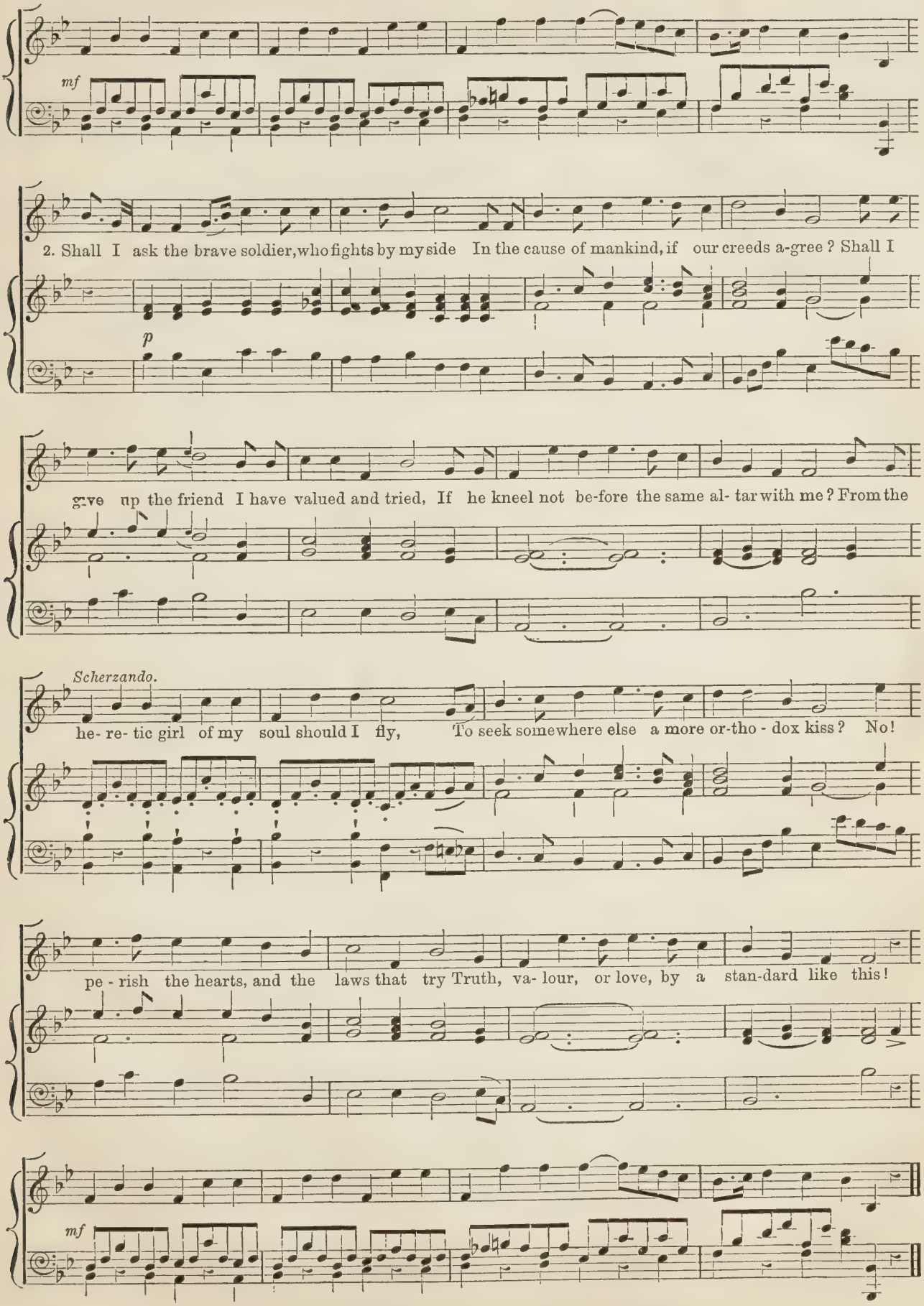
* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering Bards, whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which have good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."

bow* to the war - rior's dart; And the lip which now breathes but the song of de- sire Might have
live, if they shame not their sires; And the torch that would light them thro' dig- ni - ty's way Must be
pp
pour'd the full tide of the pa- tri-ot's heart!
caught from the pile where their country ex-pires!
f
dim.
3. Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream . . He should try to for -
4. But tho' glo - ry be gone, and tho' hope fade a - way, . . Thy name, lov - ed
pp
- get what he ne - ver can heal; Oh!.. give but a hope, let a vis - ta but
E - rin, shall live in his songs, Not .. e'en in the hour when his heart is most

* It is conjectured by Wormius that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for *a bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of Concord."—Lloyd's *State-Worthies*, art. "The Lord Grandison."


gleam, Through the gloom of his coun-try, and mark how he'll feel! That in-stant, his
gay Will he lose the re - membrance of thee and thy wrongs! The stran-ger shall
pp
heart at her shrine would lay down Ev'-ry pas-sion it nurs'd, ev' - ry bliss . . it a -
hear thy la - ment on his plains; The sigh of thy harp shall be sent . . o'er the
- dor'd; While the myrtle, now i - dly en-twin'd with his crown, Like the wreath of Har -
deep, Till thy masters them - selves, as they ri - vet thy chains, Shall pause at the
pp
- - modius, should co - ver his sword.*
song of their cap - tive, and weep.
f
dim.

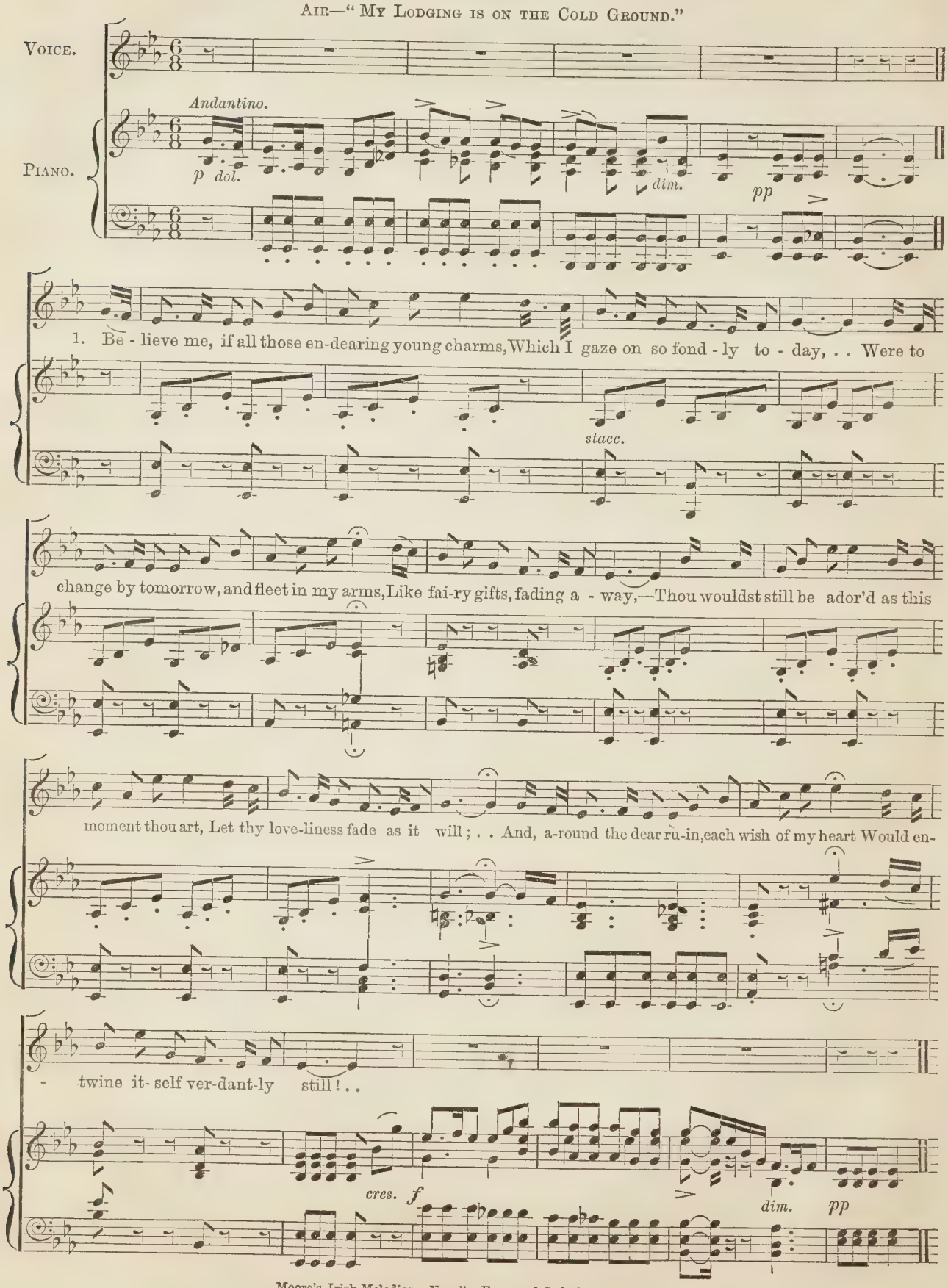
* See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus. Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

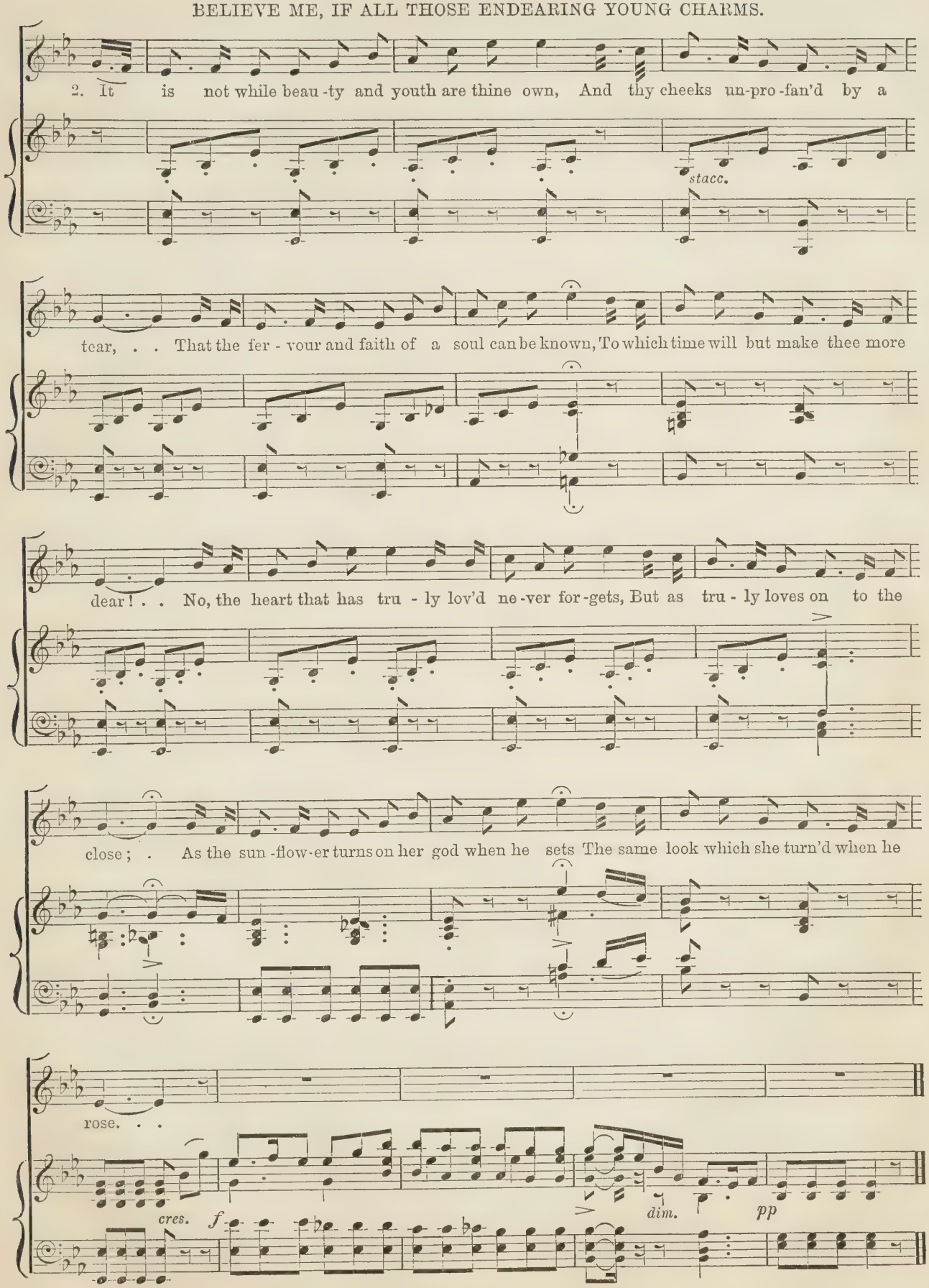
COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—"WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US."

Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto con spirito.
1. Come,
send round the wine, and leave points of be-lief To sim-ple-ton sa-ges, and reas' - ning fools; This
p
moment's a flow'r too fair and brief To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools. Your
Scherzando.
glass may be purple, and mine may be blue, But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl, The
fool, who would quarrel for diff'rence of hue, De-serves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

mf
2. Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side In the cause of mankind, if our creeds a-gree? Shall I
p
give up the friend I have valued and tried, If he kneel not be-fore the same al- tar with me? From the
Scherzando.
he- re- tic girl of my soul should I fly, To seek somewhere else a more or-tho - dox kiss? No!
pe - rish the hearts, and the laws that try Truth, va- lour, or love, by a stan-dard like this!
mf

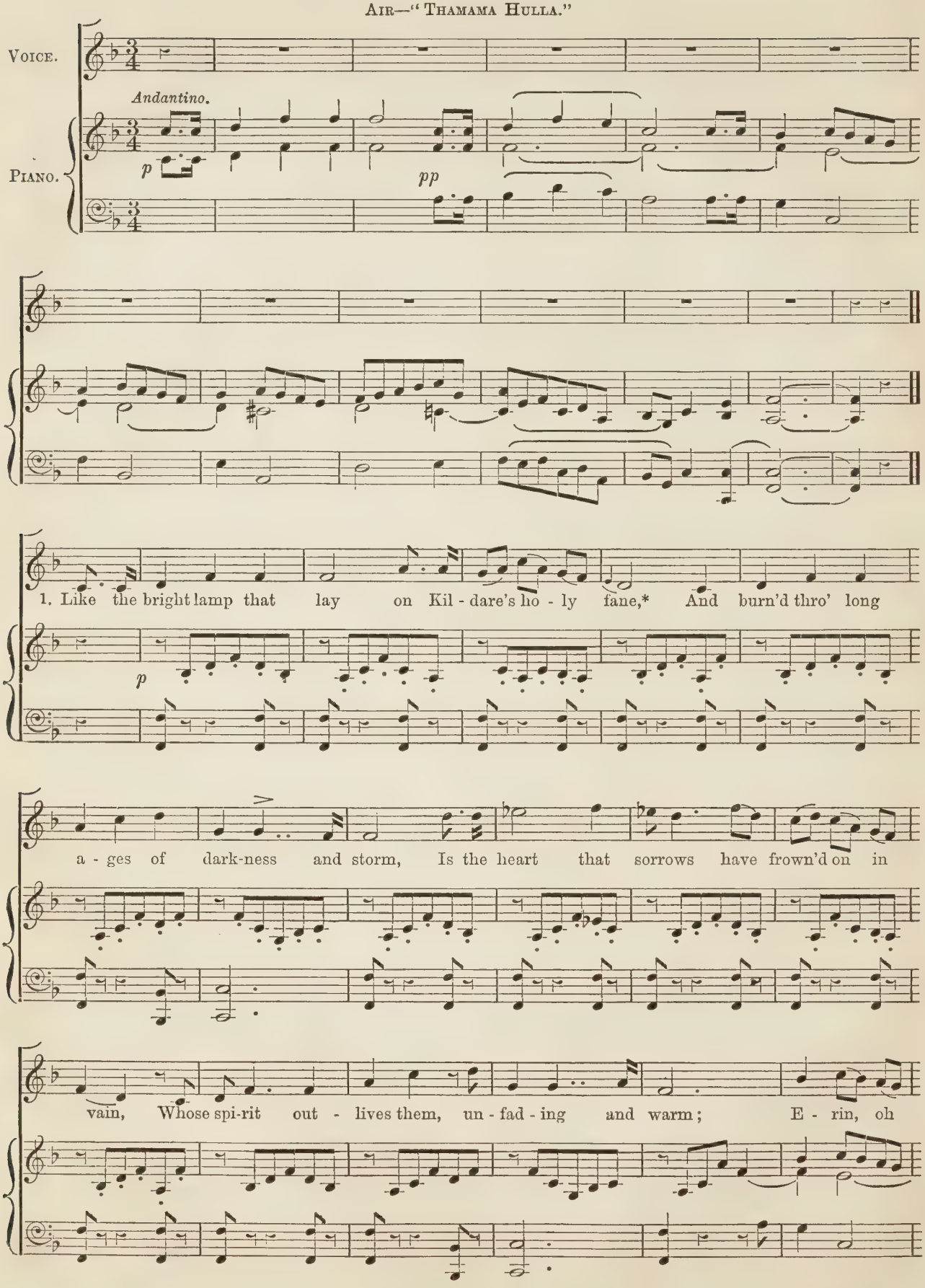
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

AIR—"MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND."

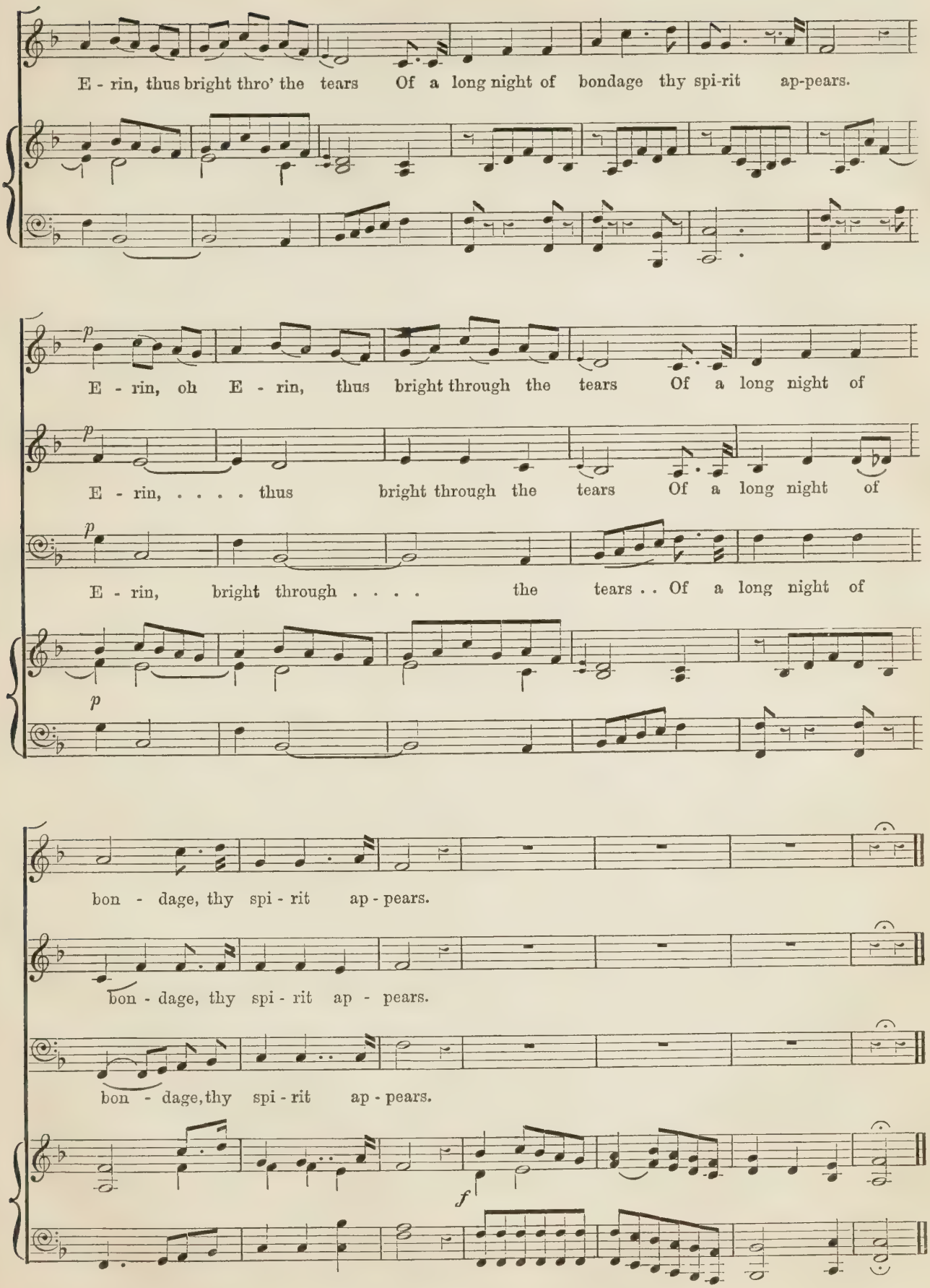

VOICE.
PIANO.
Andantino.
p dol.
dim.
pp
1. Be - lieve me, if all those en-dearing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to - day, . . Were to
stacc.
change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms, Like fai-ry gifts, fading a - way,—Thou wouldst still be ador'd as this
moment thou art, Let thy love-liness fade as it will; . . And, a-round the dear ru-in, each wish of my heart Would en-
- twine it- self ver-dant-ly still! . .
cres.
f
dim.
pp

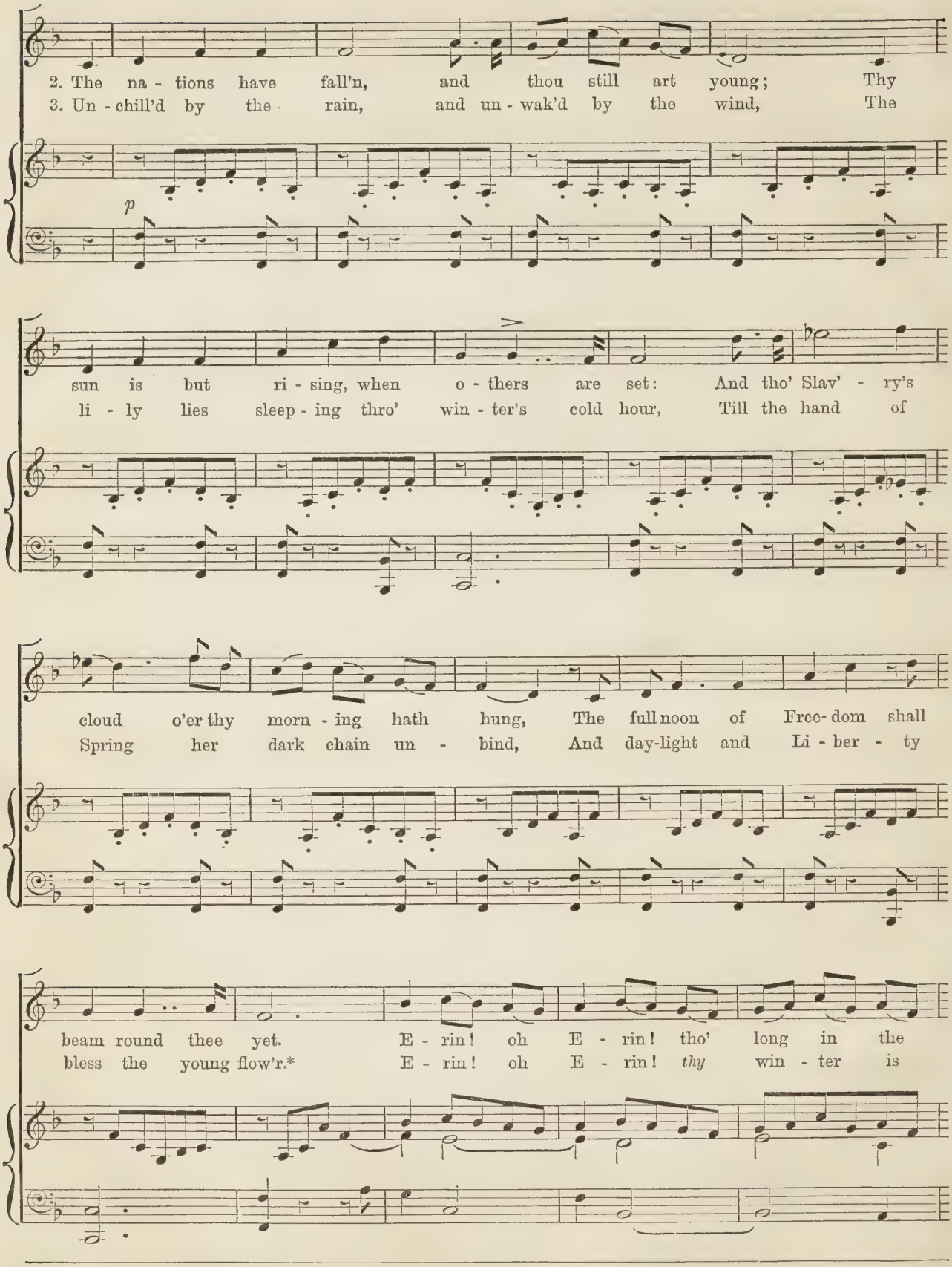

2. It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un-pro-fan'd by a
stacc.
tear, . . That the fer-vour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more
dear! . . No, the heart that has tru-ly lov'd ne-ver for-gets, But as tru-ly loves on to the
close; . As the sun-flow-er turns on her god when he sets The same look which she turn'd when he
rose. . .
cres.
f
dim.
pp

ERIN! OH ERIN!

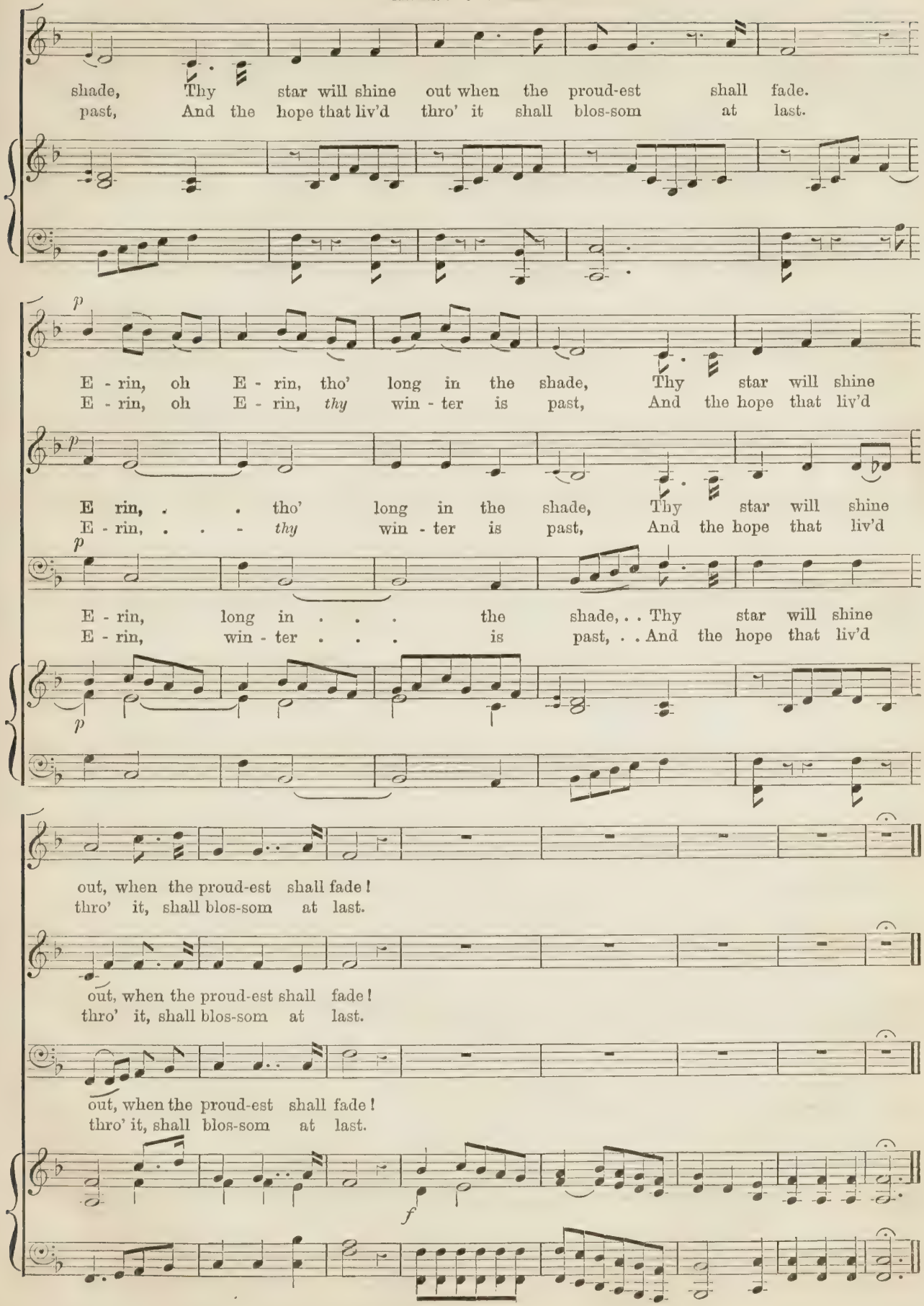
AIR—"THAMAMA HULLA."

VOICE.
PIANO.
Andantino.
p
pp
1. Like the bright lamp that lay on Kil - dare's ho - ly fane,* And burn'd thro' long
p
a - ges of dark-ness and storm, Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in
vain, Whose spi-rit out - lives them, un - fad - ing and warm; E - rin, oh

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions. "Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicite moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—*Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.*, dist. ii. c. 34.

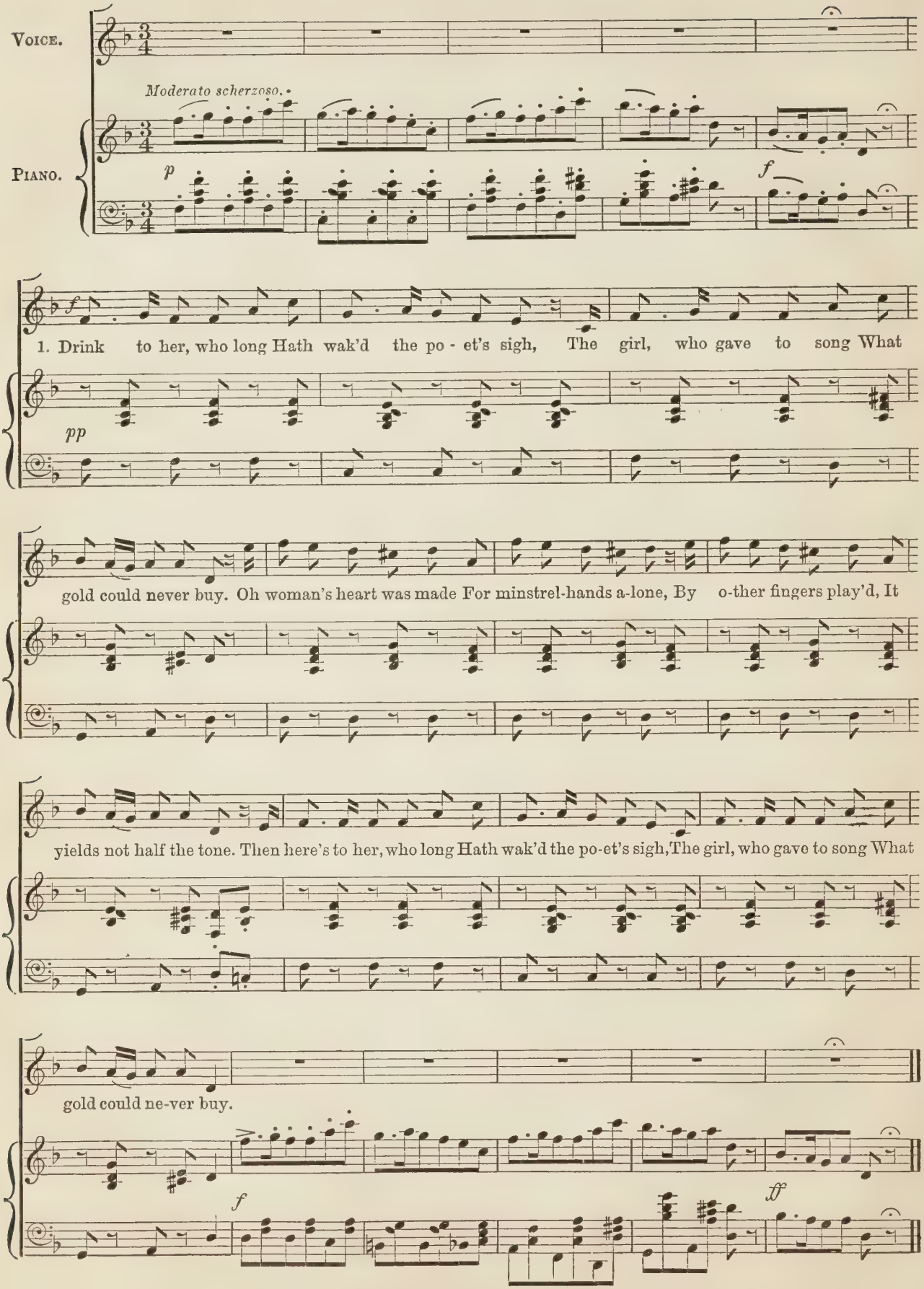

E - rin, thus bright thro' the tears Of a long night of bondage thy spi-rit ap-pears.
p
E - rin, oh E - rin, thus bright through the tears Of a long night of
p
E - rin, ... thus bright through the tears Of a long night of
p
E - rin, bright through . . . . the tears . . Of a long night of
p
bon - dage, thy spi - rit ap - pears.
bon - dage, thy spi - rit ap - pears.
bon - dage, thy spi - rit ap - pears.
f

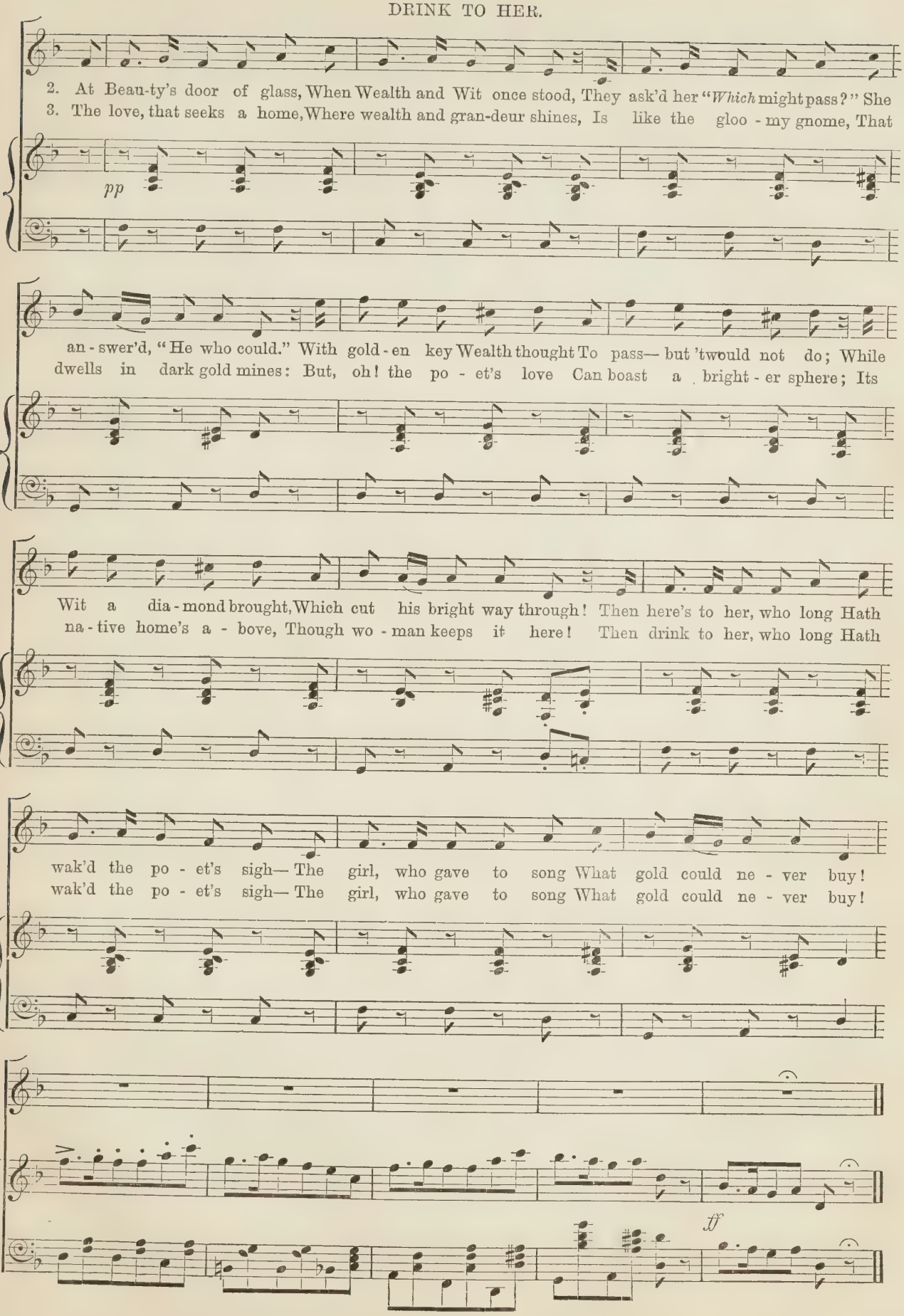
ERIN! OH ERIN!

2. The na - tions have fall'n, and thou still art young; Thy
3. Un - chill'd by the rain, and un - wak'd by the wind, The
p
sun is but ri - sing, when o - thers are set: And tho' Slav' - ry's
li - ly lies sleep - ing thro' win - ter's cold hour, Till the hand of
cloud o'er thy morn - ing hath hung, The full noon of Free - dom shall
Spring her dark chain un - bind, And day-light and Li - ber - ty
beam round thee yet. E - rin! oh E - rin! tho' long in the
bless the young flow'r.* E - rin! oh E - rin! thy win - ter is

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite Lines on the Lily, has applied this image to a still more important object.


shade, Thy star will shine out when the proud-est shall fade.
past, And the hope that liv'd thro' it shall blos-som at last.
p
E - rin, oh E - rin, tho' long in the shade, Thy star will shine
E - rin, oh E - rin, thy win - ter is past, And the hope that liv'd
p
E rin, . . tho' long in the shade, Thy star will shine
E - rin, . . . thy win - ter is past, And the hope that liv'd
p
E - rin, long in . . . the shade, . . Thy star will shine
E - rin, win - ter . . . is past, . . And the hope that liv'd
p
out, when the proud-est shall fade!
thro' it, shall blos-som at last.
out, when the proud-est shall fade!
thro' it, shall blos-som at last.
out, when the proud-est shall fade!
thro' it, shall blos-som at last.
f

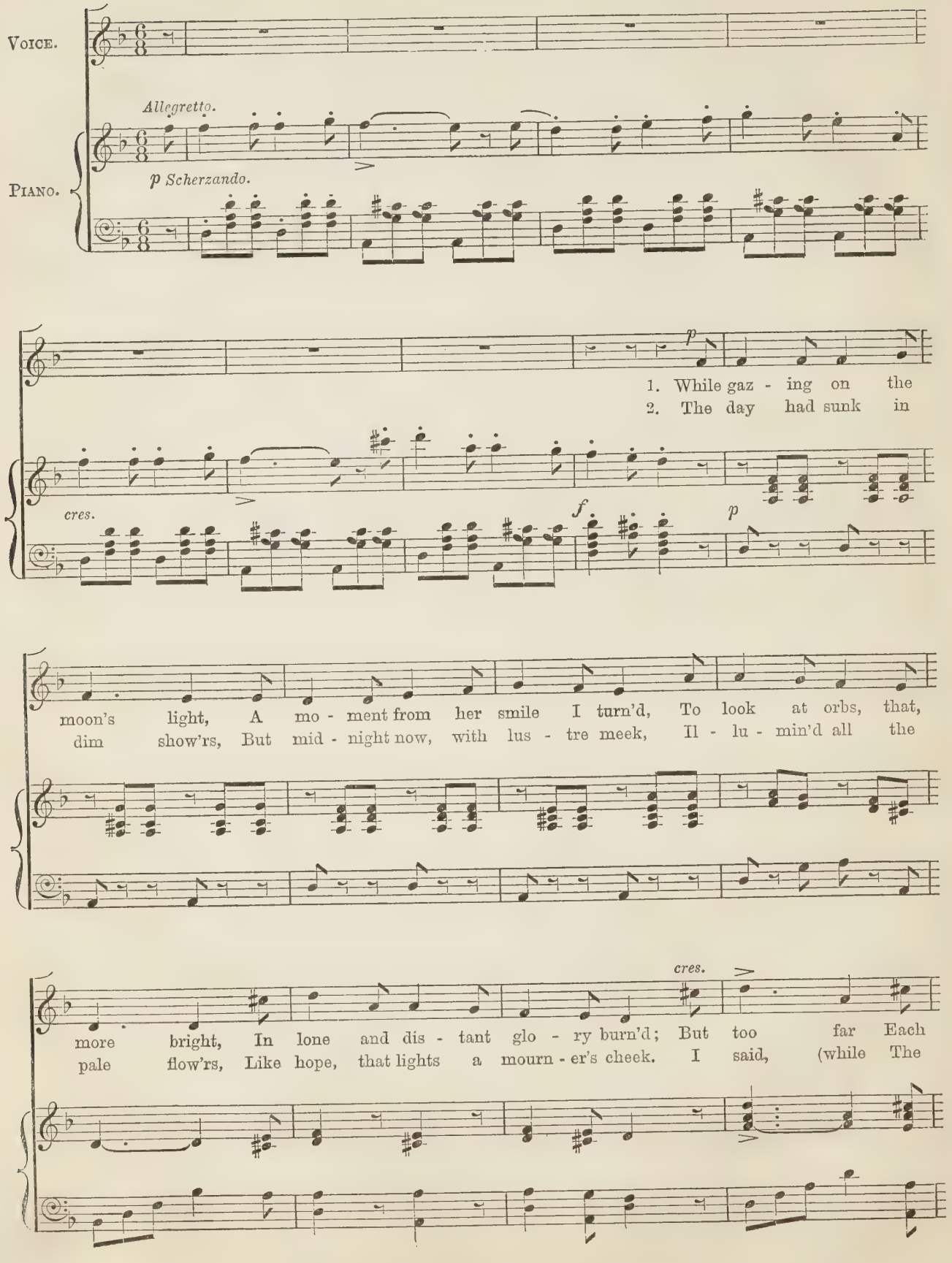
DRINK TO HER.

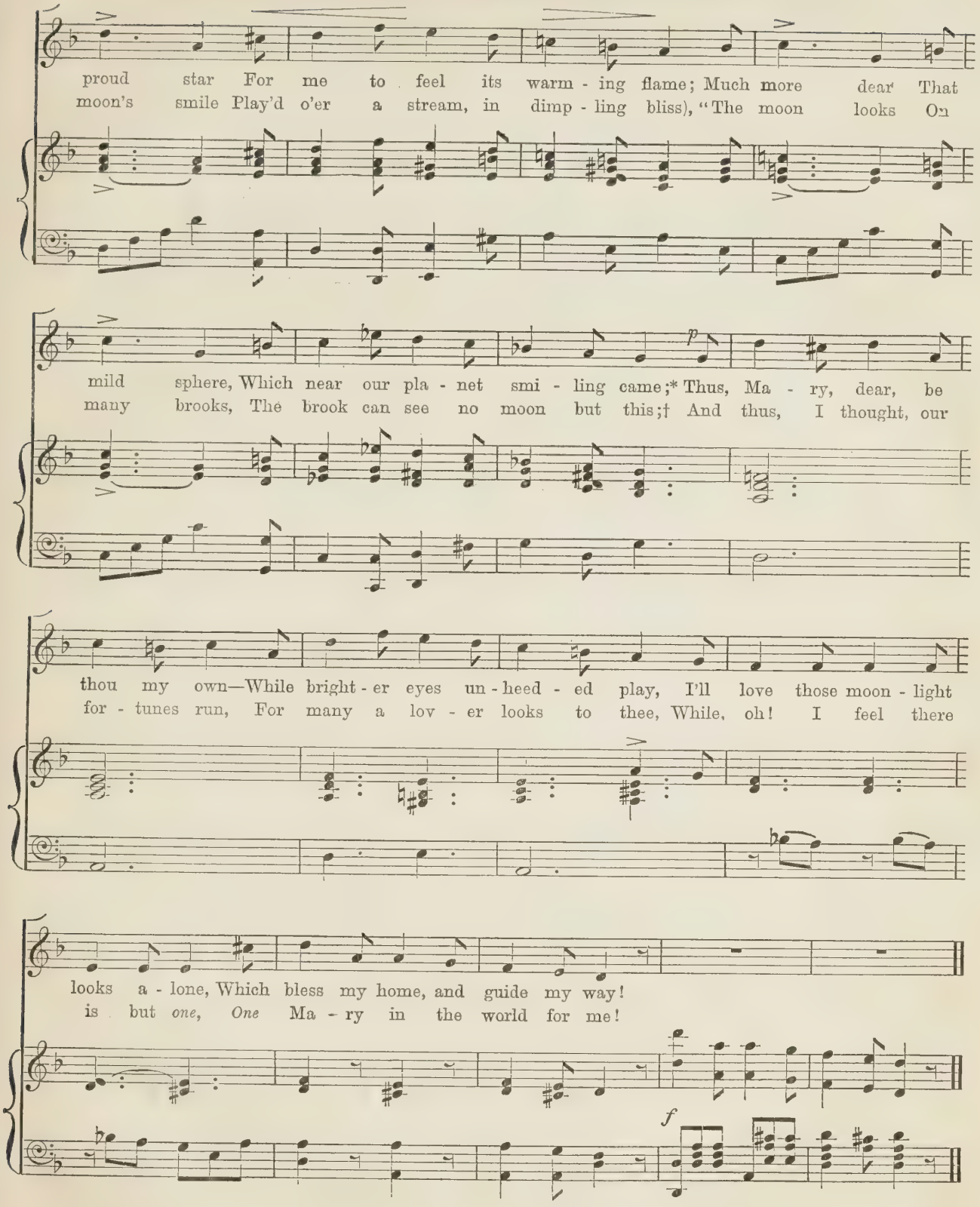
AIR—"HEIGH-HO! MY JACKY."

Voice.
Piano.
Moderato scherzoso.
p
f
1. Drink to her, who long Hath wak'd the po - et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What
pp
gold could never buy. Oh woman's heart was made For minstrel-hands a-lone, By o-ther fingers play'd, It
yields not half the tone. Then here's to her, who long Hath wak'd the po-et's sigh, The girl, who gave to song What
gold could ne-ver buy.
f
ff


2. At Beau-ty's door of glass, When Wealth and Wit once stood, They ask'd her "*Which* might pass?" She
3. The love, that seeks a home, Where wealth and gran-deur shines, Is like the gloo - my gnome, That
pp
an - swer'd, "He who could." With gold - en key Wealth thought To pass— but 'twould not do; While
dwells in dark gold mines: But, oh! the po - et's love Can boast a bright - er sphere; Its
Wit a dia - mond brought, Which cut his bright way through! Then here's to her, who long Hath
na - tive home's a - bove, Though wo - man keeps it here! Then drink to her, who long Hath
wak'd the po - et's sigh— The girl, who gave to song What gold could ne - ver buy!
wak'd the po - et's sigh— The girl, who gave to song What gold could ne - ver buy!
ff

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

AIR—"OONAGH."


Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
p Scherzando.
p
1. While gaz - ing on the
2. The day had sunk in
cres.
f
p
moon's light, A mo - ment from her smile I turn'd, To look at orbs, that,
dim show'rs, But mid - night now, with lus - tre meek, Il - lu - min'd all the
cres.
more bright, In lone and dis - tant glo - ry burn'd; But too far Each
pale flow'rs, Like hope, that lights a mourn - er's cheek. I said, (while The


proud star For me to feel its warm - ing flame; Much more dear That
moon's smile Play'd o'er a stream, in dimp - ling bliss), "The moon looks On
mild sphere, Which near our pla - net smi - ling came;* Thus, Ma - ry, dear, be
many brooks, The brook can see no moon but this;† And thus, I thought, our
p
thou my own—While bright - er eyes un - heed - ed play, I'll love those moon - light
for - tunes run, For many a lov - er looks to thee, While, oh! I feel there
looks a - lone, Which bless my home, and guide my way!
is but *one*, *One* Ma - ry in the world for me!
f

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."—Whiston's *Theory*, &c.

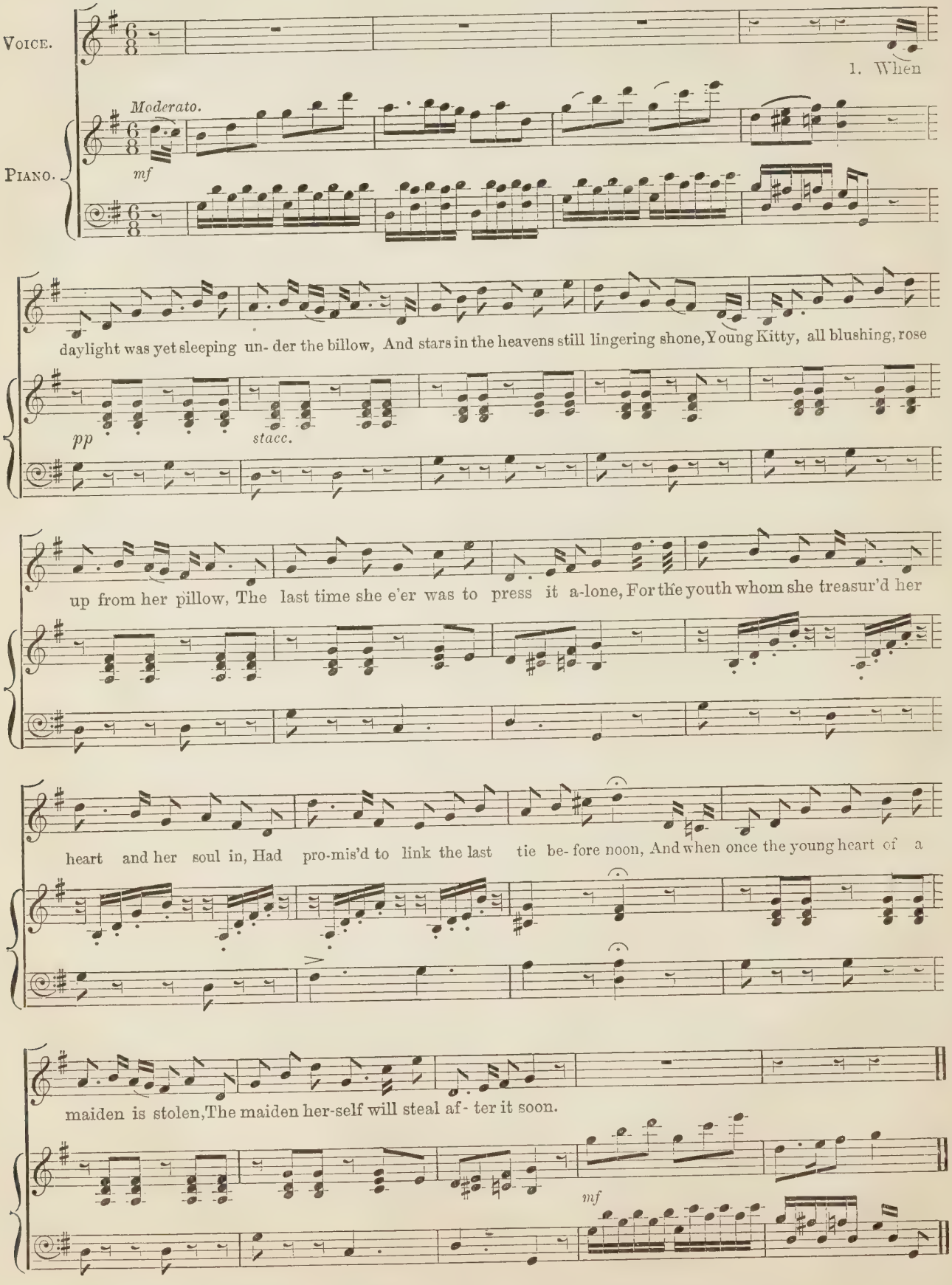
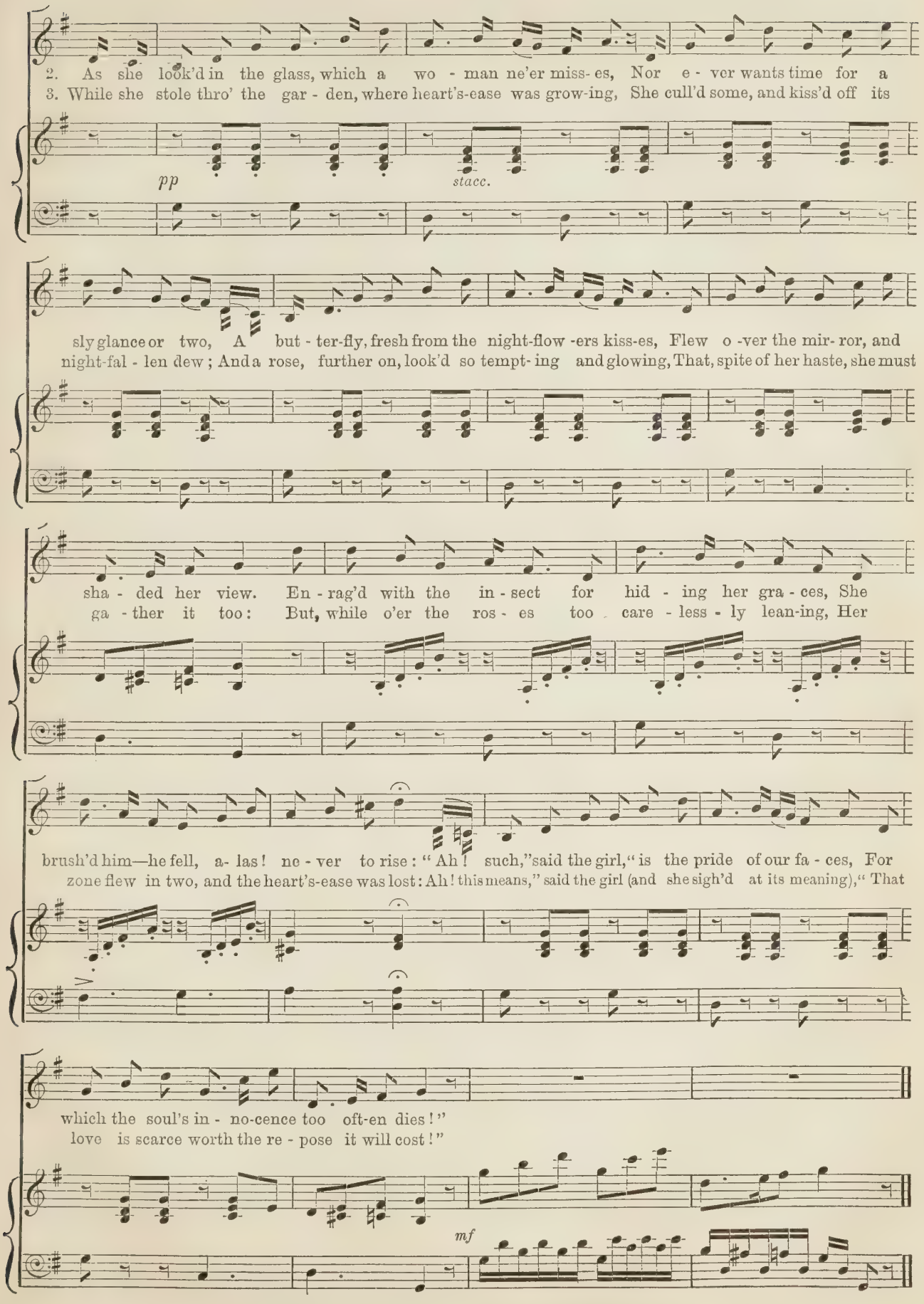
In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with these words, *Non mille, quod absens.*

† This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works: "The moon looks upon many night-flowers; the night-flower sees but one moon.

ILL OMENS.

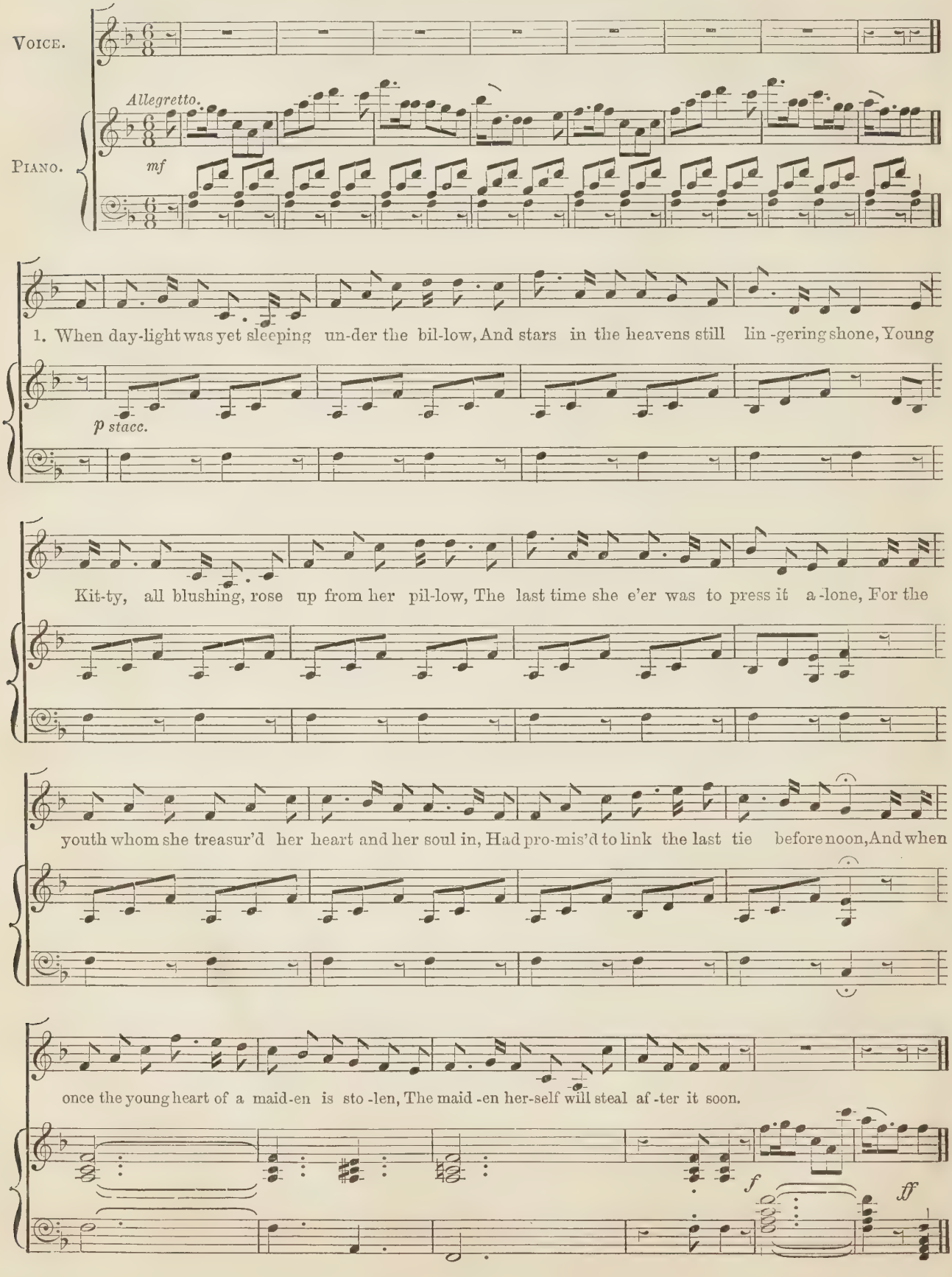
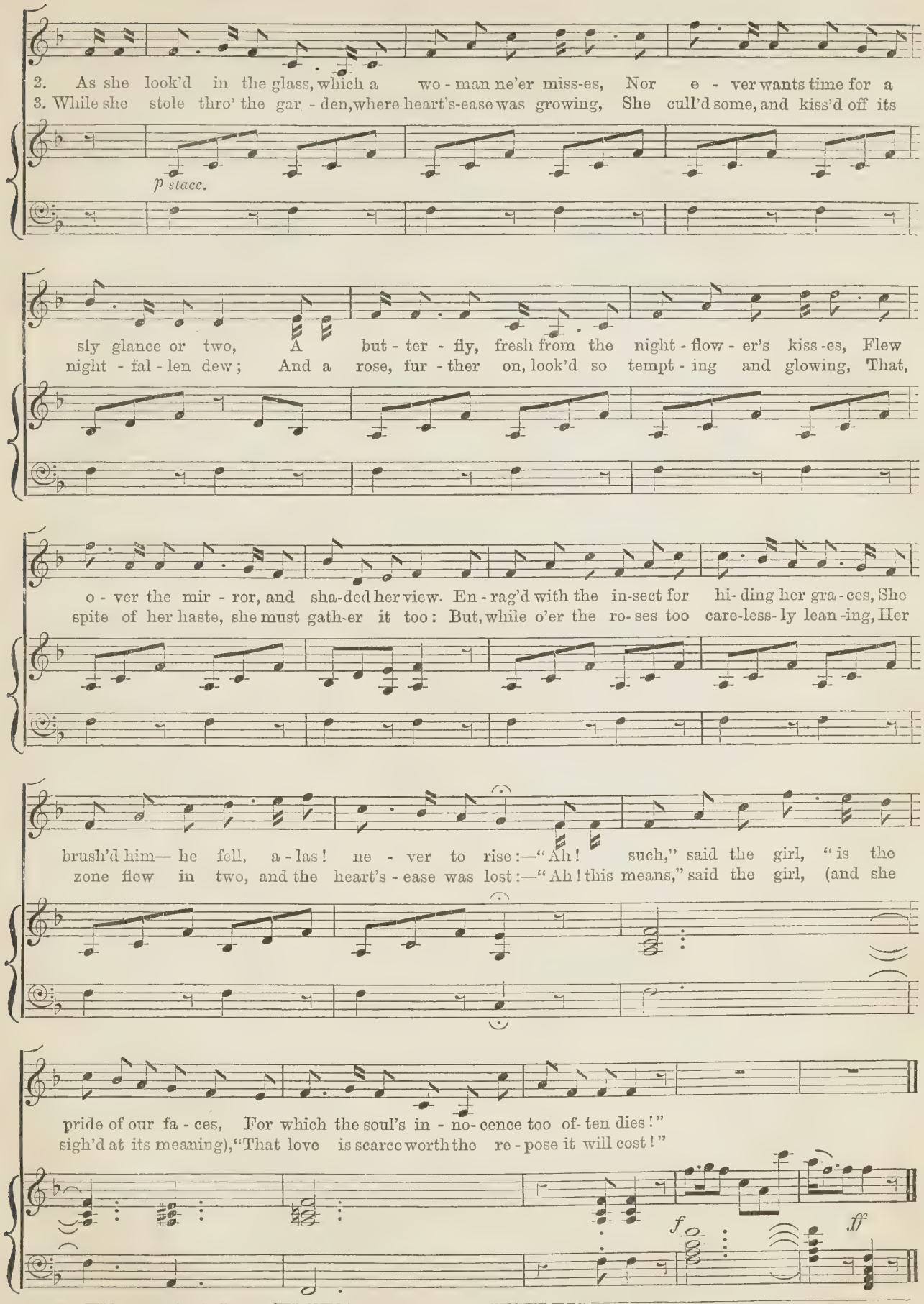
WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

AIR—"PADDY'S RESOURCE."


VOICE.
1. When
Moderato.
PIANO.
mf
daylight was yet sleeping un- der the billow, And stars in the heavens still lingering shone, Young Kitty, all blushing, rose
pp
stacc.
up from her pillow, The last time she e'er was to press it a-lone, For the youth whom she treasur'd her
heart and her soul in, Had pro-mis'd to link the last tie be- fore noon, And when once the young heart of a
maiden is stolen, The maiden her-self will steal af- ter it soon.
mf

2. As she look'd in the glass, which a wo - man ne'er miss- es, Nor e - ver wants time for a
3. While she stole thro' the gar - den, where heart's-ease was grow-ing, She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its
pp
stacc.
sly glance or two, A but - ter-fly, fresh from the night-flow -ers kiss-es, Flew o -ver the mir- ror, and
night-fal - len dew; And a rose, further on, look'd so tempt- ing and glowing, That, spite of her haste, she must
sha - ded her view. En - rag'd with the in - sect for hid - ing her gra - ces, She
ga - ther it too: But, while o'er the ros - es too care - less - ly lean-ing, Her
brush'd him—he fell, a- las! ne - ver to rise: "Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our fa - ces, For
zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost: Ah! this means," said the girl (and she sigh'd at its meaning), "That
which the soul's in - no-cence too oft-en dies!"
love is scarce worth the re - pose it will cost!"
mf

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE BILLOW.

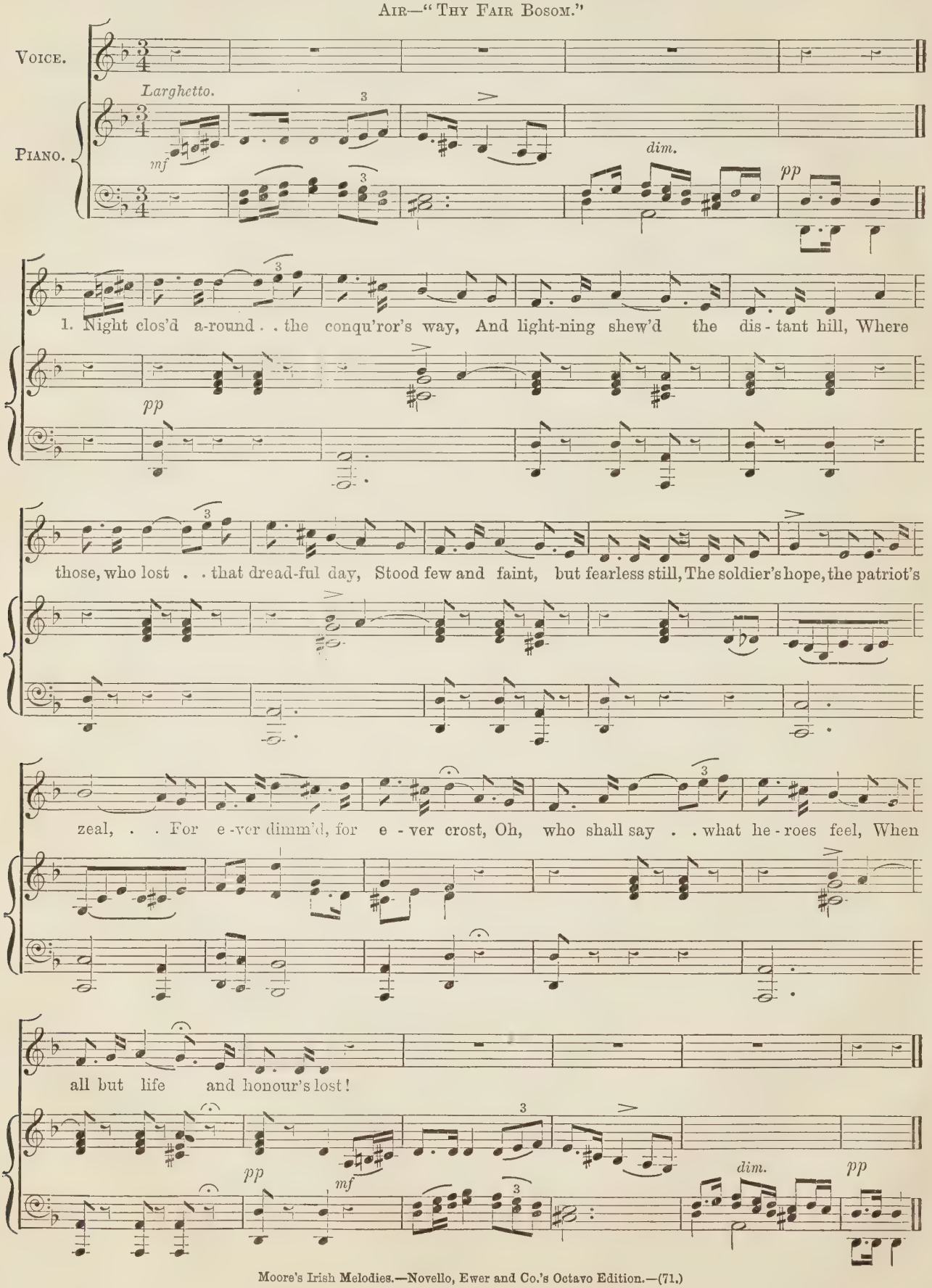
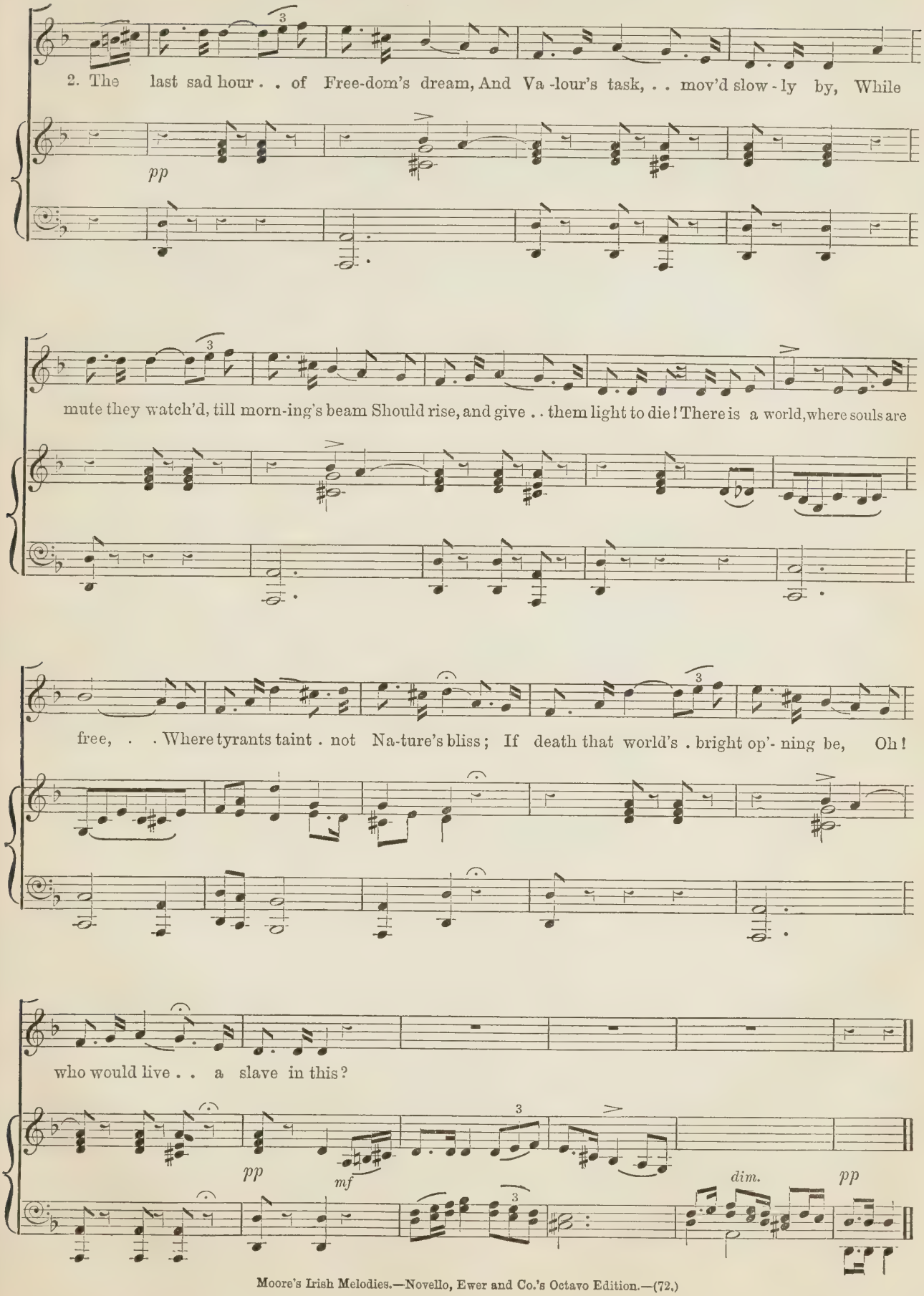
AIR—"KITTY OF COLERAINE."


Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
mf
p stacc.
1. When day-light was yet sleeping un-der the bil-low, And stars in the heavens still lin-gering shone, Young
Kit-ty, all blushing, rose up from her pil-low, The last time she e'er was to press it a-lone, For the
youth whom she treasur'd her heart and her soul in, Had pro-mis'd to link the last tie before noon, And when
once the young heart of a maid-en is sto-len, The maid-en her-self will steal af-ter it soon.
f
ff

2. As she look'd in the glass, which a wo - man ne'er miss-es, Nor e - ver wants time for a
3. While she stole thro' the gar - den, where heart's-ease was growing, She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its
p stacc.
sly glance or two, A but - ter - fly, fresh from the night - flow - er's kiss-es, Flew
night - fal - len dew; And a rose, fur - ther on, look'd so tempt - ing and glowing, That,
o - ver the mir - ror, and sha-ded her view. En - rag'd with the in-sect for hi- ding her gra - ces, She
spite of her haste, she must gath-er it too: But, while o'er the ro- ses too care-less- ly lean -ing, Her
brush'd him— he fell, a - las! ne - ver to rise:—"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the
zone flew in two, and the heart's - ease was lost:—"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she
pride of our fa - ces, For which the soul's in - no- cence too of- ten dies!"
sigh'd at its meaning), "That love is scarce worth the re - pose it will cost!"
f
ff

Having some reason to suspect that *Kitty of Coleraine* is but a modern English imitation of our style, I have thought it right to give an authentic Irish air to the same words, without, however, omitting the former melody, for which the words were originally written, and to which, I believe, they are best adapted. *Paddy's Resource* precedes the present air.

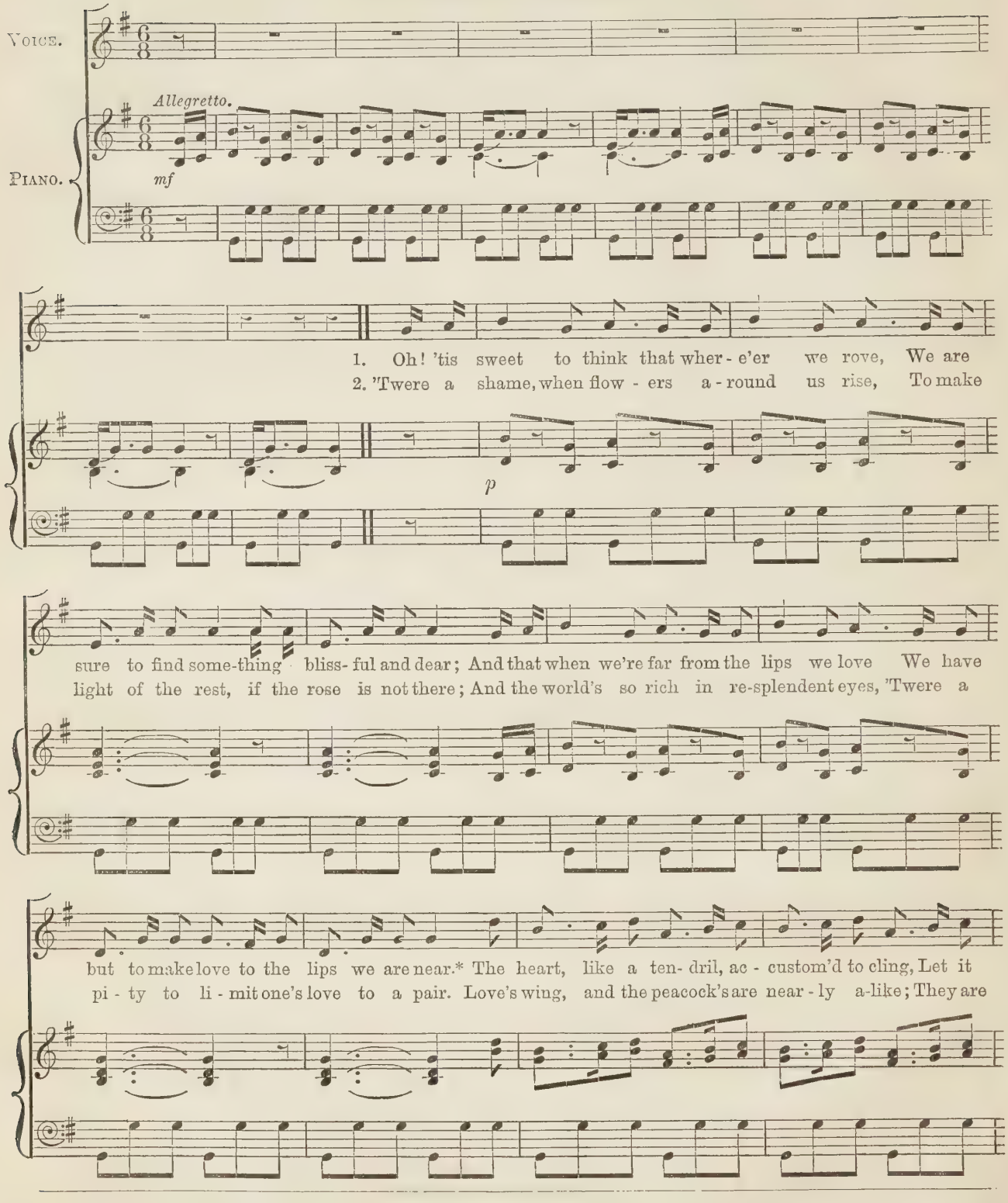
NIGHT CLOSED AROUND THE CONQU'ROR'S WAY.

AIR—"THY FAIR BOSOM."

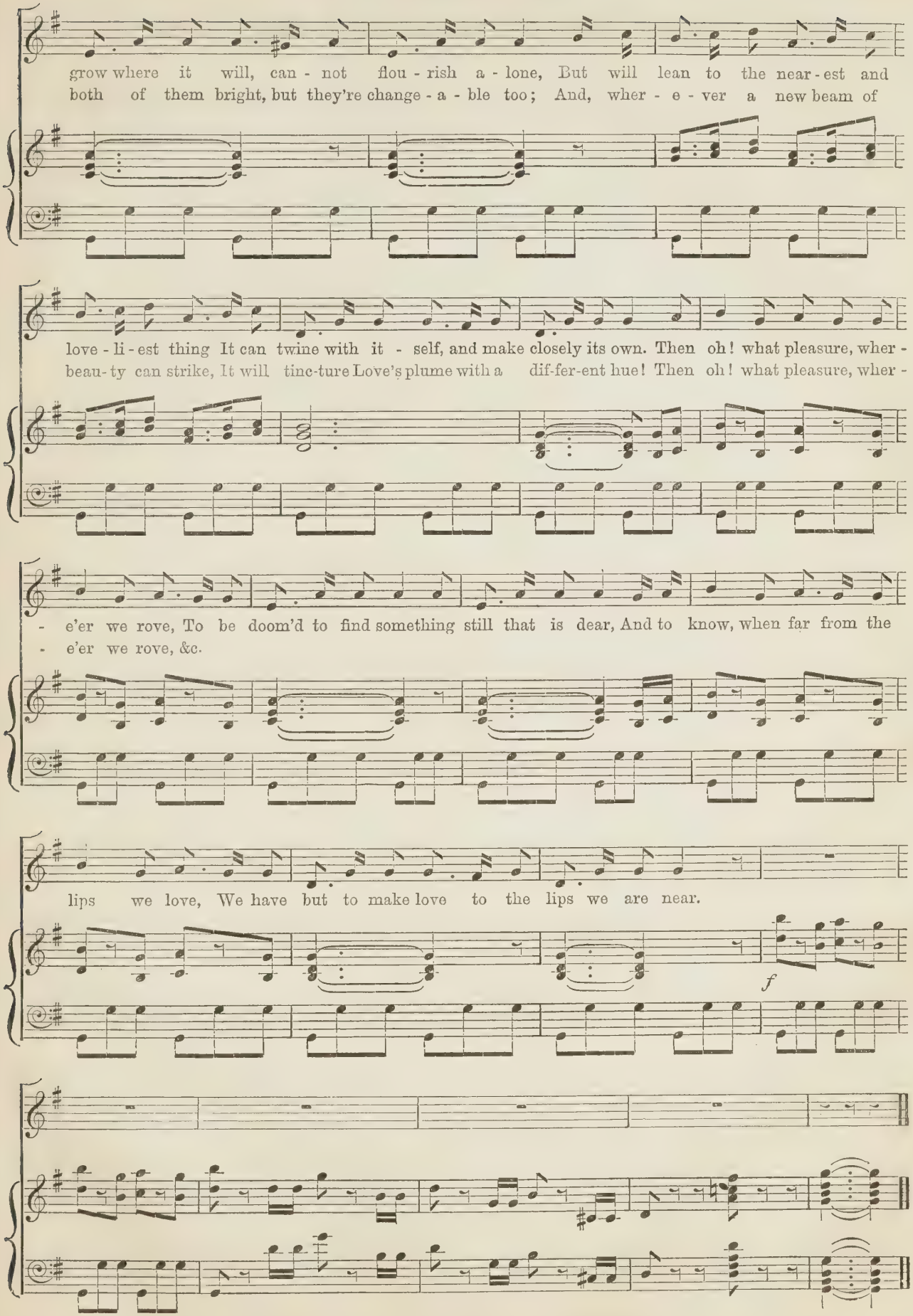

VOICE.
PIANO.
Larghetto.
mf
dim.
pp
1. Night clos'd a-round . . the conqu'ror's way, And light-ning shew'd the dis - tant hill, Where
those, who lost . . that dread-ful day, Stood few and faint, but fearless still, The soldier's hope, the patriot's
zeal, . . For e-ver dimm'd, for e - ver crost, Oh, who shall say . . what he - roes feel, When
all but life and honour's lost!
pp
mf
dim.
pp

2. The last sad hour . . of Free-dom's dream, And Va -lour's task, . . mov'd slow - ly by, While
pp
mute they watch'd, till morn-ing's beam Should rise, and give . . them light to die! There is a world, where souls are
free, . . Where tyrants taint . not Na-ture's bliss; If death that world's . bright op'- ning be, Oh!
who would live . . a slave in this?
pp
mf
dim.
pp

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

AIR—"THADY, YOU GANDER."

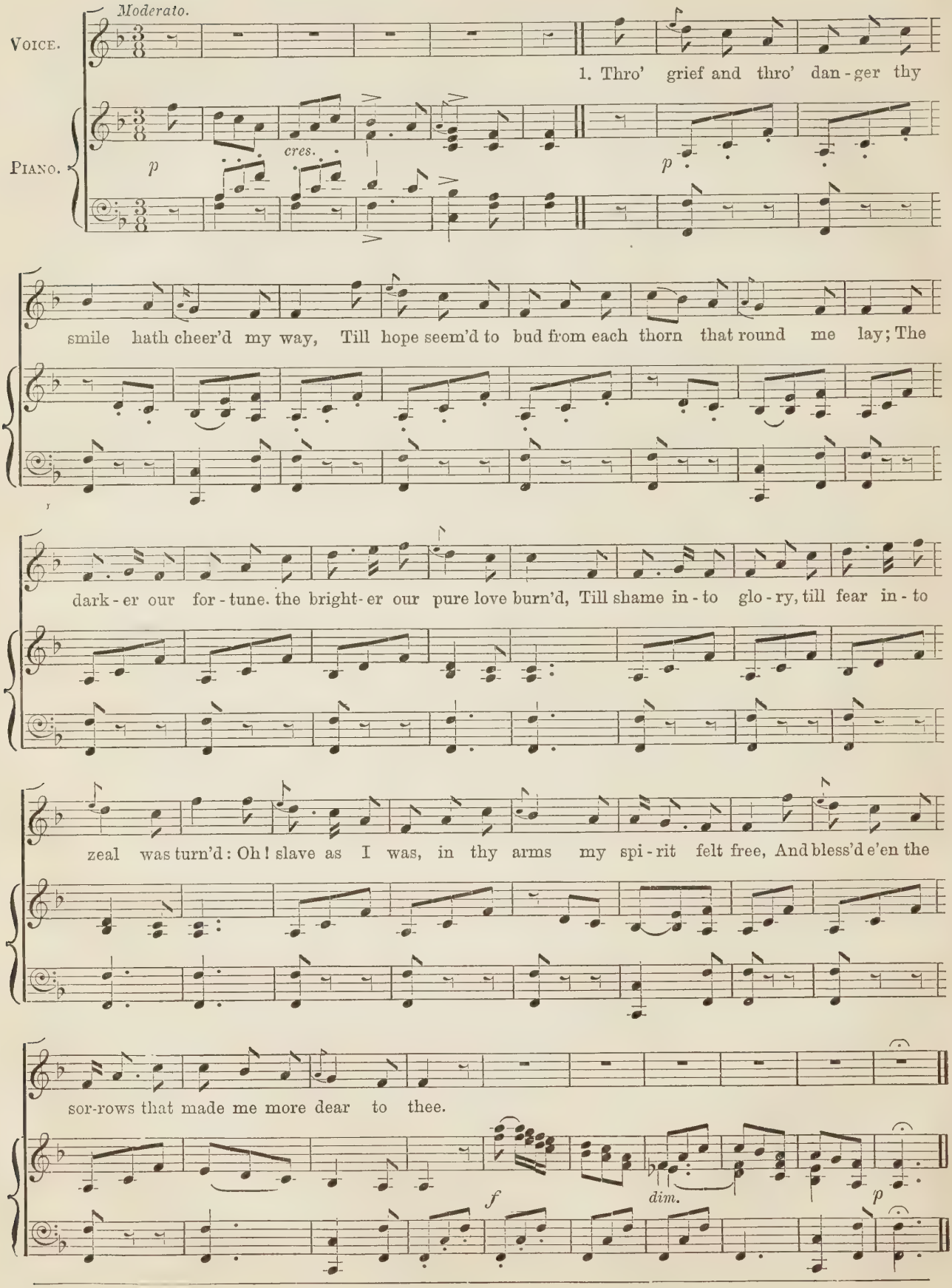

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto.
mf
1. Oh! 'tis sweet to think that wher - e'er we rove, We are
2. 'Twere a shame, when flow - ers a - round us rise, To make
p
sure to find some-thing bliss- ful and dear; And that when we're far from the lips we love We have
light of the rest, if the rose is not there; And the world's so rich in re-splendent eyes, 'Twere a
but to make love to the lips we are near.* The heart, like a ten- dril, ac - custom'd to cling, Let it
pi - ty to li - mit one's love to a pair. Love's wing, and the peacock's are near - ly a-like; They are

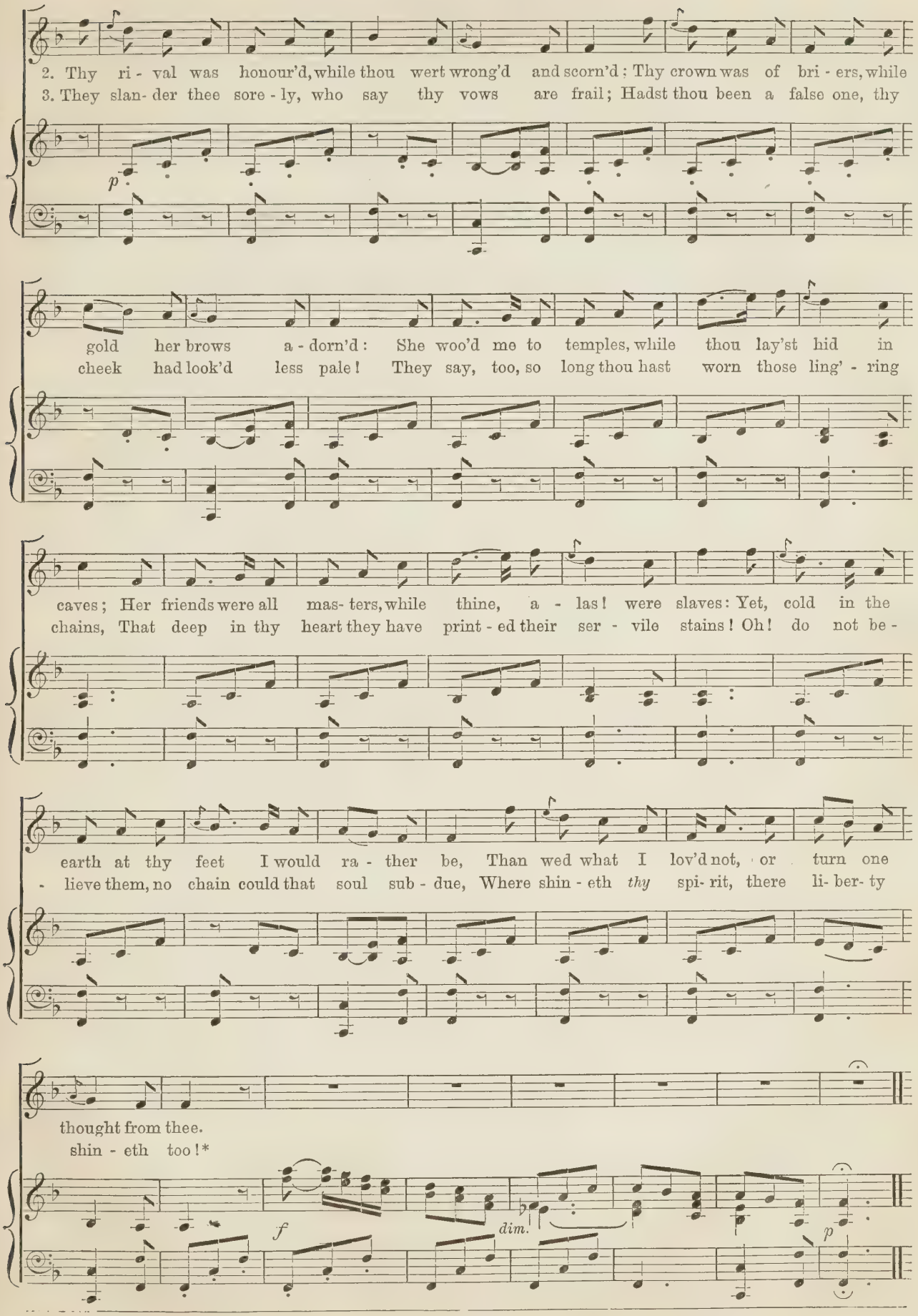
* I believe it is Marmontel who says "*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black, nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium on folly.


grow where it will, can - not flou - rish a - lone, But will lean to the near - est and
both of them bright, but they're change - a - ble too; And, wher - e - ver a new beam of
love - li - est thing It can twine with it - self, and make closely its own. Then oh! what pleasure, wher -
beau - ty can strike, It will tinc-ture Love's plume with a dif-fer-ent hue! Then oh! what pleasure, wher -
- e'er we rove, To be doom'd to find something still that is dear, And to know, when far from the
- e'er we rove, &c.
lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near.
f

THRO' GRIEF AND THRO' DANGER.

AIR—"I ONCE HAD A TRUE LOVE."

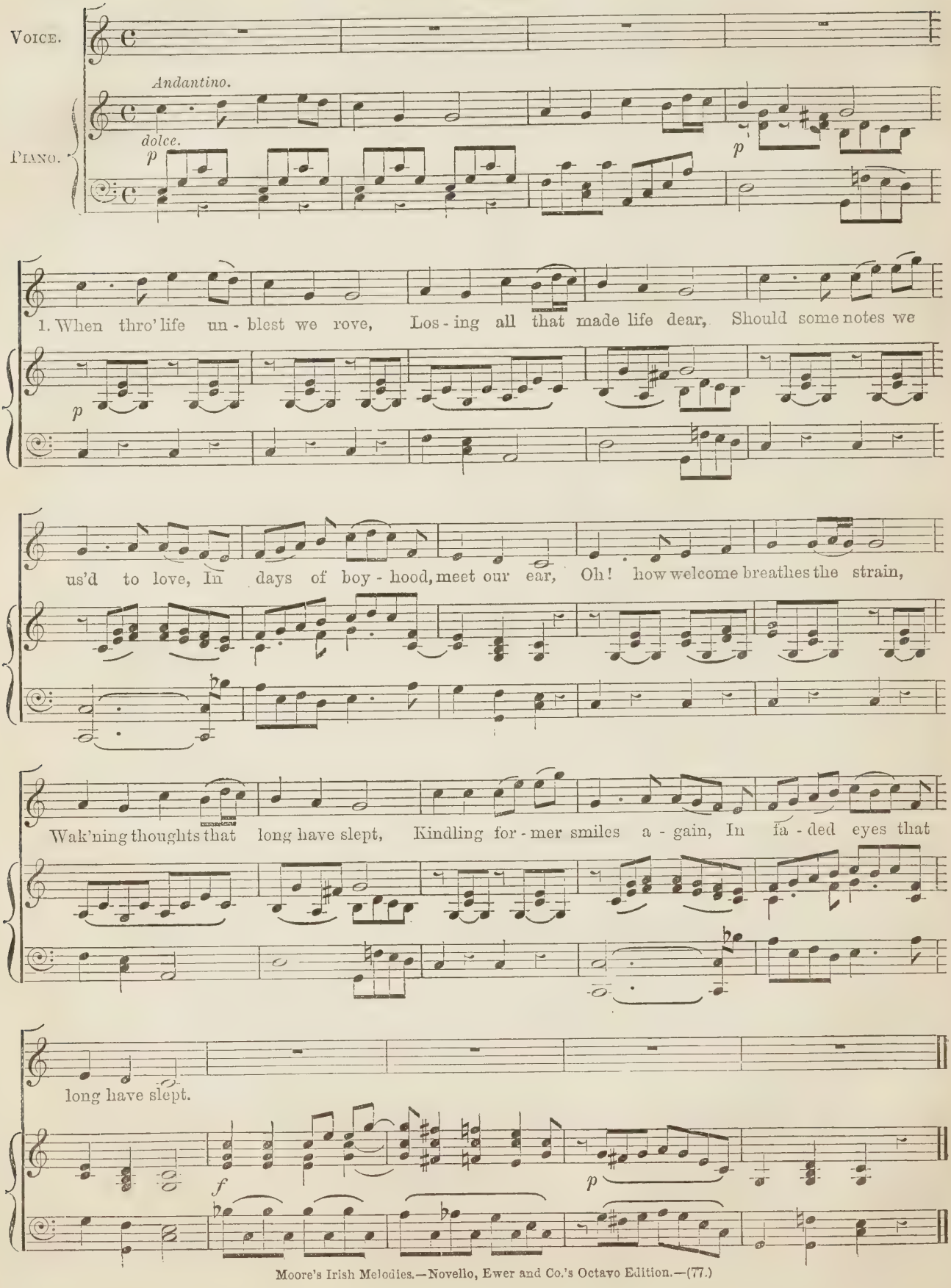
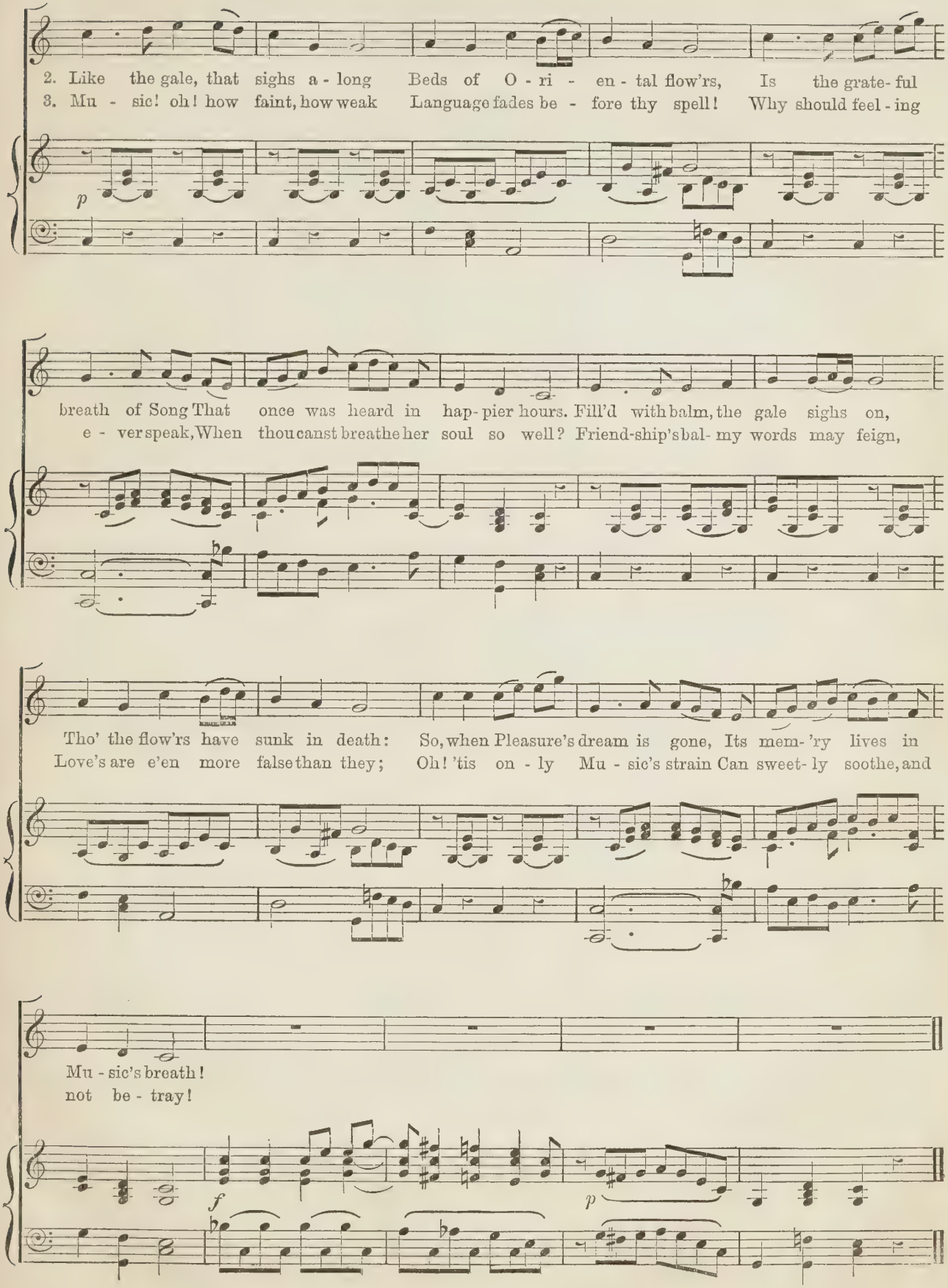

Moderato.
Voice.
Piano.
1. Thro' grief and thro' dan-ger thy
p
cres.
p
smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay; The
dark-er our for-tune. the bright-er our pure love burn'd, Till shame in-to glo-ry, till fear in-to
zeal was turn'd: Oh! slave as I was, in thy arms my spi-rit felt free, And bless'd e'en the
sor-rows that made me more dear to thee.
f
dim.
p

* Meaning, allegorically, the ancient Church of Ireland.

2. Thy ri - val was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd: Thy crown was of bri - ers, while
3. They slan- der thee sore - ly, who say thy vows are frail; Hadst thou been a false one, thy
p
gold her brows a - dorn'd: She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in
cheek had look'd less pale! They say, too, so long thou hast worn those ling' - ring
caves; Her friends were all mas- ters, while thine, a - las! were slaves: Yet, cold in the
chains, That deep in thy heart they have print - ed their ser - vile stains! Oh! do not be -
earth at thy feet I would ra - ther be, Than wed what I lov'd not, or turn one
- lieve them, no chain could that soul sub - due, Where shin - eth *thy* spi- rit, there li- ber- ty
thought from thee.
shin - eth too!*
f
dim.
p

* "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."—St. Paul, 2 Corinthians, iii. 17.

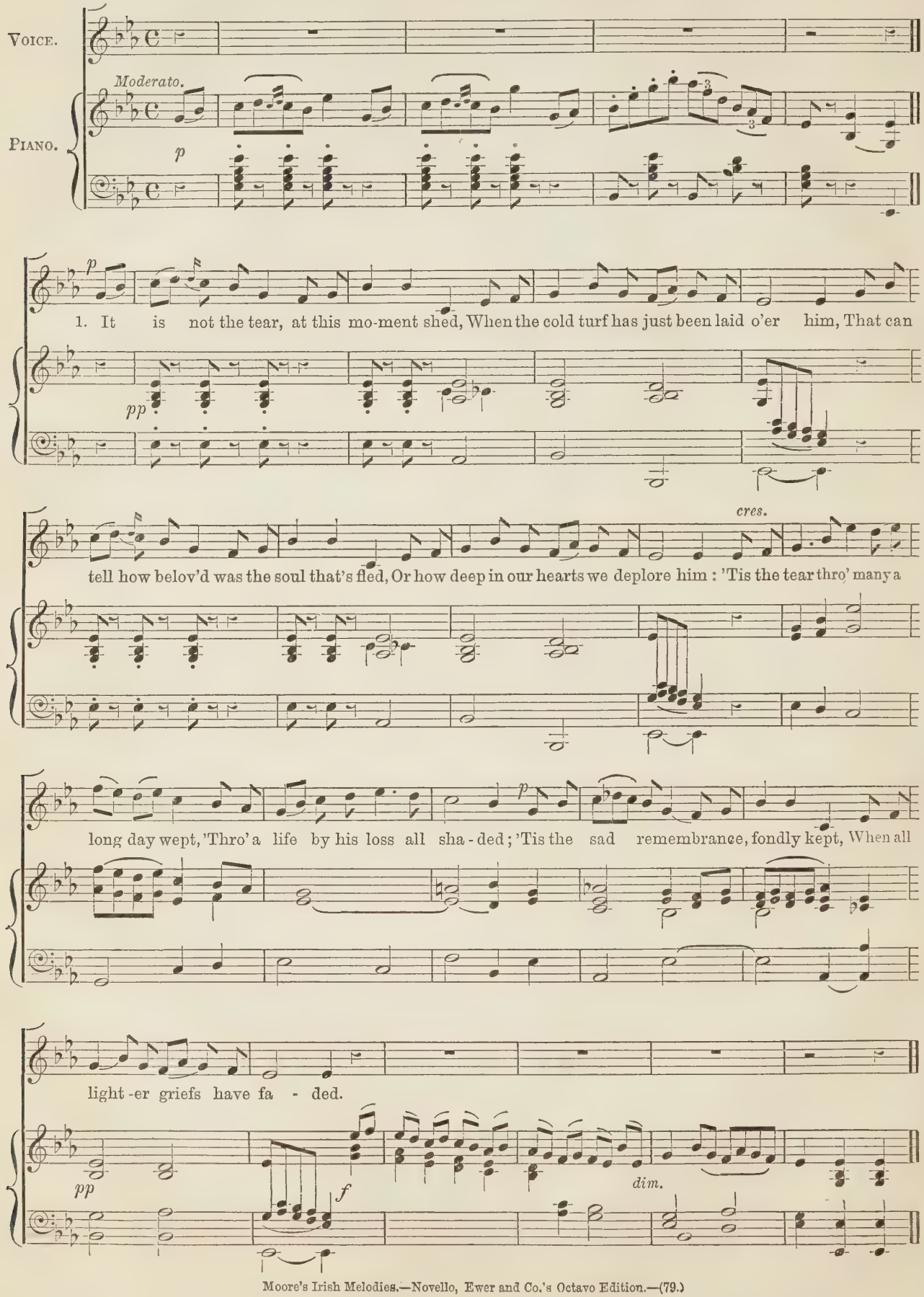
WHEN THRO' LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

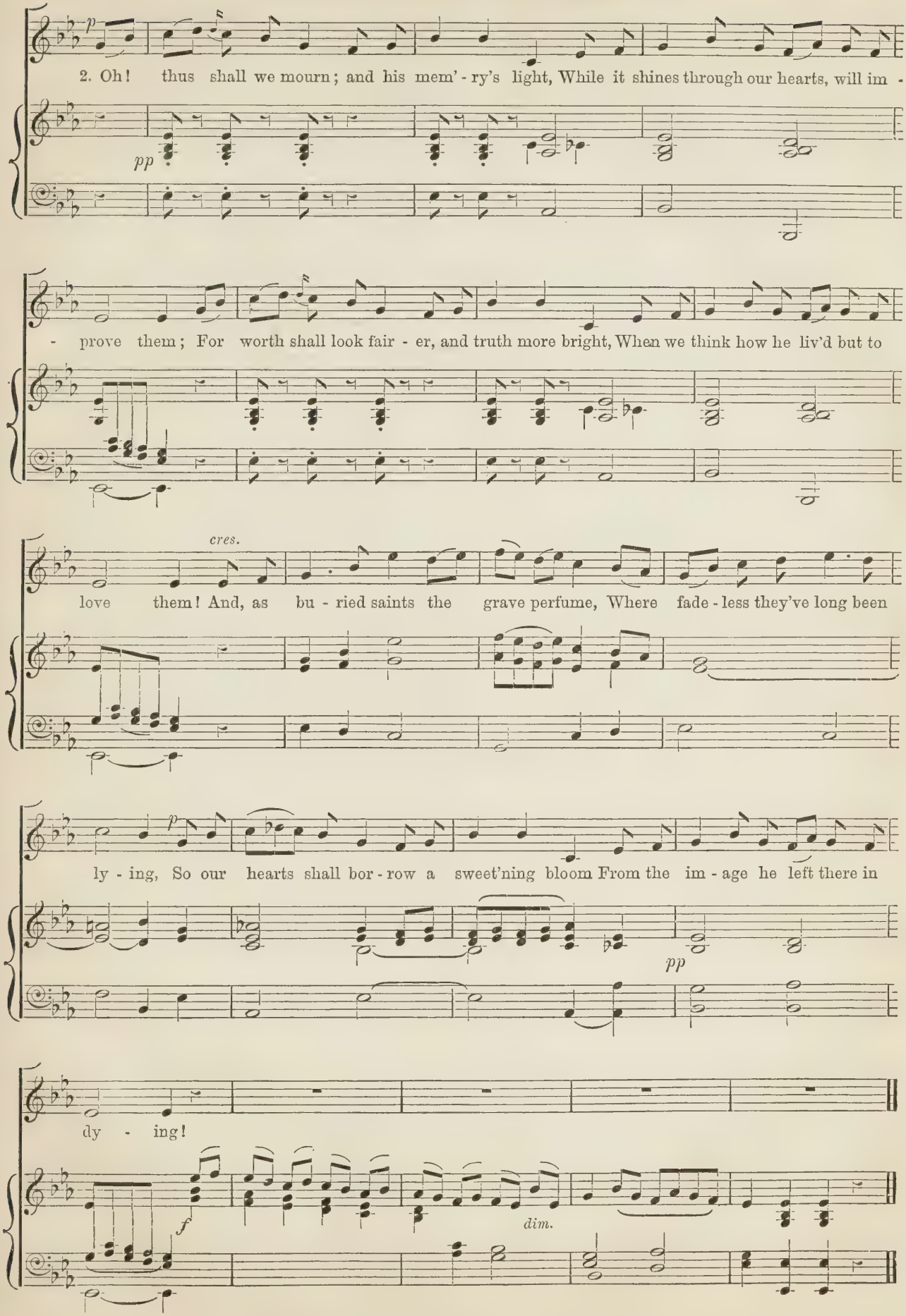
AIR—"BANKS OF BANNA."


Voice.
Piano.
Andantino.
dolce.
p
p
1. When thro' life un - blest we rove, Los - ing all that made life dear, Should some notes we
us'd to love, In days of boy - hood, meet our ear, Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept, Kindling for - mer smiles a - gain, In fa - ded eyes that
long have slept.
f
p

2. Like the gale, that sighs a - long Beds of O - ri - en - tal flow'rs, Is the grate- ful
3. Mu - sic! oh! how faint, how weak Language fades be - fore thy spell! Why should feel - ing
p
breath of Song That once was heard in hap- pier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
e - ver speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well? Friend-ship's bal- my words may feign,
Tho' the flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when Pleasure's dream is gone, Its mem- 'ry lives in
Love's are e'en more false than they; Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can sweet- ly soothe, and
Mu - sic's breath!
not be - tray!
f
p

IT IS NOT THE TEAR, AT THIS MOMENT SHED.

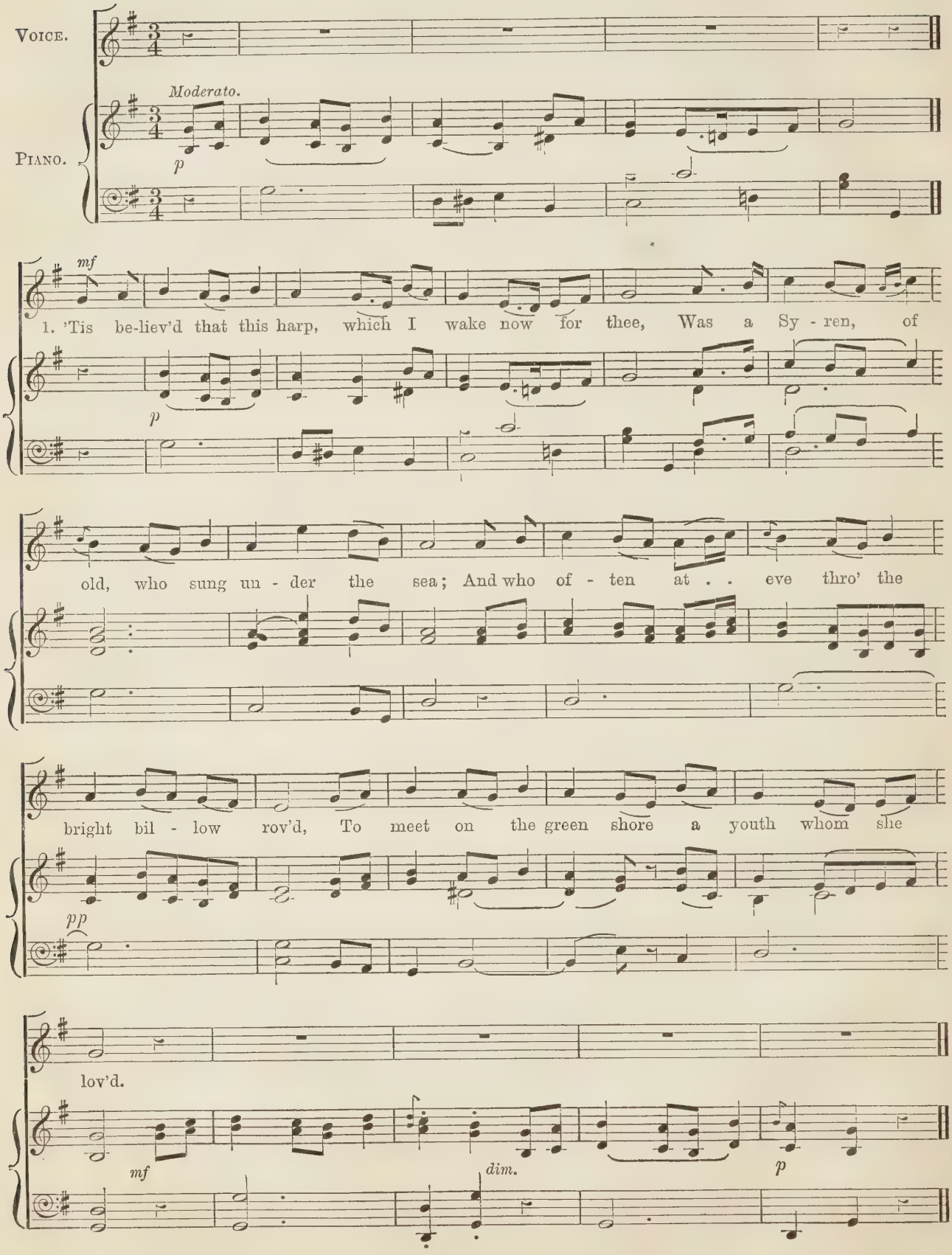
AIR—"THE SIXPENCE."

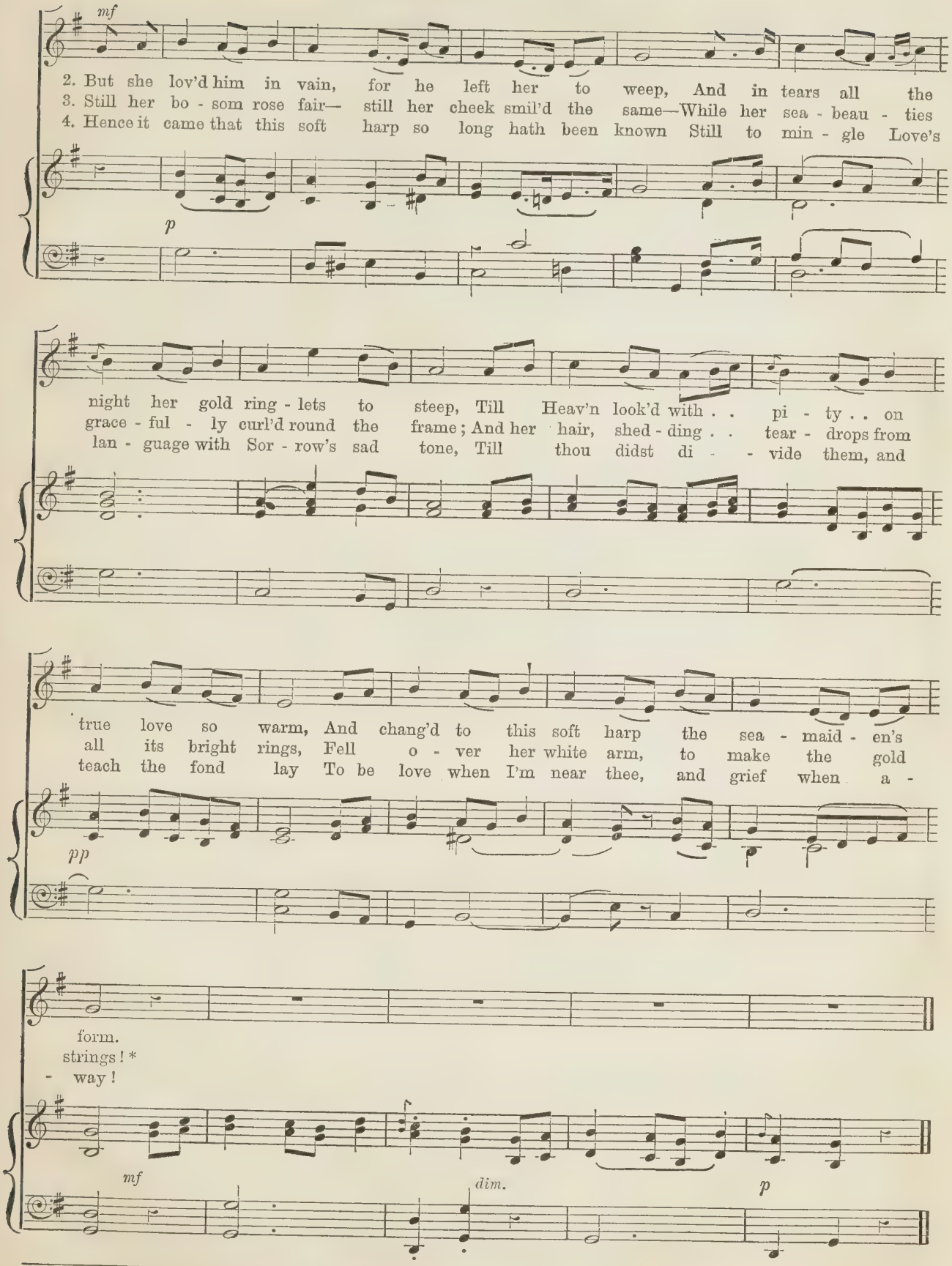

Voice.
Piano.
Moderato.
p
1. It is not the tear, at this mo-ment shed, When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can
pp
cres.
tell how belov'd was the soul that's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him : 'Tis the tear thro' many a
p
long day wept, 'Thro' a life by his loss all sha - ded; 'Tis the sad remembrance, fondly kept, When all
light - er griefs have fa - ded.
pp
f
dim.


2. Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his mem'-ry's light, While it shines through our hearts, will im -
- prove them; For worth shall look fair - er, and truth more bright, When we think how he liv'd but to
cres.
love them! And, as bu - ried saints the grave perfume, Where fade - less they've long been
ly - ing, So our hearts shall bor - row a sweet'ning bloom From the im - age he left there in
dy - ing!
dim.

'TIS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP.

AIR—"GAGE FANE."

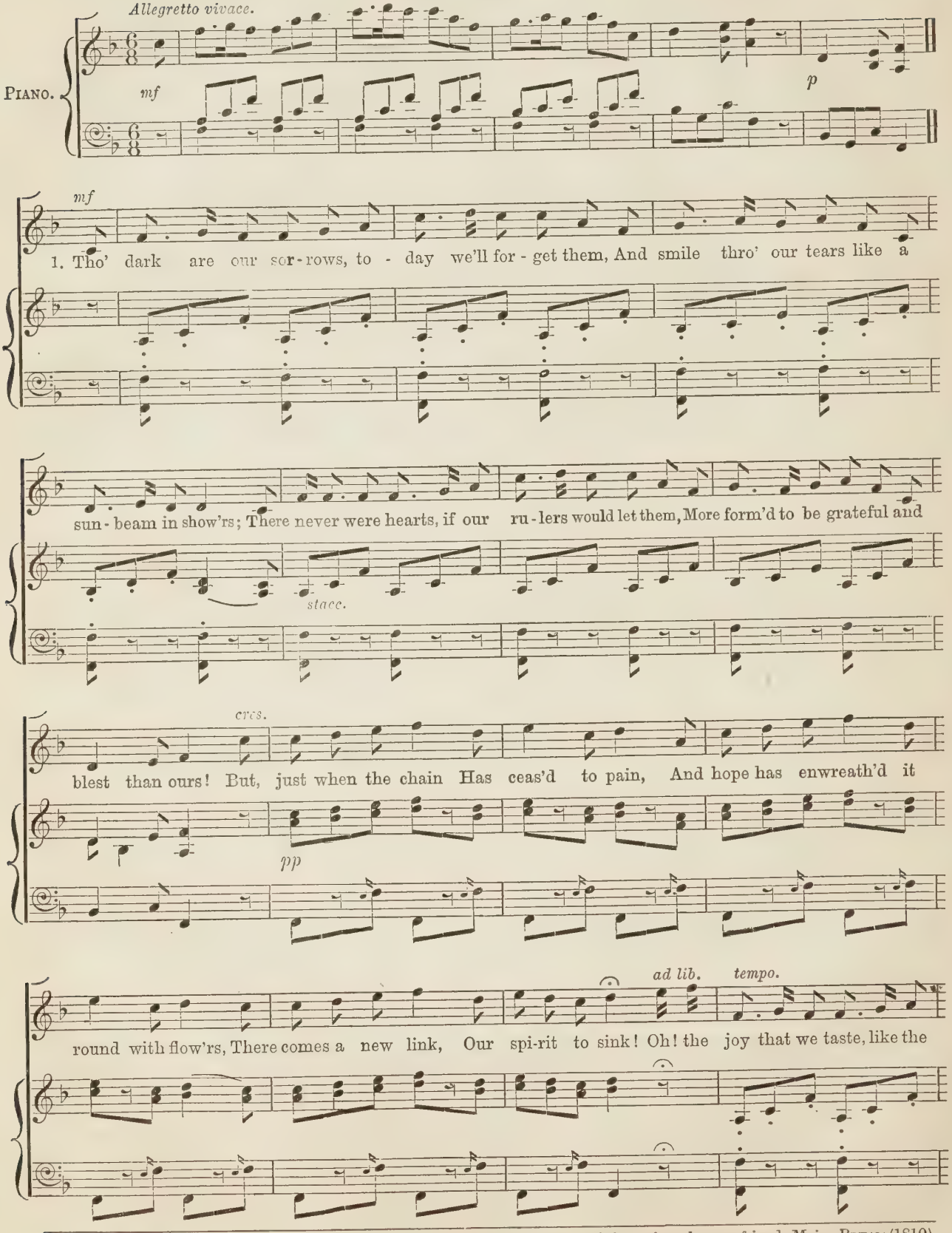

VOICE.
PIANO.
Moderato.
p
mf
1. 'Tis be-liev'd that this harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a Sy - ren, of
p
old, who sung un - der the sea; And who of - ten at . . eve thro' the
bright bil - low rov'd, To meet on the green shore a youth whom she
pp
lov'd.
mf
dim.
p

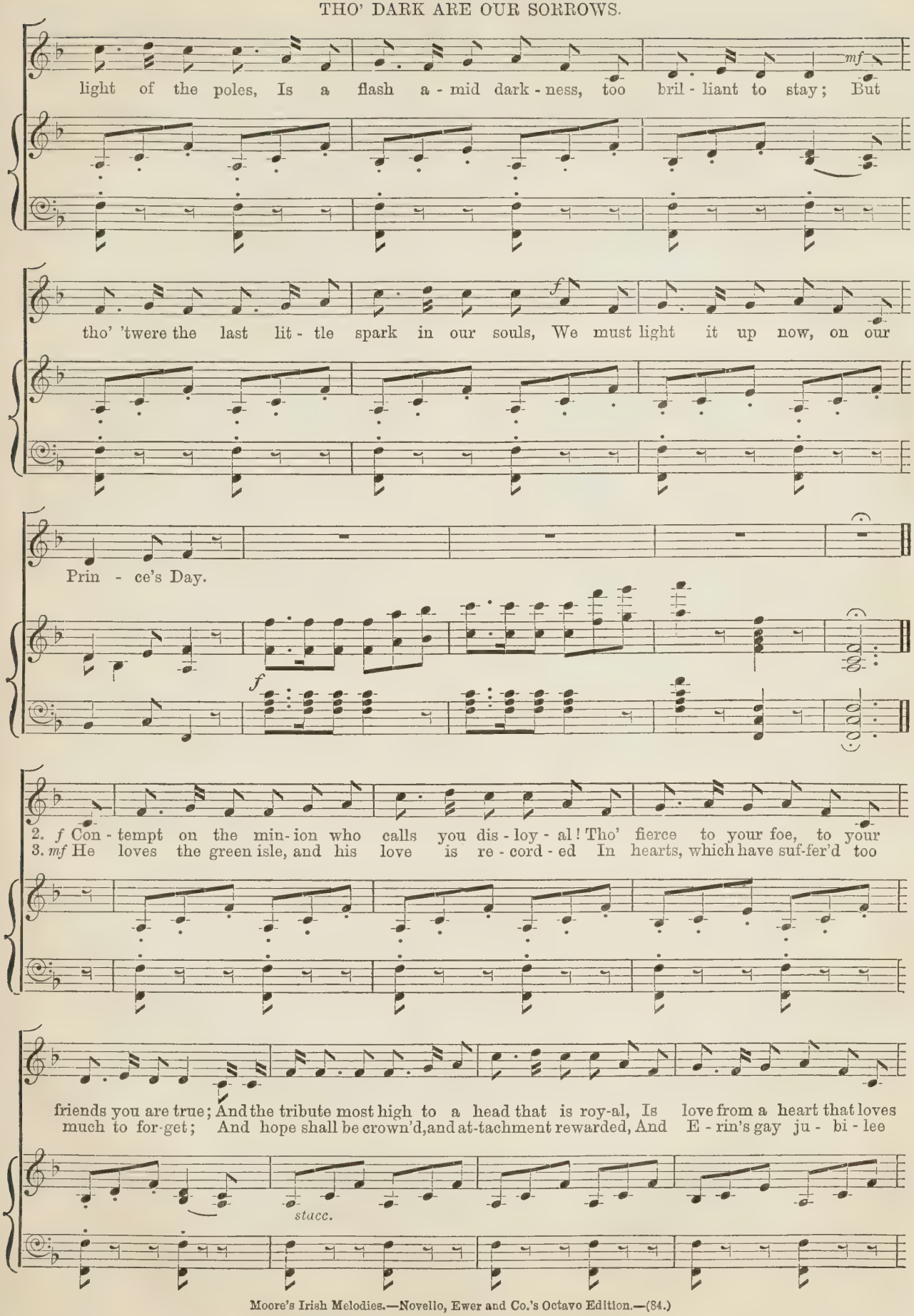

mf
2. But she lov'd him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the
3. Still her bo - som rose fair— still her cheek smil'd the same—While her sea - beau - ties
4. Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath been known Still to min - gle Love's
p
night her gold ring - lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with . . pi - ty . . on
grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame; And her hair, shed - ding . . tear - drops from
lan - guage with Sor - row's sad tone, Till thou didst di - - vide them, and
true love so warm, And chang'd to this soft harp the sea - maid - en's
all its bright rings, Fell o - ver her white arm, to make the gold
teach the fond lay To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when a -
pp
form.
strings! *
- way!
mf
dim.
p

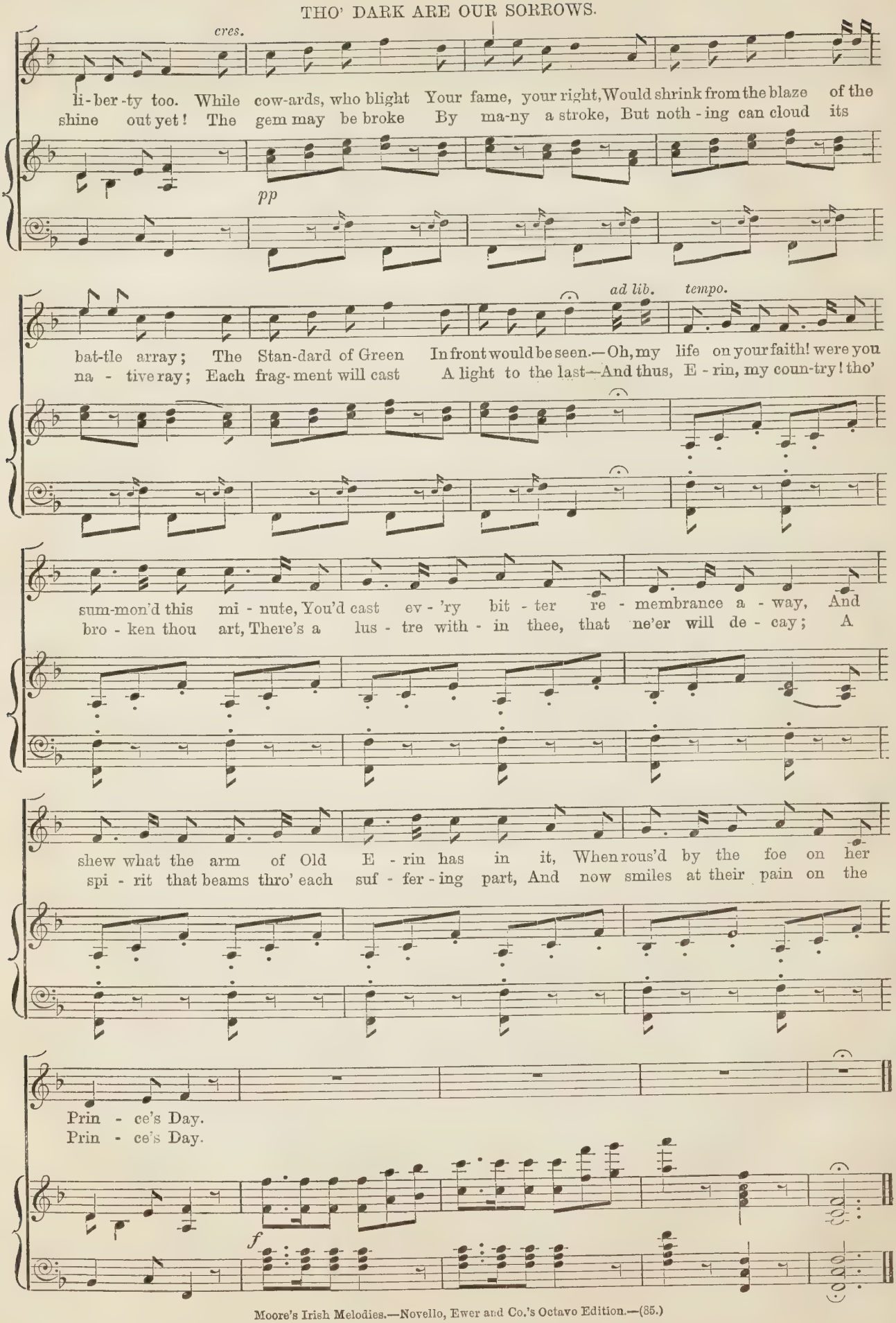
* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an Ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since, by Mr. Hudson, of Dublin.

THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

AIR—"ST. PATRICK'S DAY."


Allegretto vivace.
PIANO.
mf
p
mf
1. Tho' dark are our sor-rows, to - day we'll for - get them, And smile thro' our tears like a
sun - beam in show'rs; There never were hearts, if our ru - lers would let them, More form'd to be grateful and
stacc.
cres.
blest than ours! But, just when the chain Has ceas'd to pain, And hope has enwreath'd it
pp
ad lib.
tempo.
round with flow'rs, There comes a new link, Our spi-rit to sink! Oh! the joy that we taste, like the

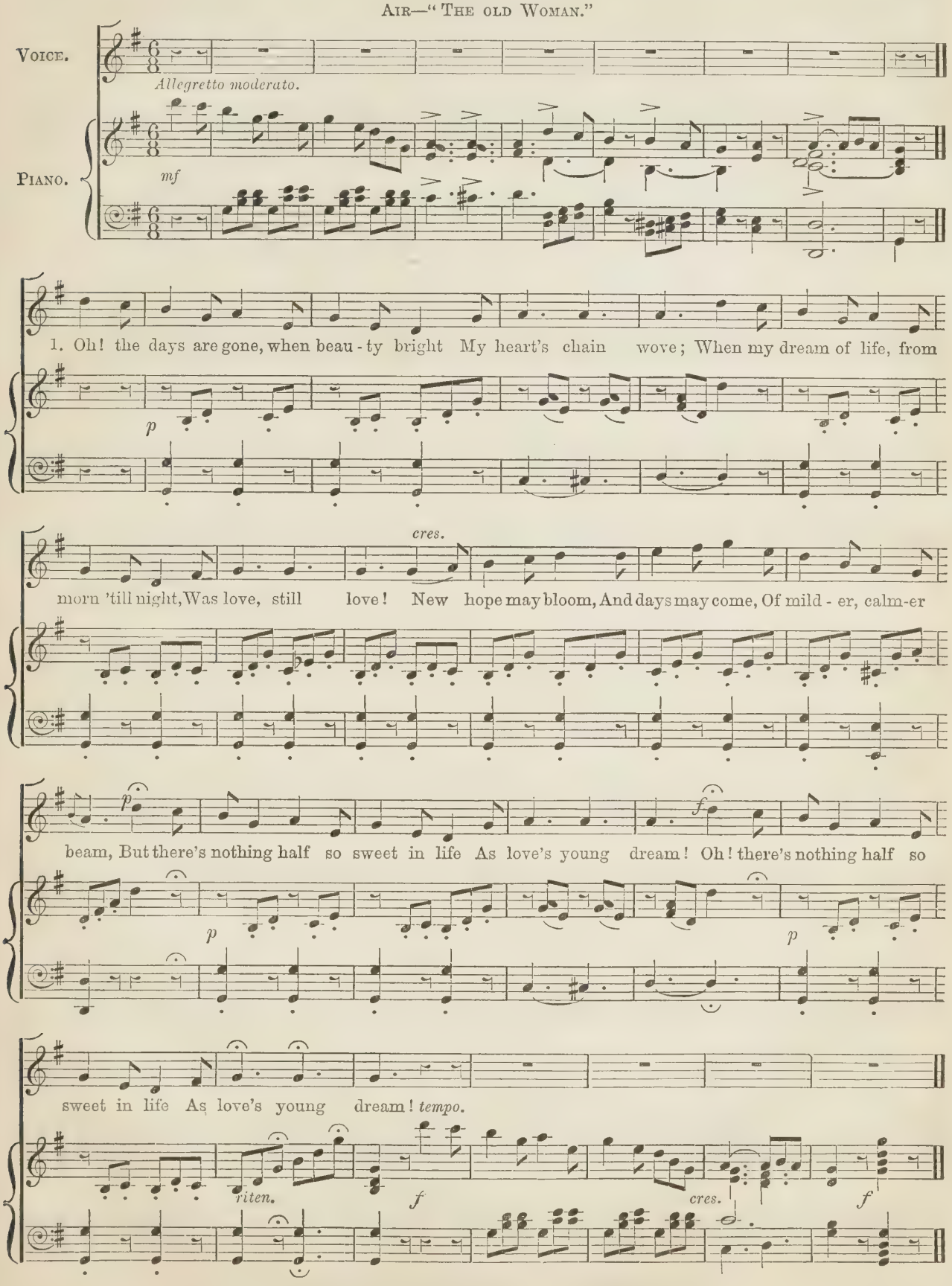
* This Song was written for a Fête in honour of the PRINCE OF WALES's Birthday, given by my friend, Major BRYAN (1810), at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

light of the poles, Is a flash a - mid dark - ness, too bril - liant to stay; But
mf
tho' 'twere the last lit - tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our
f
Prin - ce's Day.
f
2. f Con - tempt on the min - ion who calls you dis - loy - al! Tho' fierce to your foe, to your
3. mf He loves the green isle, and his love is re - cord - ed In hearts, which have suf-fer'd too
friends you are true; And the tribute most high to a head that is roy-al, Is love from a heart that loves
much to for-get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at-tachment rewarded, And E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee
stacc.

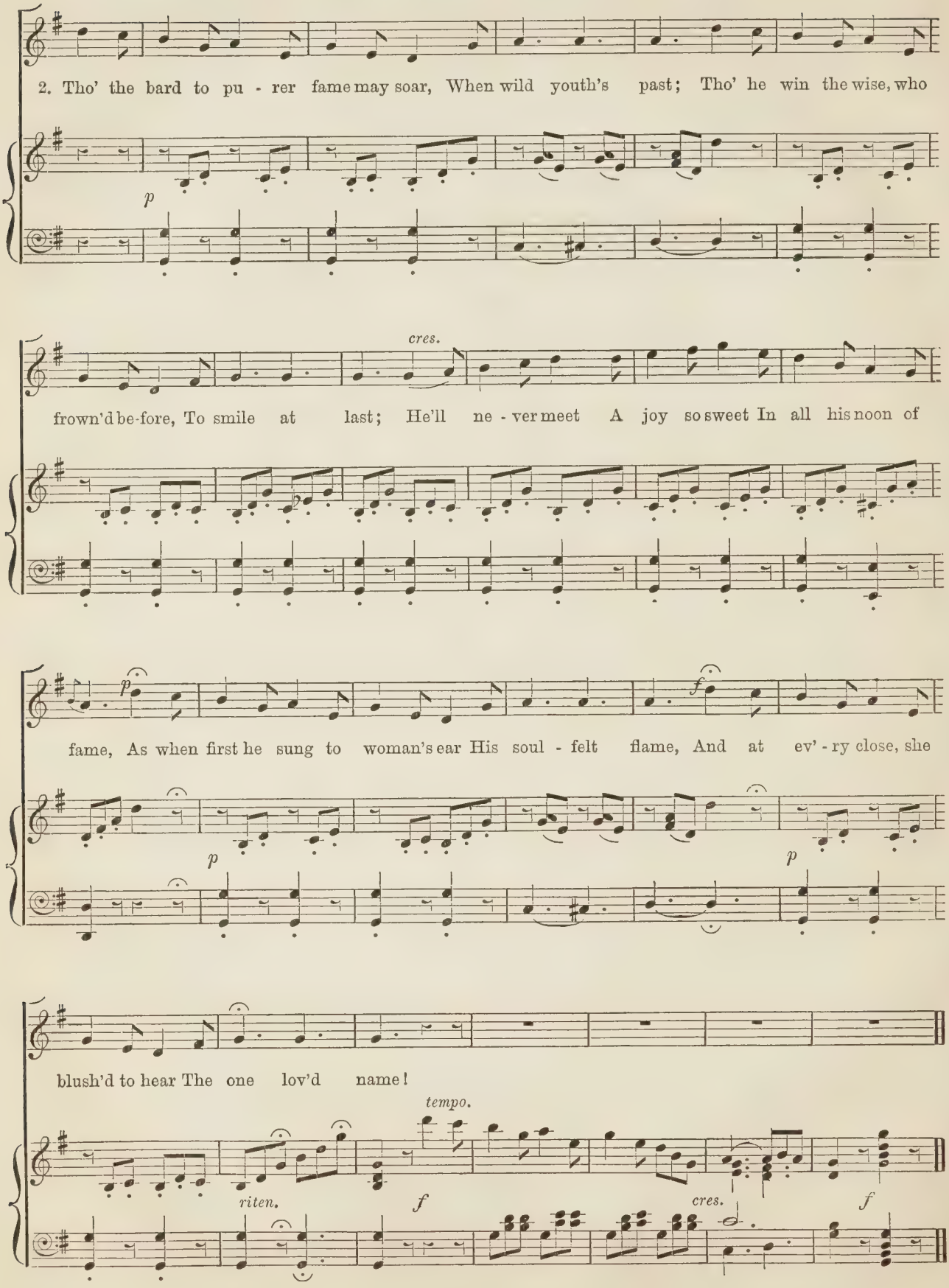

cres.
li-ber-ty too. While cow-ards, who blight Your fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the
shine out yet! The gem may be broke By ma-ny a stroke, But noth-ing can cloud its
pp
ad lib.
tempo.
bat-tle array; The Stan-dard of Green In front would be seen.—Oh, my life on your faith! were you
na - tive ray; Each frag-ment will cast A light to the last—And thus, E-rin, my coun-try! tho'
sum-mon'd this mi-nute, You'd cast ev-'ry bit-ter re-membrance a-way, And
bro-ken thou art, There's a lus-tre with-in thee, that ne'er will de-cay; A
shew what the arm of Old E-rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her
spi-rit that beams thro' each suf-fer-ing part, And now smiles at their pain on the
Prin-ce's Day.
Prin-ce's Day.
f

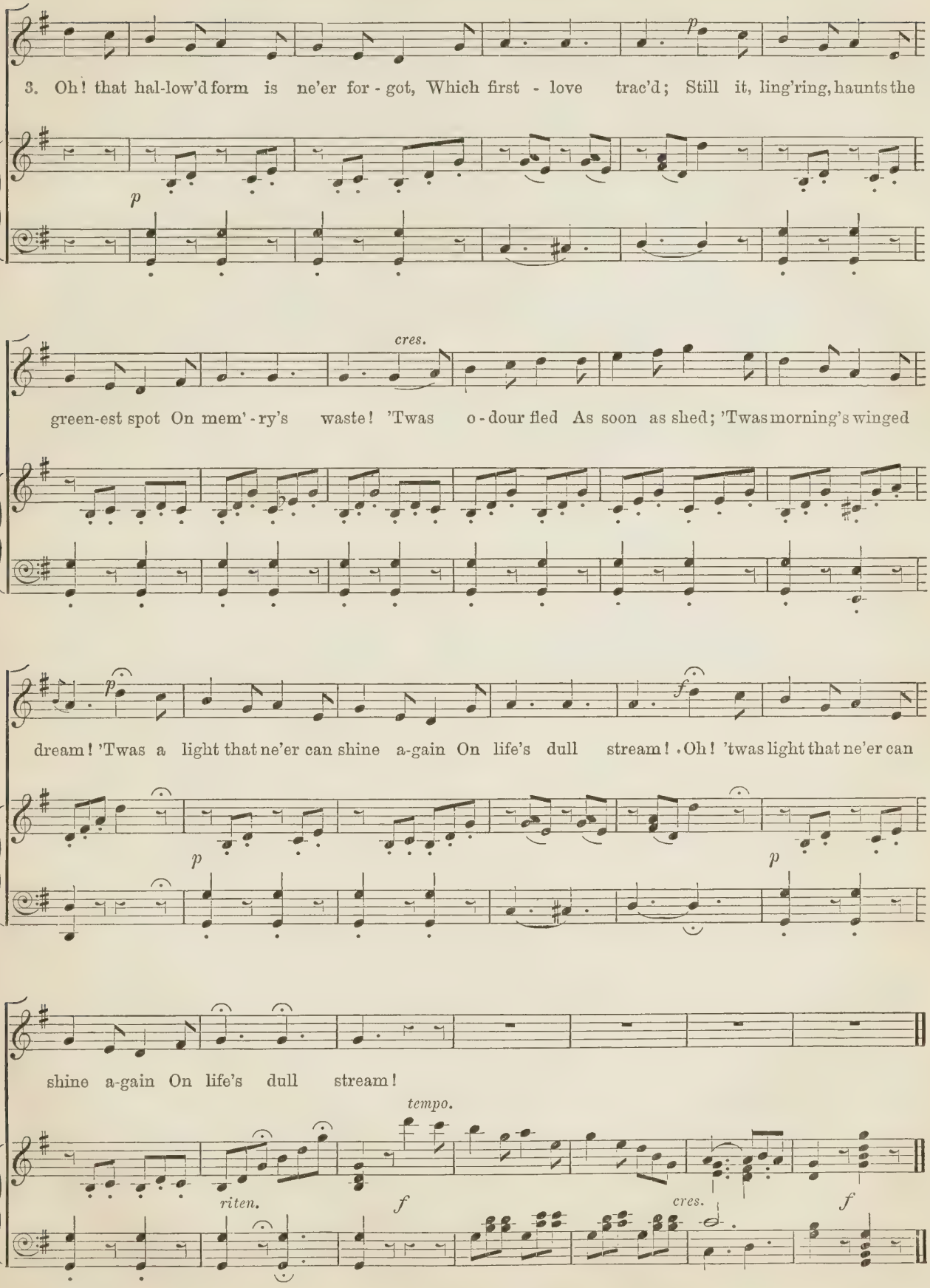
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE, WHEN BEAUTY BRIGHT.

AIR—"THE OLD WOMAN."

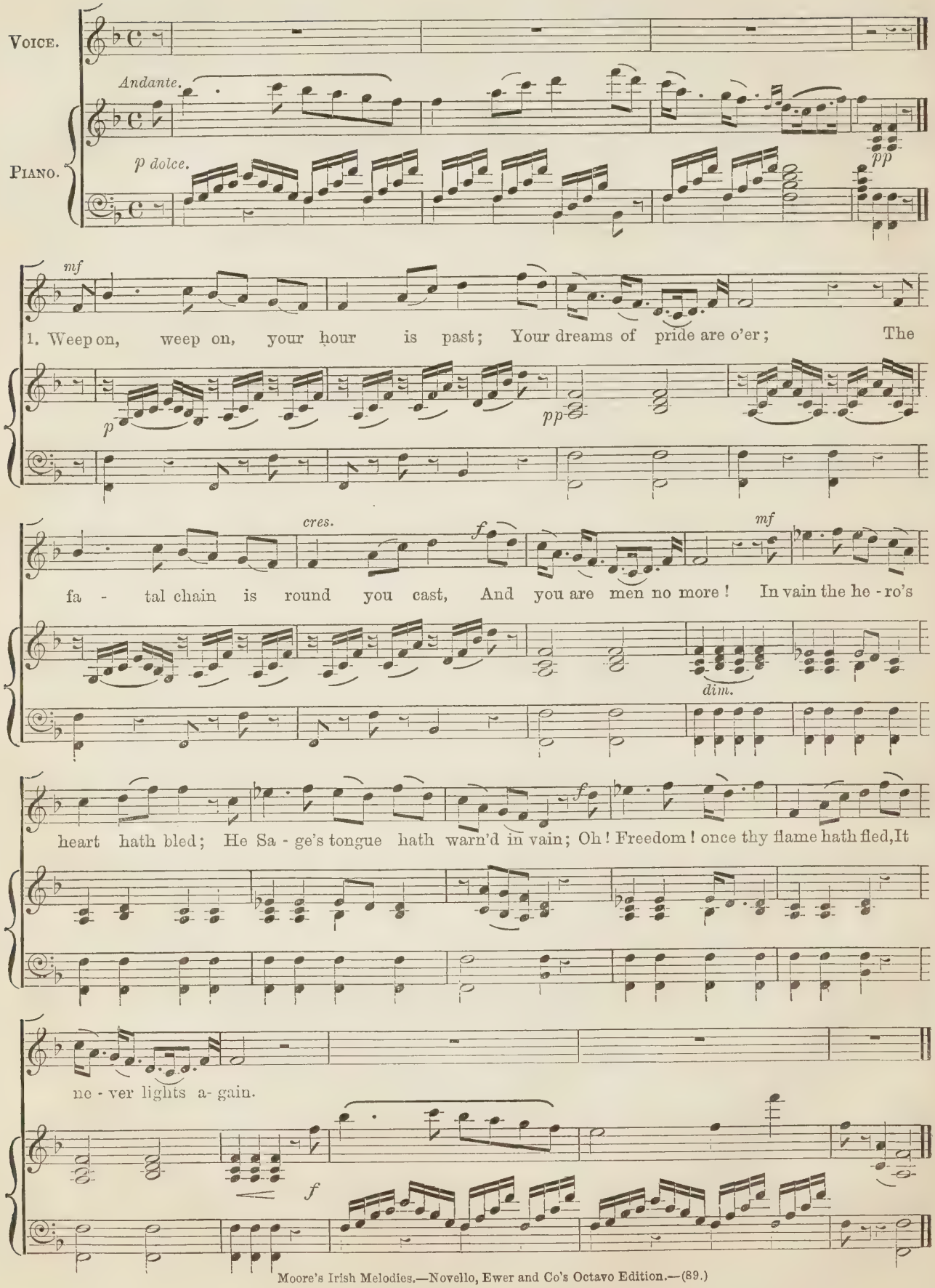

Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto moderato.
mf
1. Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from
p
cres.
morn 'till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of mild - er, calm-er
p
beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream! Oh! there's nothing half so
f
p
p
sweet in life As love's young dream! tempo.
riten.
f
cres.
f

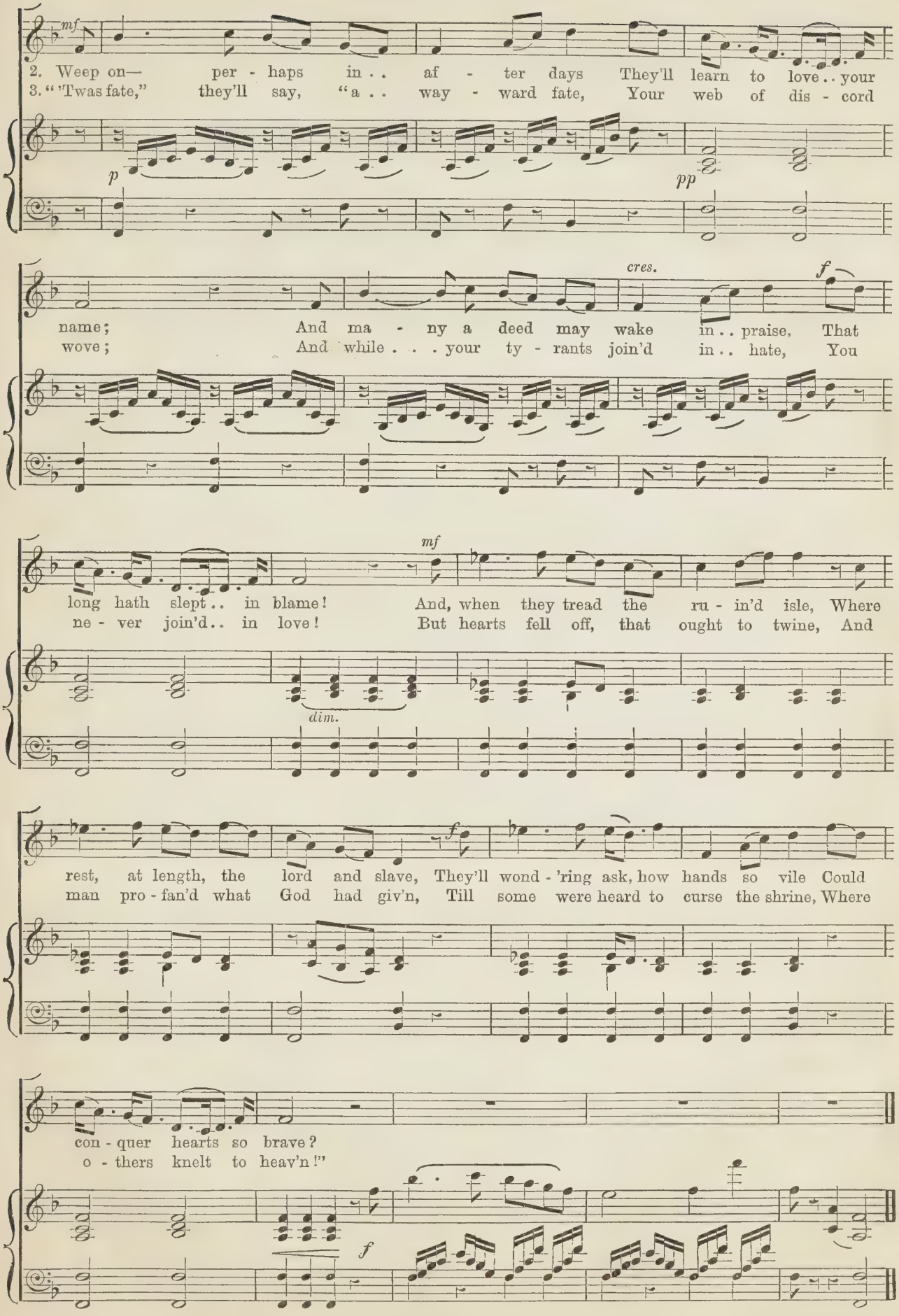

2. Tho' the bard to pu - rer fame may soar, When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who
p
cres.
frown'd be-fore, To smile at last; He'll ne - ver meet A joy so sweet In all his noon of
p
f
fame, As when first he sung to woman's ear His soul - felt flame, And at ev' - ry close, she
p
p
blush'd to hear The one lov'd name!
tempo.
riten.
f
cres.
f


3. Oh! that hal-low'd form is ne'er for - got, Which first - love trac'd; Still it, ling'ring, haunts the
p
cres.
green-est spot On mem' - ry's waste! 'Twas o - dour fled As soon as shed; 'Twas morning's winged
dream! 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a-gain On life's dull stream! Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can
shine a-gain On life's dull stream!
tempo.
riten.
f
cres.
f

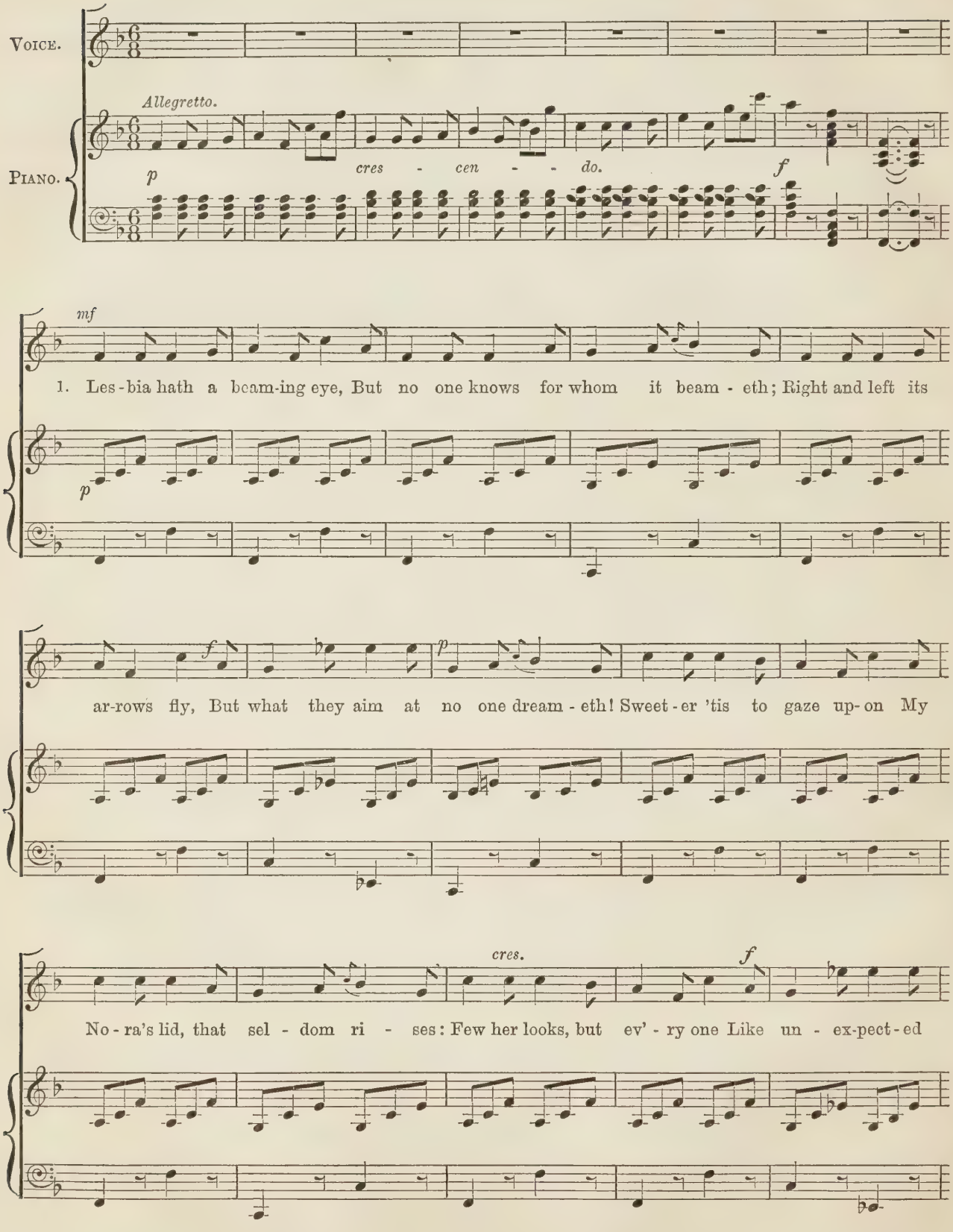
WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

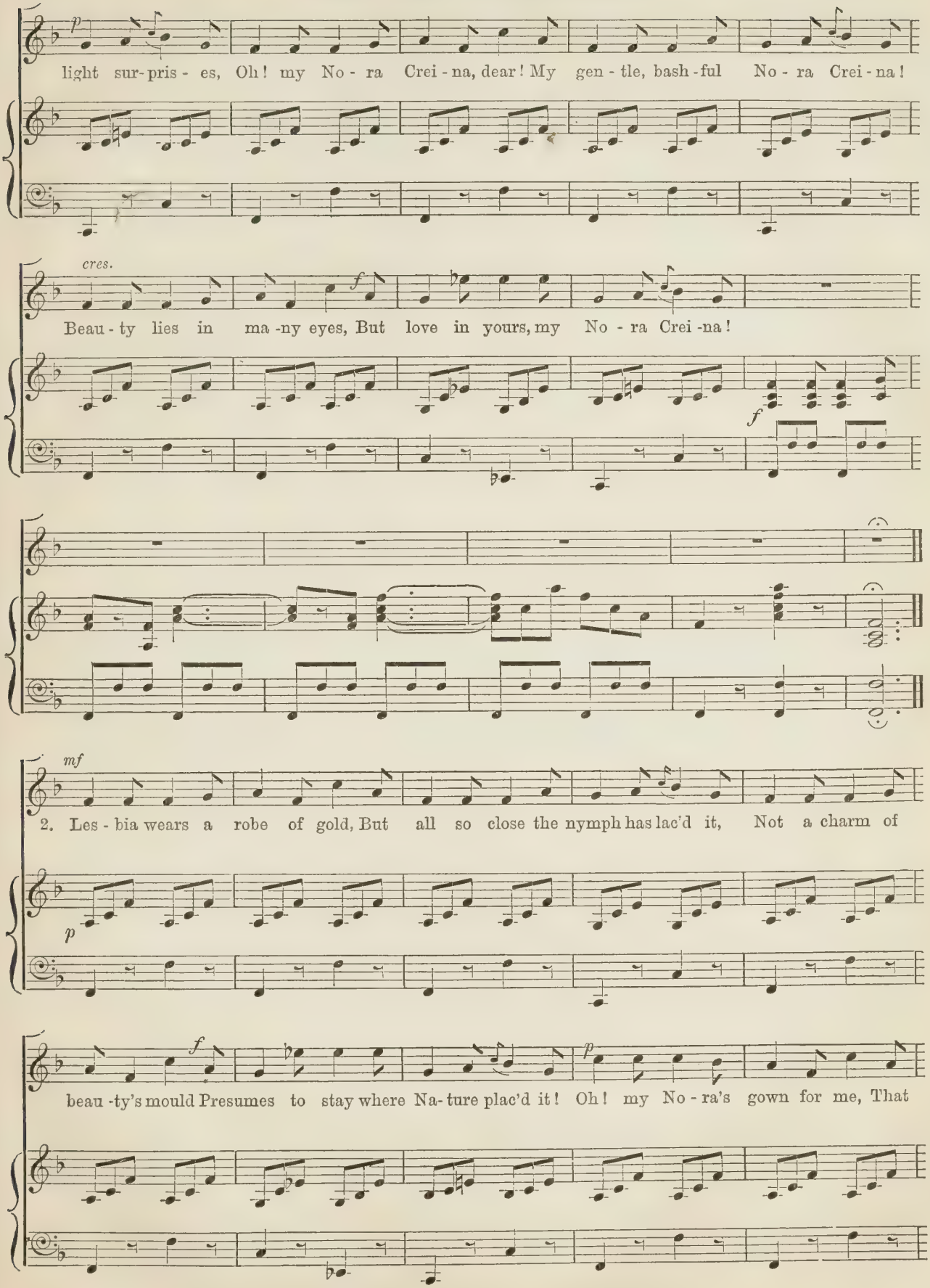
Air—"The Song of Sorrow."

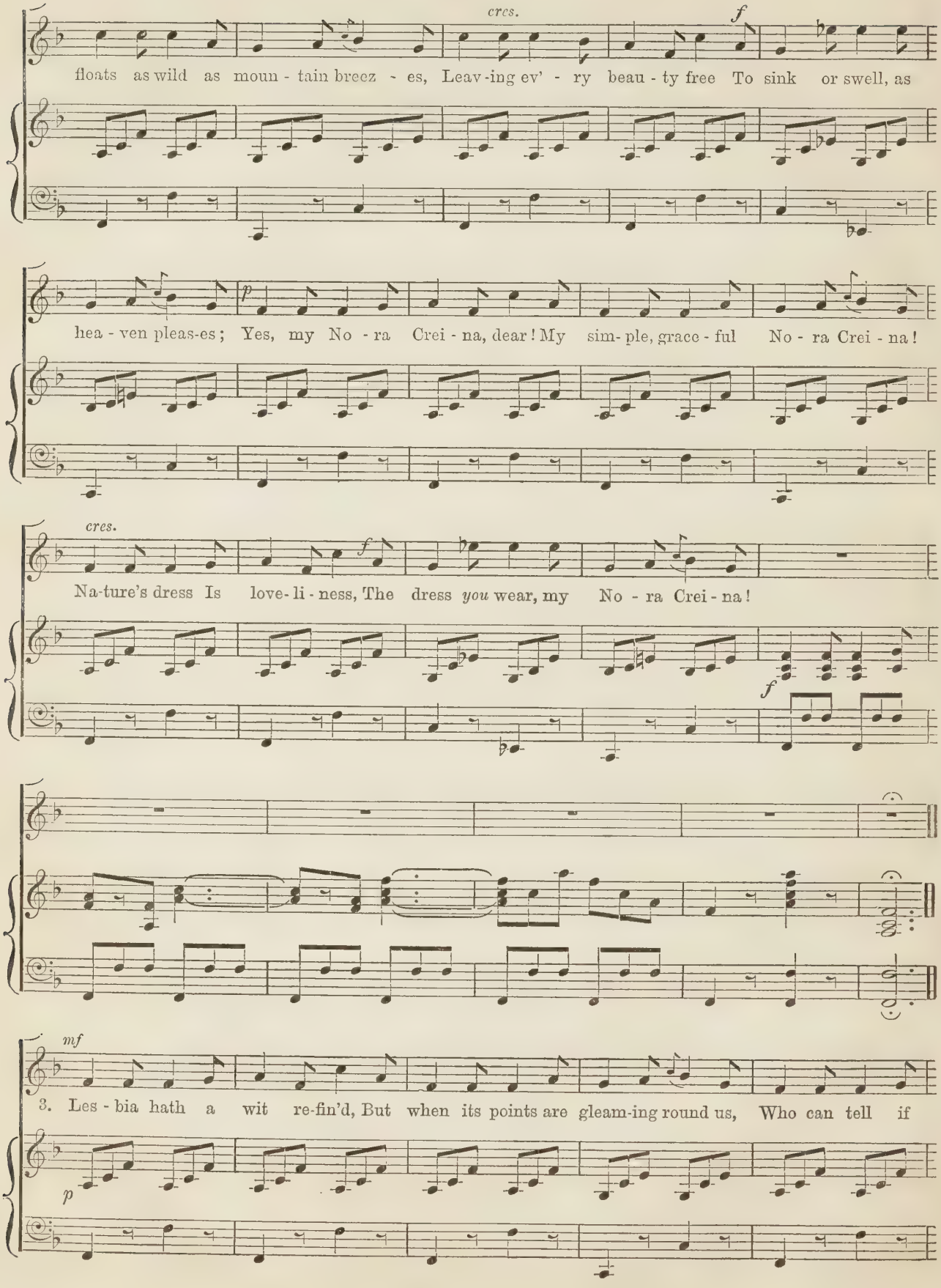

Voice.
Piano.
Andante.
p dolce.
pp
mf
1. Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The
p
pp
cres.
f
mf
fa - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the he - ro's
dim.
heart hath bled; He Sa - ge's tongue hath warn'd in vain; Oh! Freedom! once thy flame hath fled, It
f
ne - ver lights a- gain.
f

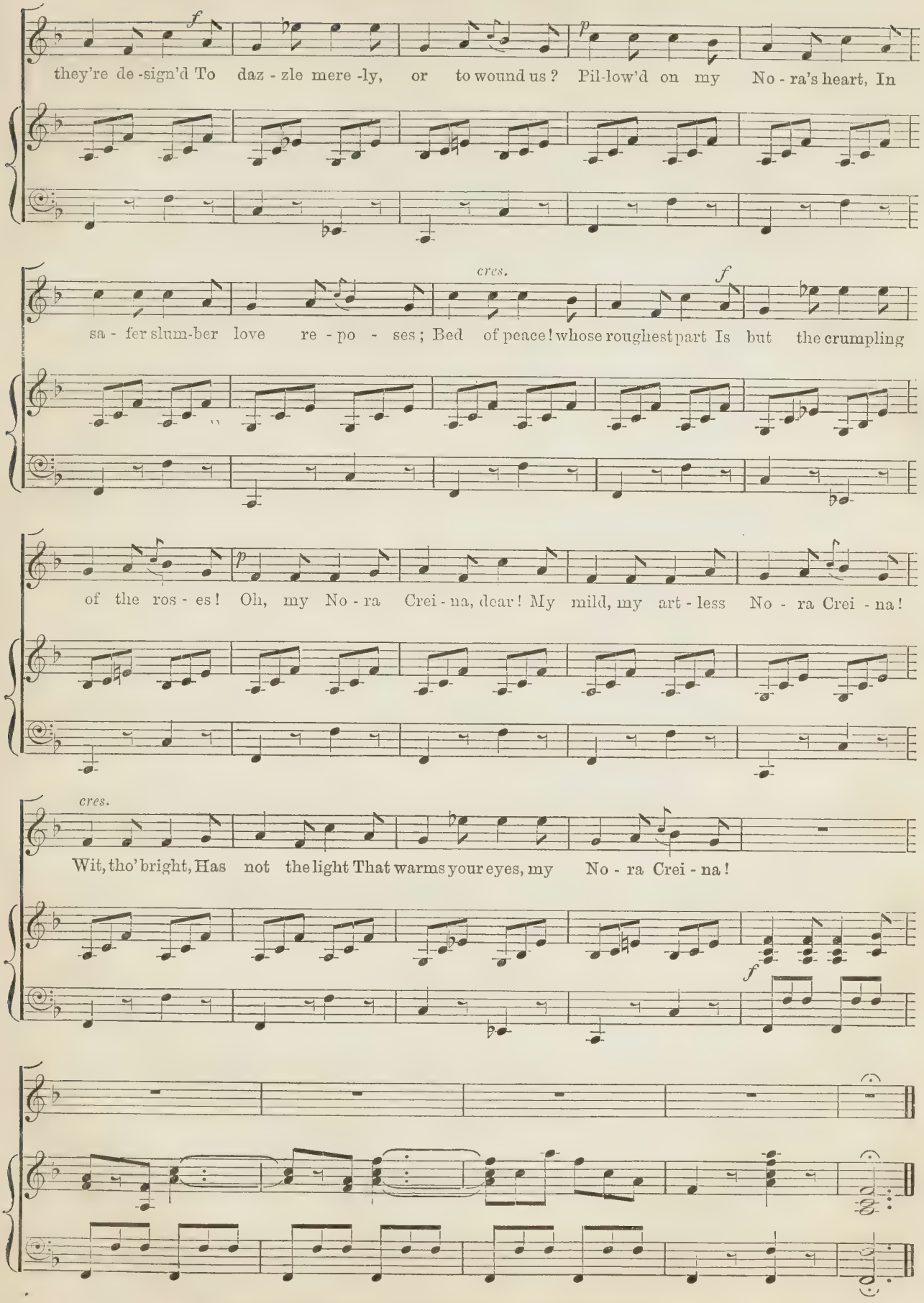

mf
2. Weep on— per - haps in . . af - ter days They'll learn to love . . your
3. "'Twas fate," they'll say, "a . . way - ward fate, Your web of dis - cord
p
pp
cres.
f
name; And ma - ny a deed may wake in . . praise, That
wove; And while . . . your ty - rants join'd in . . hate, You
mf
long hath slept . . in blame! And, when they tread the ru - in'd isle, Where
ne - ver join'd . . in love! But hearts fell off, that ought to twine, And
dim.
f
rest, at length, the lord and slave, They'll wond - 'ring ask, how hands so vile Could
man pro - fan'd what God had giv'n, Till some were heard to curse the shrine, Where
con - quer hearts so brave?
o - thers knelt to heav'n!"
f

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

AIR—"NORA CREINA."

Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
p
cres - cen - - do.
f
mf
1. Les-bia hath a beam-ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth; Right and left its
p
f
p
ar-rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream - eth! Sweet-er 'tis to gaze up-on My
cres.
f
No-ra's lid, that sel - dom ri - ses: Few her looks, but ev' - ry one Like un - ex-pect-ed

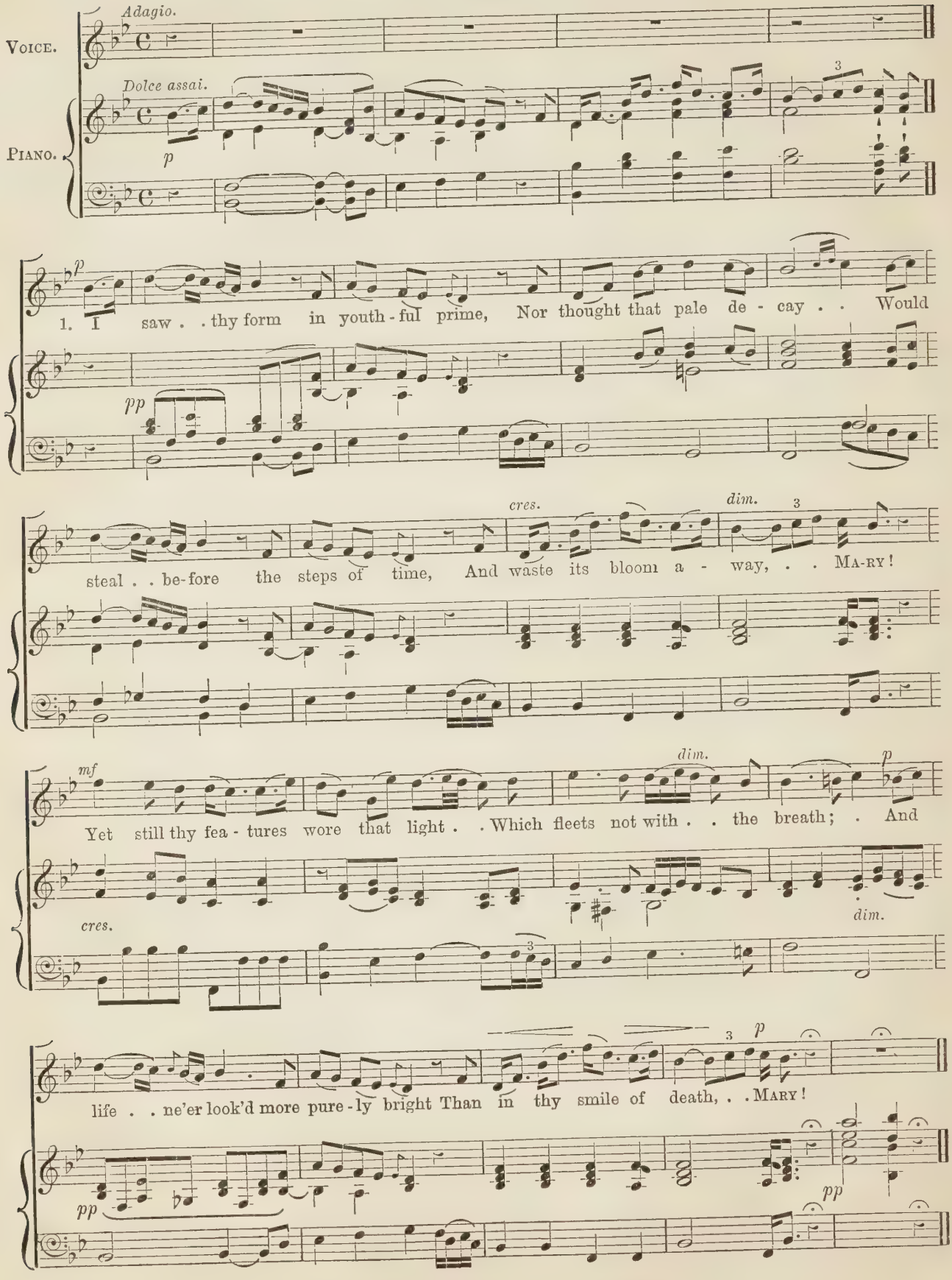

p
light sur-pris-es, Oh! my No-ra Crei-na, dear! My gen-tle, bash-ful No-ra Crei-na!
cres.
f
Beau-ty lies in ma-ny eyes, But love in yours, my No-ra Crei-na!
f
mf
2. Les-bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph has lac'd it, Not a charm of
p
f
beau-ty's mould Presumes to stay where Na-ture plac'd it! Oh! my No-ra's gown for me, That
p

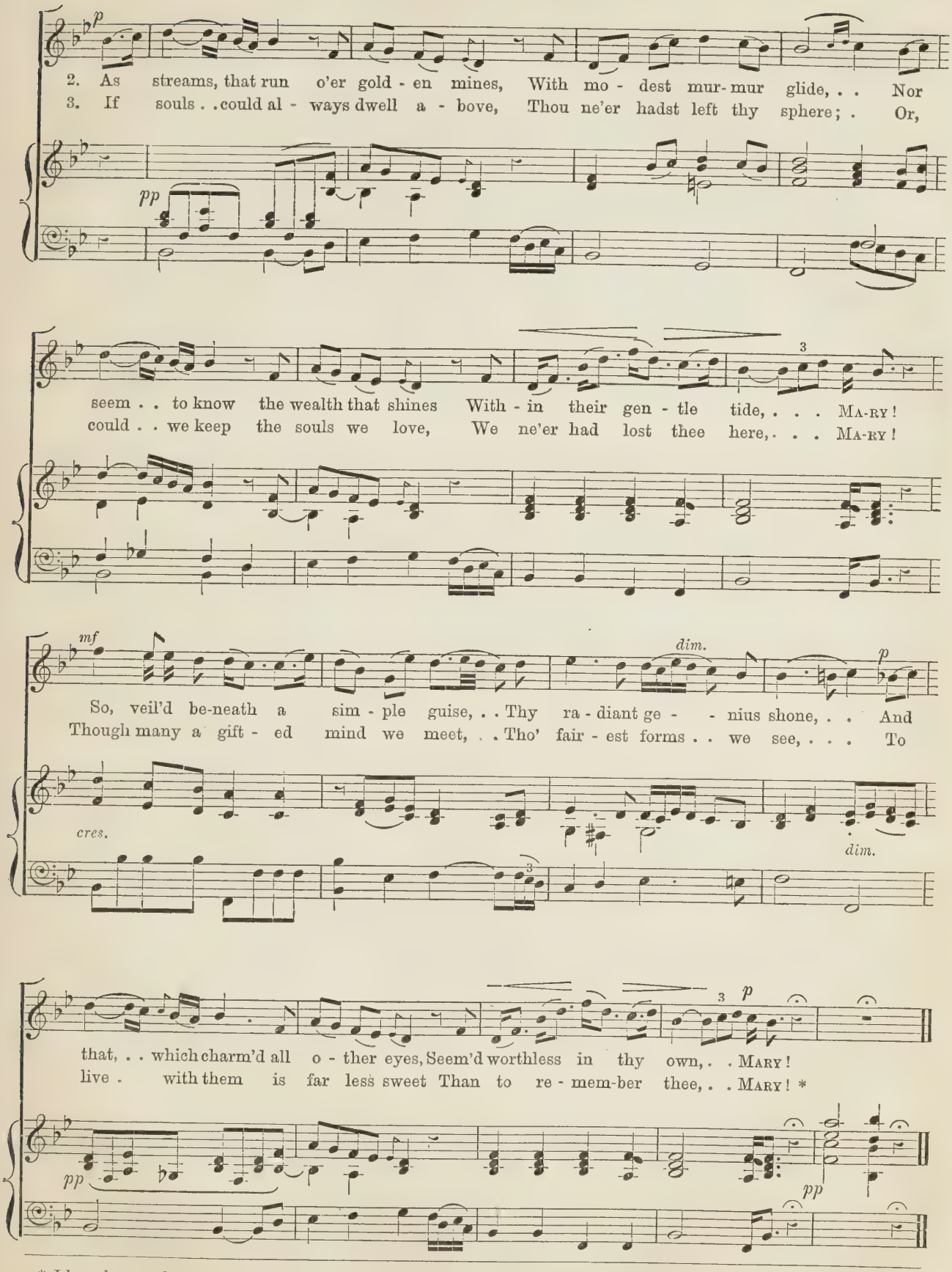

cres.
f
floats as wild as moun - tain breez - es, Leav - ing ev' - ry beau - ty free To sink or swell, as
p
hea - ven pleas-es; Yes, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! My sim- ple, grace - ful No - ra Crei - na!
cres.
f
Na-ture's dress Is love- li - ness, The dress *you* wear, my No - ra Crei - na!
f
mf
3. Les - bia hath a wit re-fin'd, But when its points are gleam-ing round us, Who can tell if
p


f
they're de-sign'd To daz - zle mere-ly, or to wound us? Pil-low'd on my No - ra's heart, In
p
cres.
f
sa - fer slum-ber love re - po - ses; Bed of peace! whose roughest part Is but the crumpling
p
of the ros - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na, dear! My mild, my art - less No - ra Crei - na!
cres.
Wit, tho' bright, Has not the light That warms your eyes, my No - ra Crei - na!
f

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

AIR—"DOMHNALL."

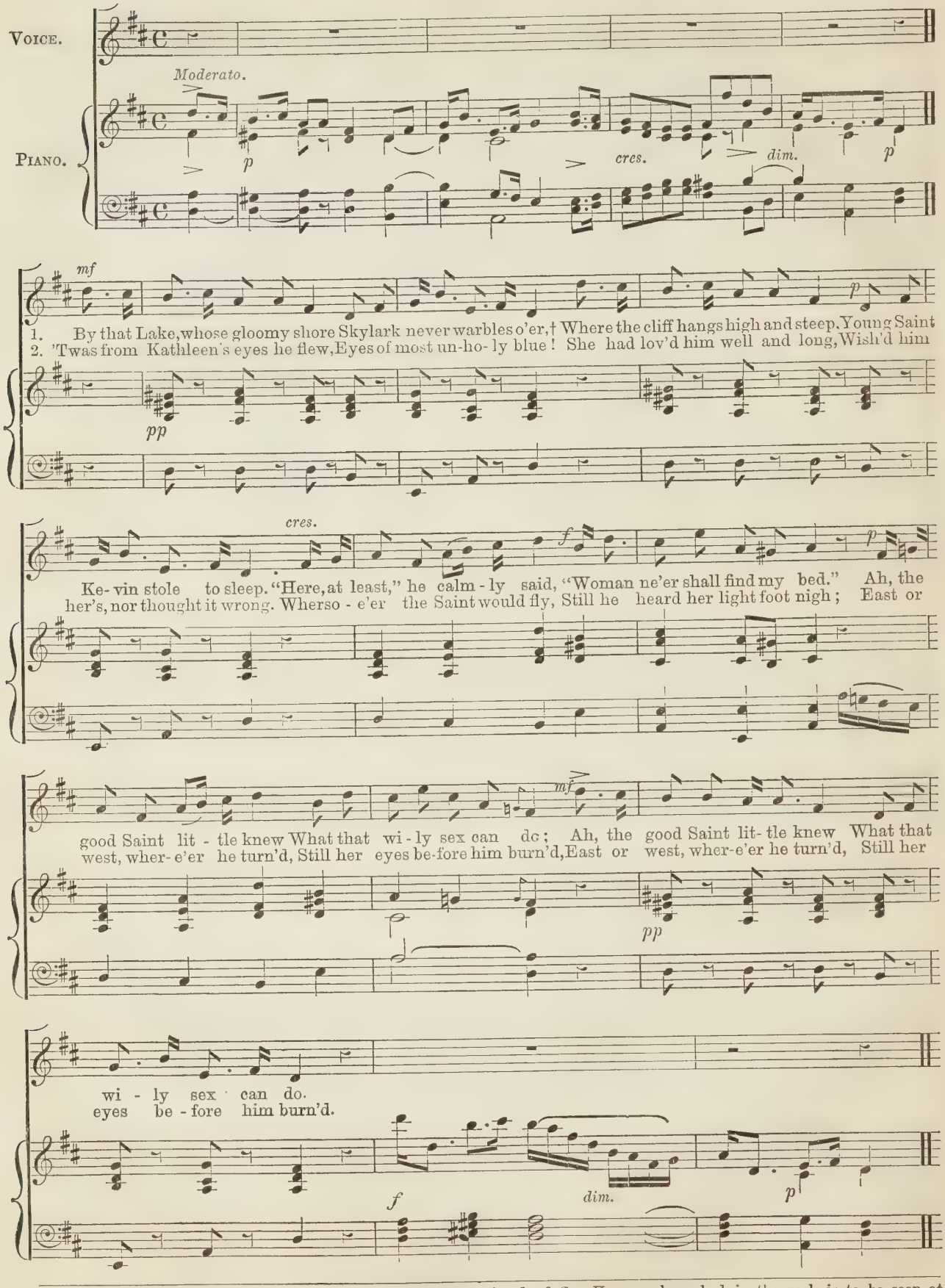

Voice.
Piano.
Adagio.
Dolce assai.
p
1. I saw . . thy form in youth-ful prime, Nor thought that pale de-cay . . Would
pp
cres.
dim.
steal . . be-fore the steps of time, And waste its bloom a-way, . . MA-RY!
mf
dim.
p
Yet still thy fea-tures wore that light . . Which fleets not with . . the breath; . And
cres.
dim.
life . . ne'er look'd more pure-ly bright Than in thy smile of death, . . MARY!
pp
pp


2. As streams, that run o'er gold - en mines, With mo - dest mur-mur glide, . . Nor
3. If souls . . could al - ways dwell a - bove, Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere; . Or,
seem . . to know the wealth that shines With - in their gen - tle tide, . . . MA-RY!
could . . we keep the souls we love, We ne'er had lost thee here, . . . MA-RY!
So, veil'd be-neath a sim - ple guise, . . Thy ra - diant ge - - nius shone, . . And
Though many a gift - ed mind we meet, . . Tho' fair - est forms . . we see, . . . To
that, . . which charm'd all o - ther eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy own, . . MARY!
live . with them is far less sweet Than to re - mem-ber thee, . . MARY! *

* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of SHENSTONE's—"*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse?*"

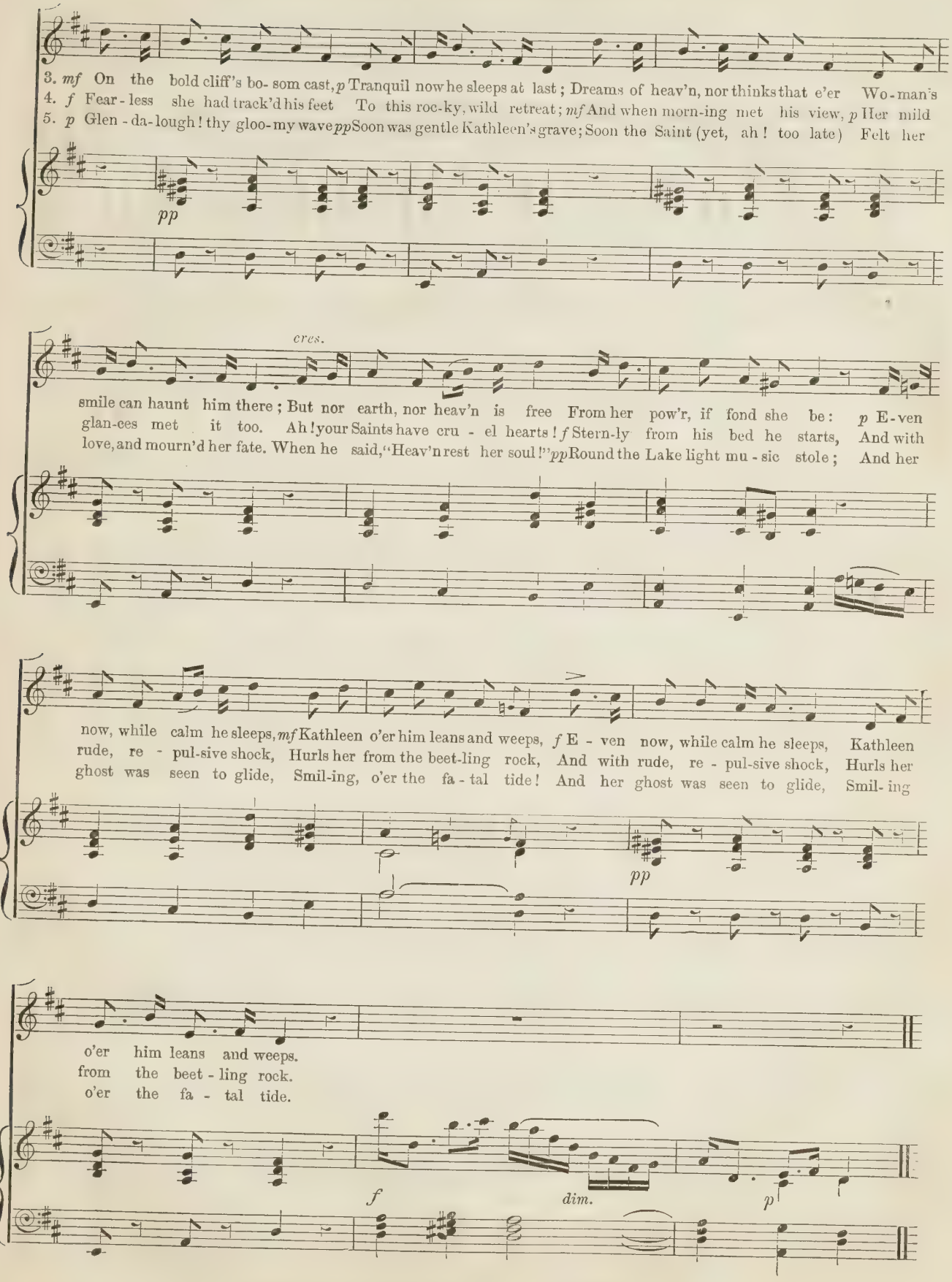
BY THAT LAKE, WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.*

AIR—"THE BROWN IRISH GIRL."


VOICE.
PIANO.
Moderato.
p
cres.
dim.
p
mf
1. By that Lake, whose gloomy shore Skylark never warbles o'er,† Where the cliff hangs high and steep, Young Saint
2. 'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, Eyes of most un-ho-ly blue! She had lov'd him well and long, Wish'd him
pp
cres.
f
p
Ke-vin stole to sleep. "Here, at least," he calm-ly said, "Woman ne'er shall find my bed." Ah, the
her's, nor thought it wrong. Wherso-e'er the Saint would fly, Still he heard her light foot nigh; East or
mf
good Saint lit-tle knew What that wi-ly sex can do; Ah, the good Saint lit-tle knew What that
west, wher-e'er he turn'd, Still her eyes be-fore him burn'd, East or west, wher-e'er he turn'd, Still her
pp
wi-ly sex can do.
eyes be-fore him burn'd.
f
dim.
p

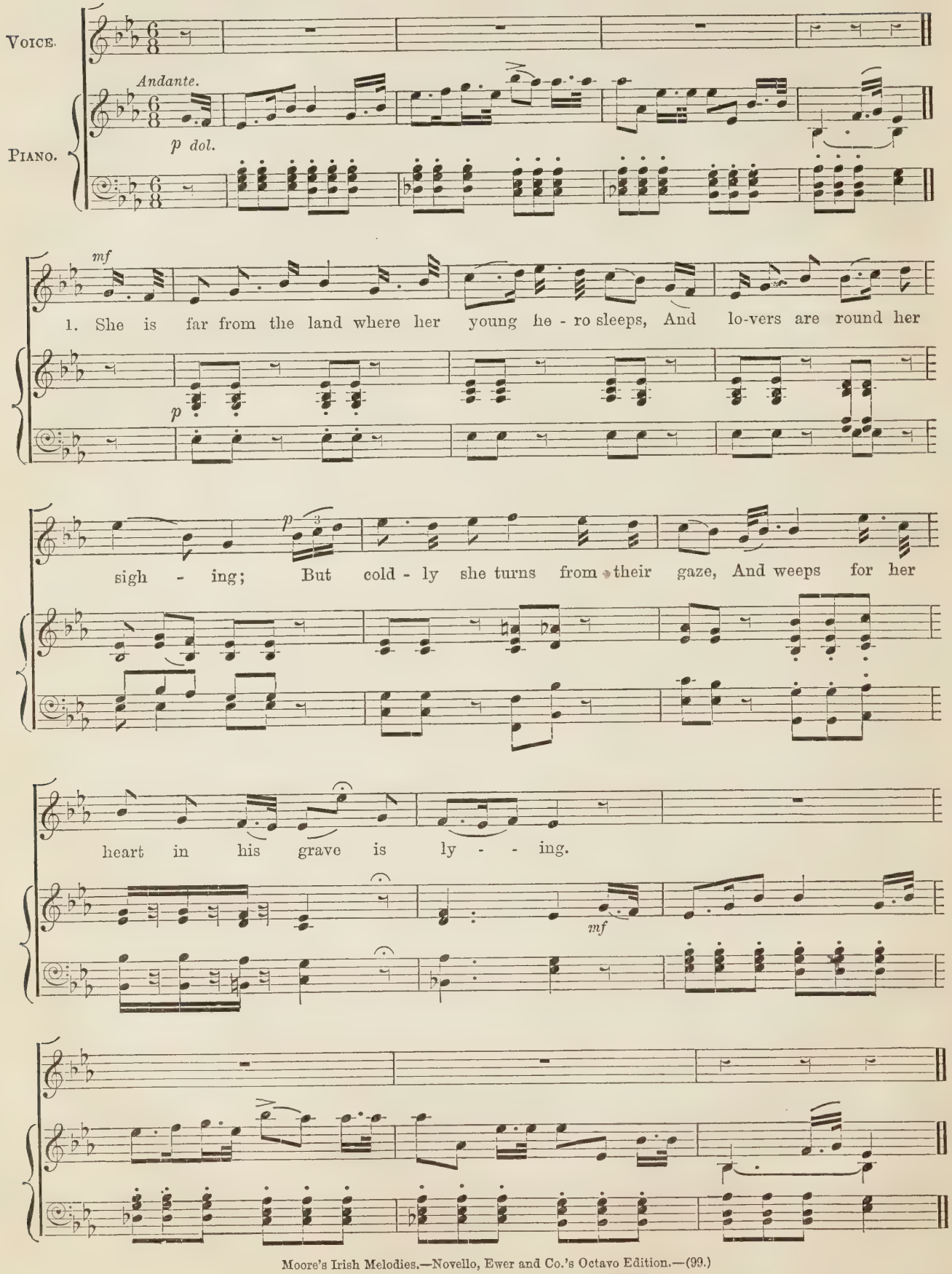
* This Ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of ST. KEVIN, whose bed in the rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

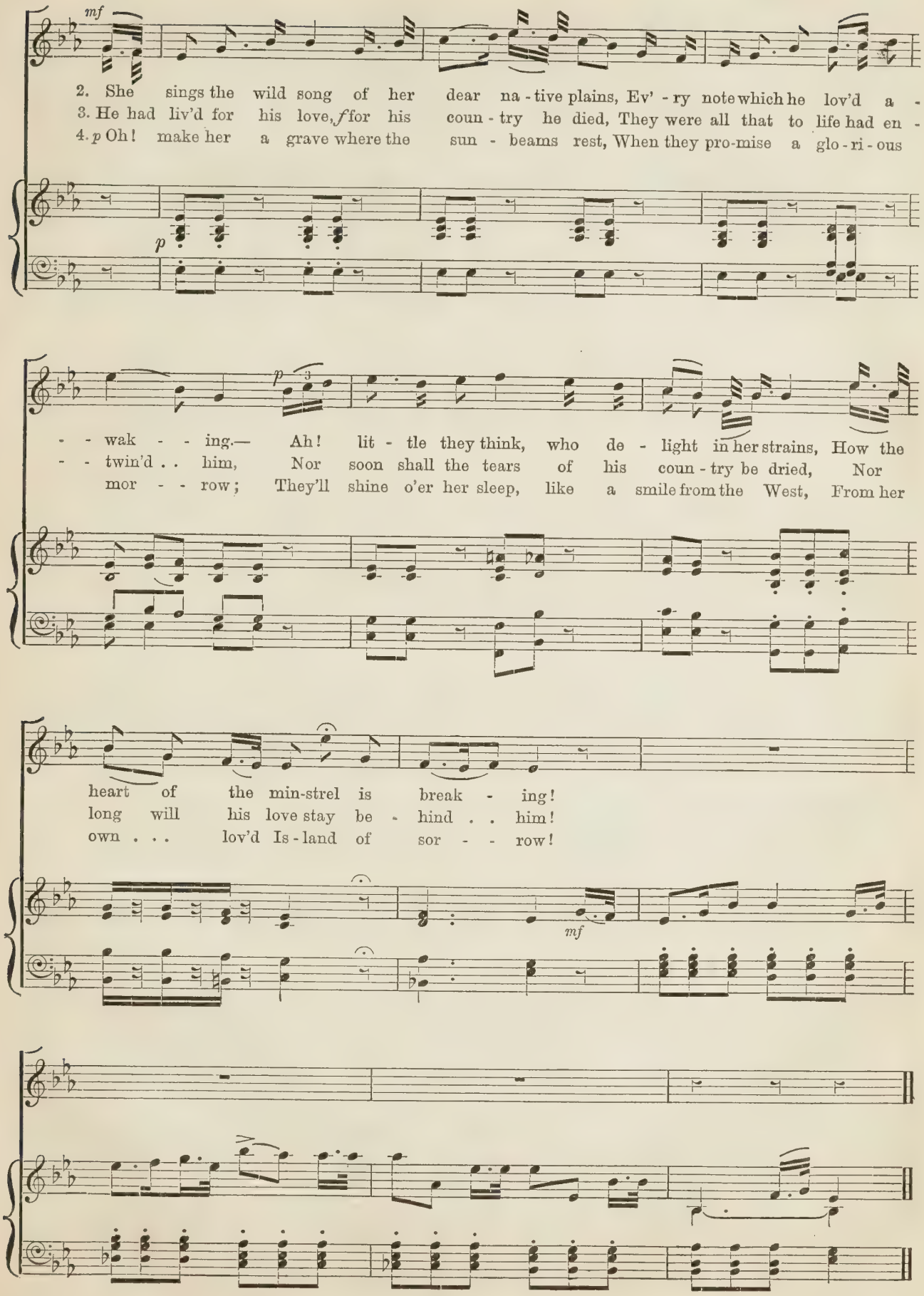
† There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in GIRALDUS, COLGAN, &c.


3. mf On the bold cliff's bo- som cast, p Tranquil now he sleeps at last; Dreams of heav'n, nor thinks that e'er Wo-man's
4. f Fear-less she had track'd his feet To this roc-ky, wild retreat; mf And when morn-ing met his view, p Her mild
5. p Glen - da-lough! thy gloo-my wave pp Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave; Soon the Saint (yet, ah! too late) Felt her
pp
cres.
smile can haunt him there; But nor earth, nor heav'n is free From her pow'r, if fond she be: p E-ven
glan-ces met it too. Ah! your Saints have cru - el hearts! f Stern-ly from his bed he starts, And with
love, and mourn'd her fate. When he said, "Heav'n rest her soul!" pp Round the Lake light mu - sic stole; And her
now, while calm he sleeps, mf Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps, f E - ven now, while calm he sleeps, Kathleen
rude, re - pul-sive shock, Hurls her from the beet-ling rock, And with rude, re - pul-sive shock, Hurls her
ghost was seen to glide, Smil-ing, o'er the fa - tal tide! And her ghost was seen to glide, Smil- ing
pp
o'er him leans and weeps.
from the beet - ling rock.
o'er the fa - tal tide.
f
dim.
p

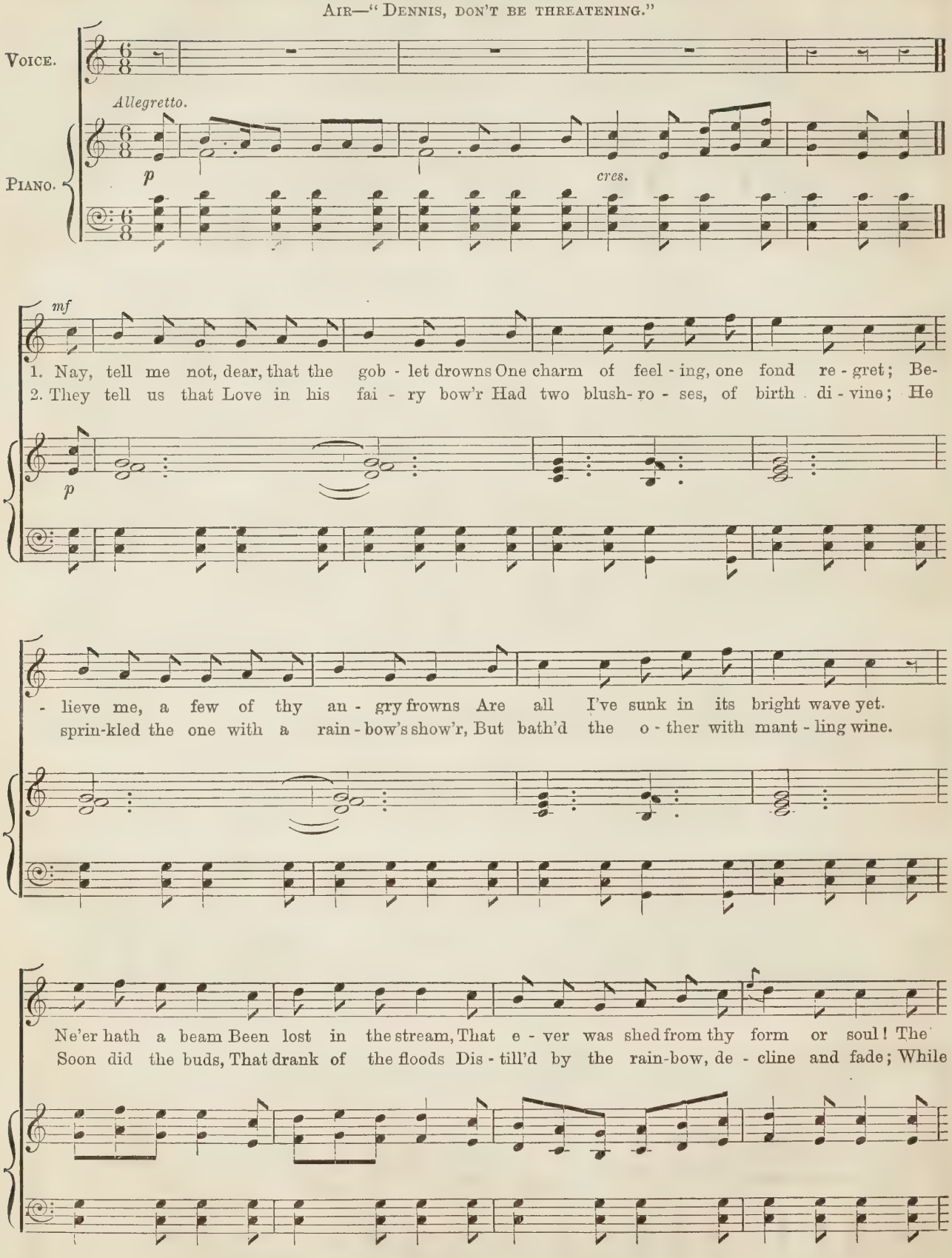
SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

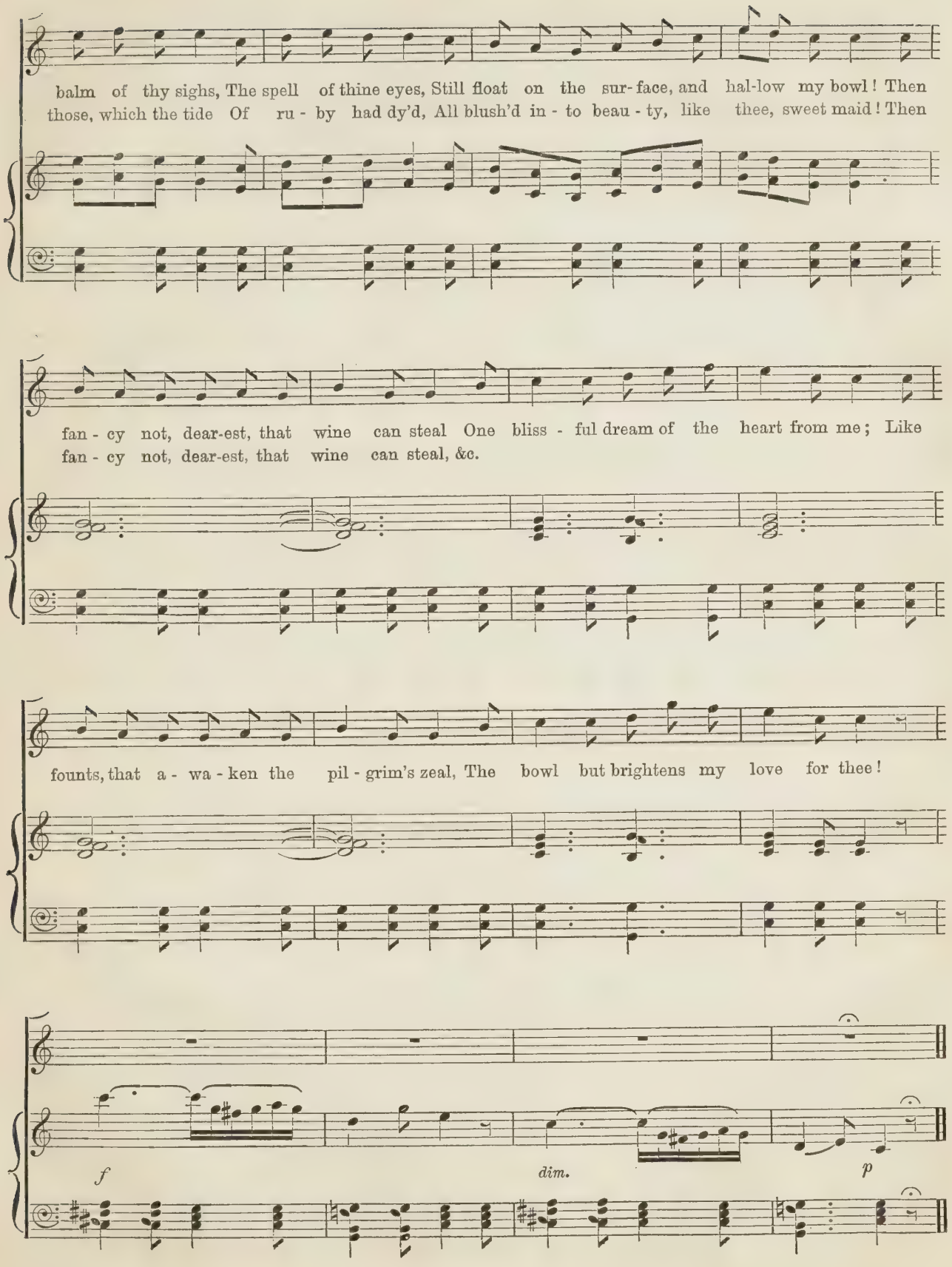
AIR—"OPEN THE DOOR."


Voice.
Piano.
Andante.
p dol.
mf
1. She is far from the land where her young he - ro sleeps, And lo-vers are round her
p
p
sigh - ing; But cold - ly she turns from their gaze, And weeps for her
heart in his grave is ly - - ing.
mf


mf
2. She sings the wild song of her dear na - tive plains, Ev' - ry note which he lov'd a -
3. He had liv'd for his love, for his coun - try he died, They were all that to life had en -
4. p Oh! make her a grave where the sun - beams rest, When they pro-mise a glo - ri - ous
p
- - wak - - ing.— Ah! lit - tle they think, who de - light in her strains, How the
- - twin'd . . him, Nor soon shall the tears of his coun - try be dried, Nor
mor - - row; They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West, From her
heart of the min-strel is break - ing!
long will his love stay be - hind . . him!
own . . . lov'd Is - land of sor - - row!
mf

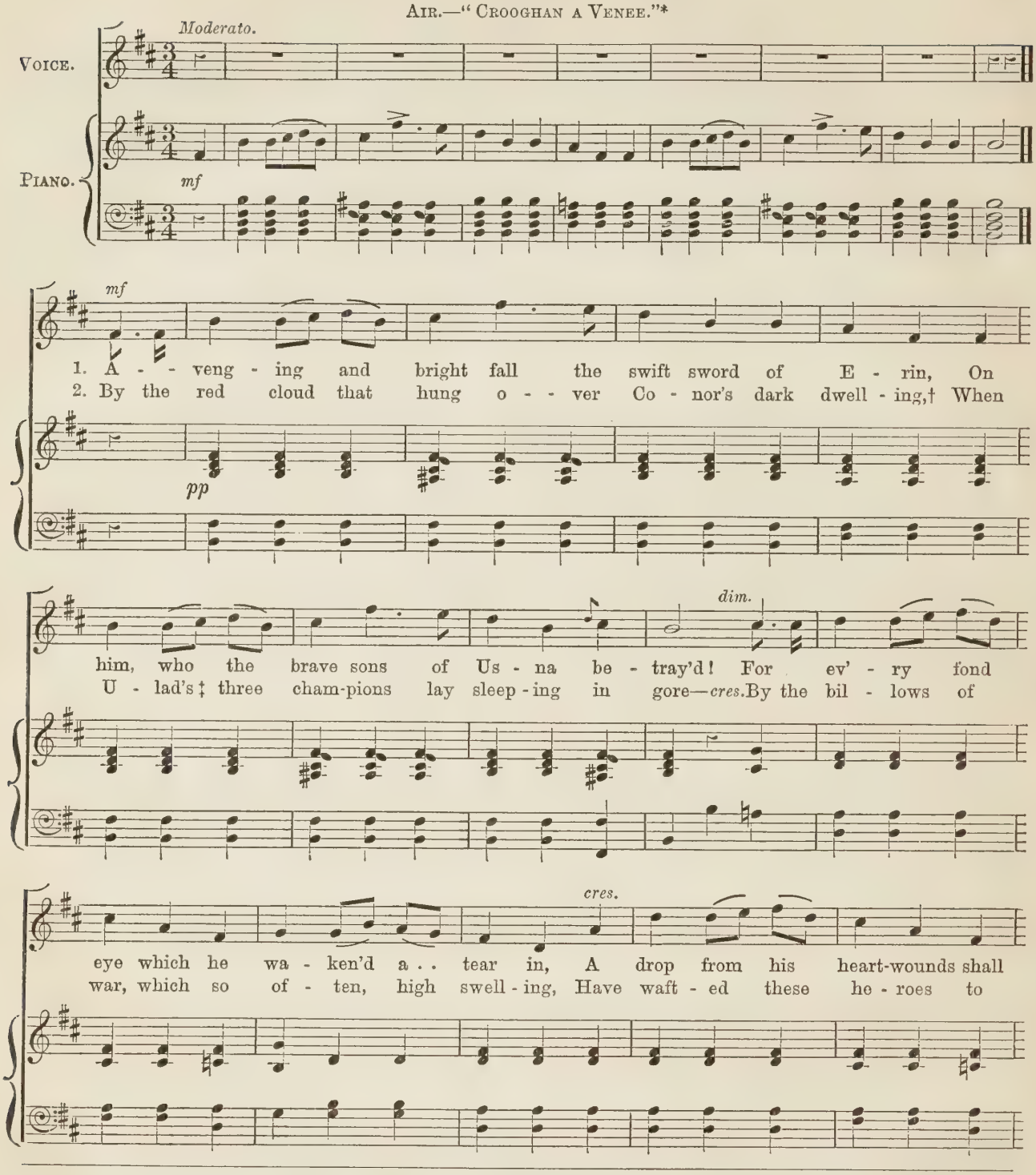
NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.

AIR—"DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING."

Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto.
p
cres.
mf
1. Nay, tell me not, dear, that the gob - let drowns One charm of feel - ing, one fond re - gret; Be-
2. They tell us that Love in his fai - ry bow'r Had two blush- ro - ses, of birth di - vine; He
p
- lieve me, a few of thy an - gry frowns Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
sprin-kled the one with a rain - bow's show'r, But bath'd the o - ther with mant - ling wine.
Ne'er hath a beam Been lost in the stream, That e - ver was shed from thy form or soul! The
Soon did the buds, That drank of the floods Dis - till'd by the rain-bow, de - cline and fade; While


balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still float on the sur-face, and hal-low my bowl! Then
those, which the tide Of ru - by had dy'd, All blush'd in - to beau - ty, like thee, sweet maid! Then
fan - cy not, dear-est, that wine can steal One bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like
fan - cy not, dear-est, that wine can steal, &c.
founts, that a - wa - ken the pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee!
f
dim.
p

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AIR.—"CROOGHAN A VENEE."*

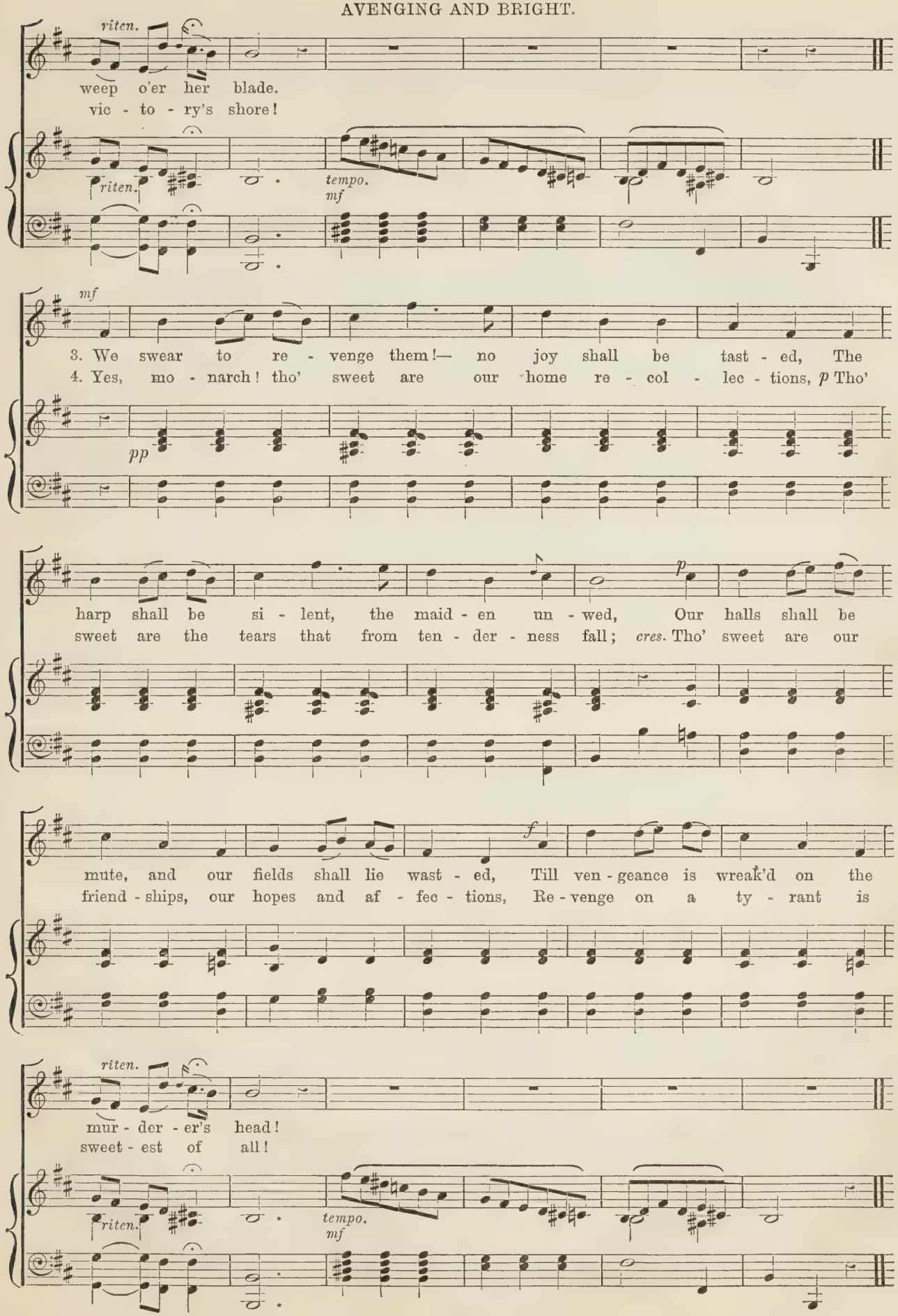

Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
mf
1. A - - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, On
2. By the red cloud that hung o - - ver Co - nor's dark dwell - ing,† When
pp
dim.
him, who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For ev' - ry fond
U - lad's‡ three cham-pions lay sleep - ing in gore—cres.By the bil - lows of
cres.
eye which he wa - ken'd a . . tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall
war, which so of - ten, high swell - ing, Have waft - ed these he - roes to

* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written *Cruachàn na Fèine*, i.e. the Fenian mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Finn Mac Cool*, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are 'The death of the children of Touran,' 'The death of the Children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans) and this, 'The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected, that, in these Melodies, there is a Ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

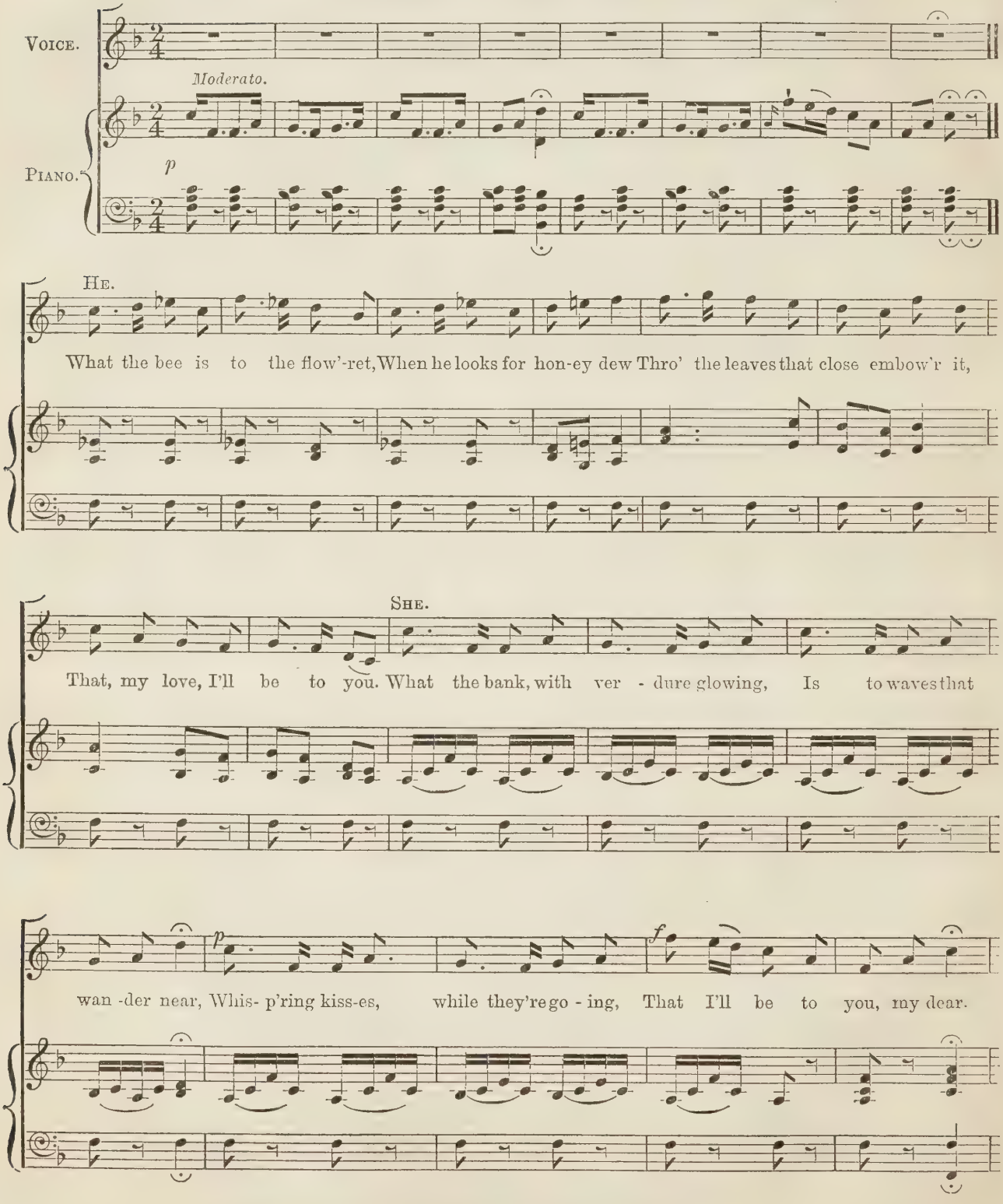
† "O Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." Deirdri's song.

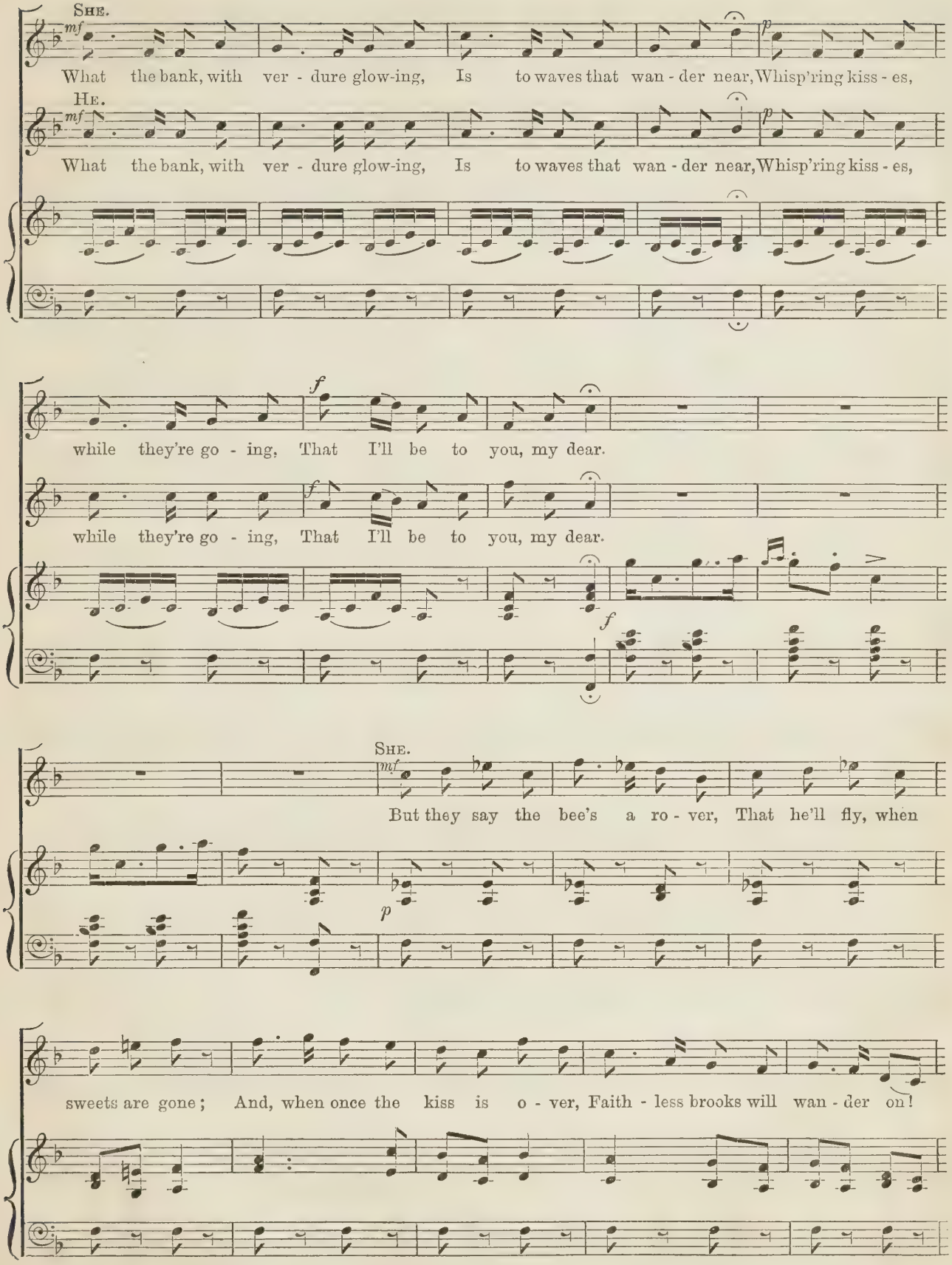
‡ Ulster.

riten.
weep o'er her blade.
vic - to - ry's shore!
riten.
tempo.
mf
mf
3. We swear to re - venge them!— no joy shall be tast - ed, The
4. Yes, mo - narch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, p Tho'
pp
harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our halls shall be
sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; cres. Tho' sweet are our
f
mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till ven - geance is wreak'd on the
friend - ships, our hopes and af - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is
riten.
mur - der - er's head!
sweet - est of all!
riten.
tempo.
mf

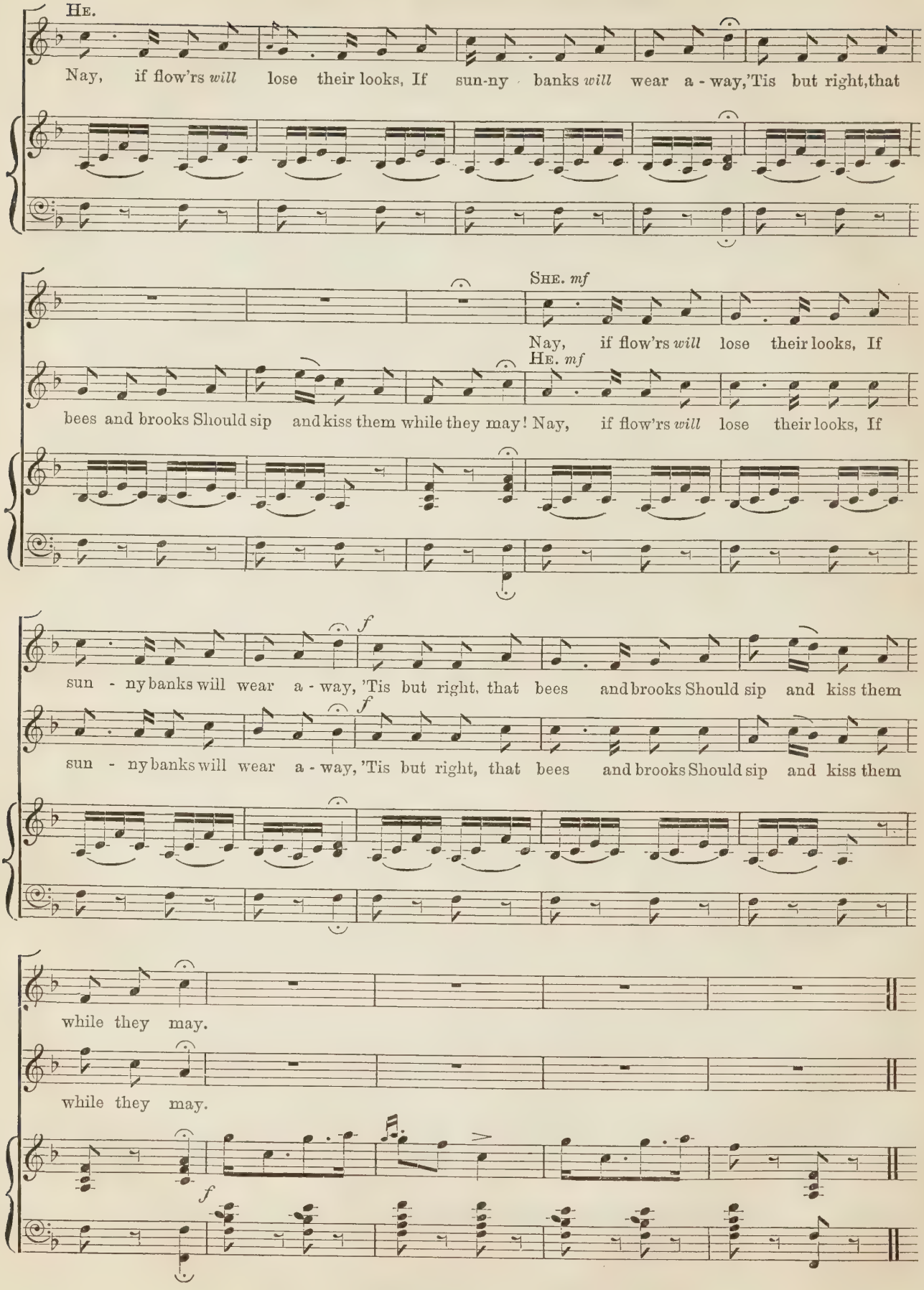
WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

DUET.

"Air.—The Yellow Horse."

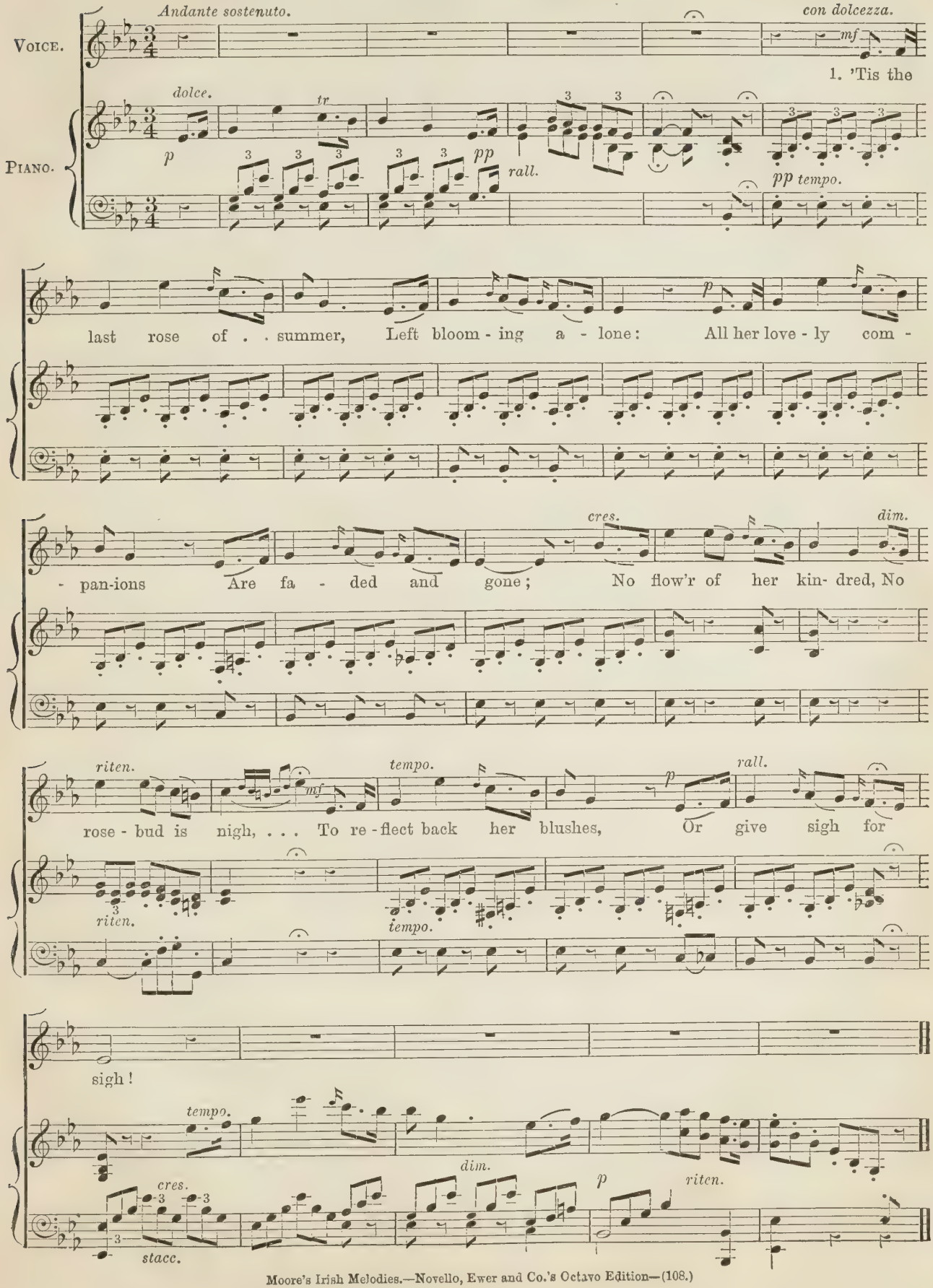

Voice.
Piano.
Moderato.
p
He.
What the bee is to the flow'-ret, When he looks for hon-ey dew Thro' the leaves that close embow'r it,
She.
That, my love, I'll be to you. What the bank, with ver - dure glowing, Is to waves that
p
f
wan -der near, Whis- p'ring kiss-es, while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear.

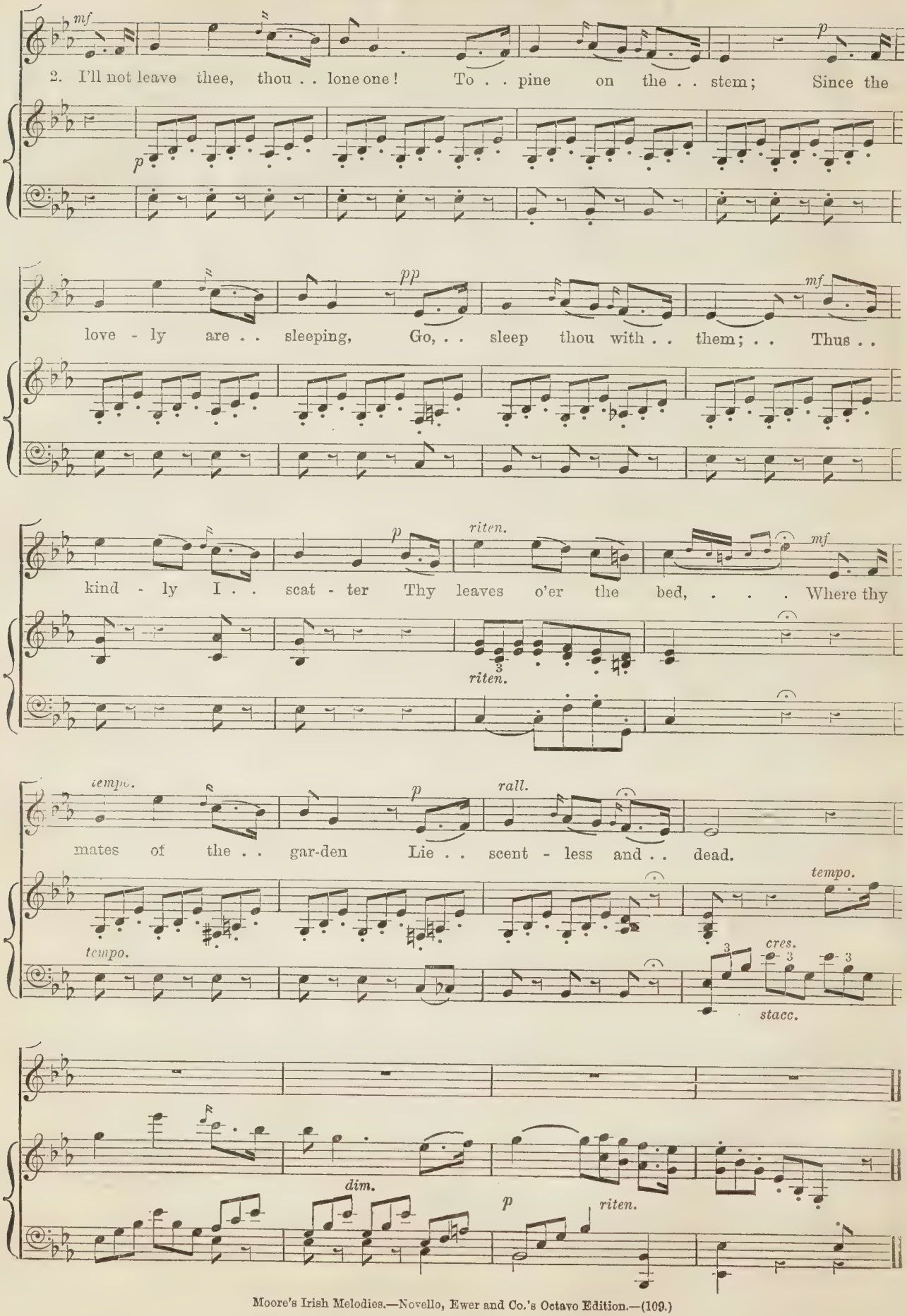
WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOW'RET.

She.
mf
What the bank, with ver - dure glow-ing, Is to waves that wan - der near, Whisp'ring kiss - es,
He.
mf
What the bank, with ver - dure glow-ing, Is to waves that wan - der near, Whisp'ring kiss - es,
p
f
while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear.
f
while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear.
f
She.
mf
But they say the bee's a ro - ver, That he'll fly, when
p
sweets are gone; And, when once the kiss is o - ver, Faith - less brooks will wan - der on!

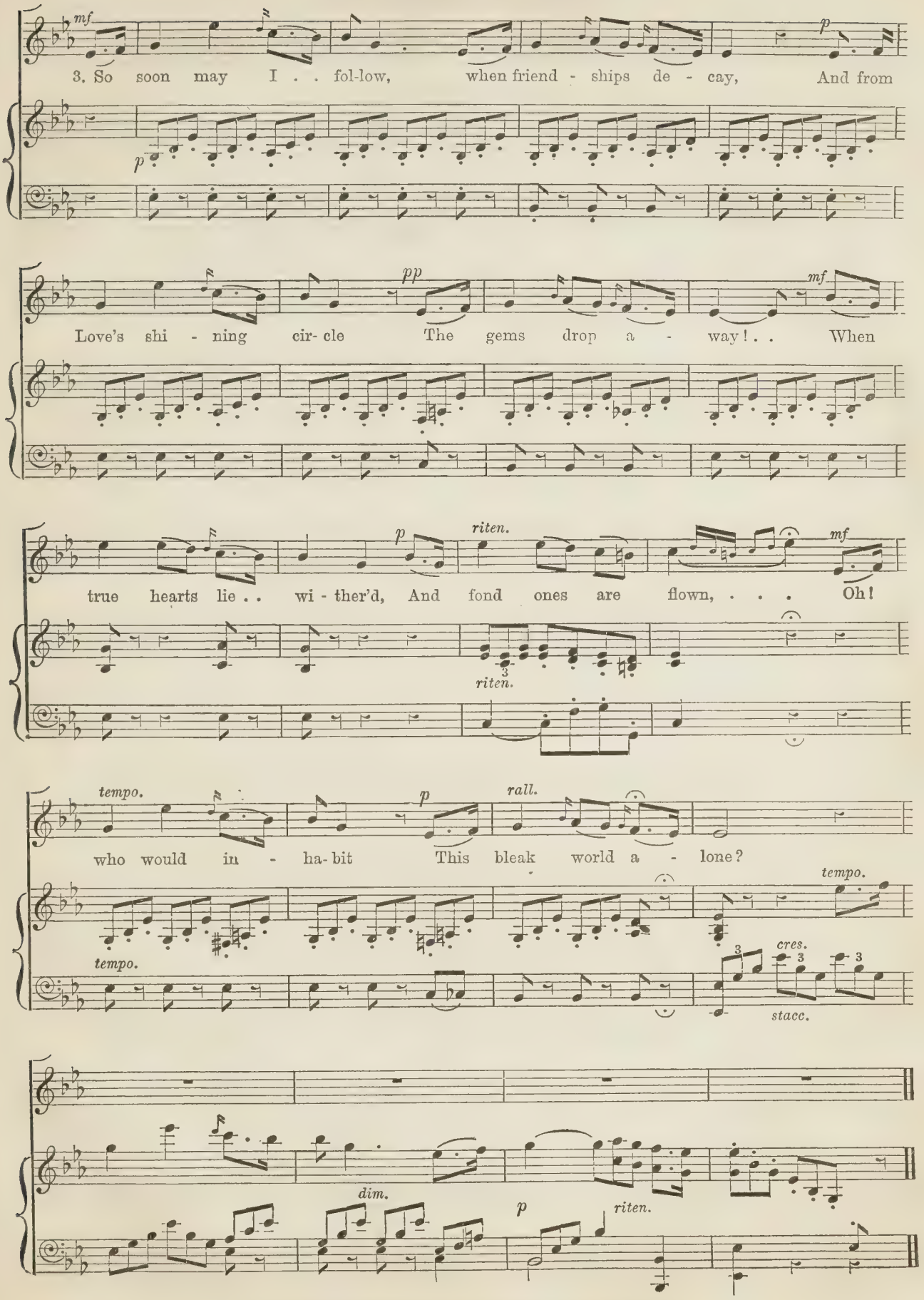

He.
Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If sun-ny banks *will* wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that
She. *mf*
Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If
He. *mf*
bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them while they may! Nay, if flow'rs *will* lose their looks, If
f
sun - ny banks will wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them
f
sun - ny banks will wear a - way, 'Tis but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them
while they may.
while they may.
f

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

AIR.—"GROVES OF BLARNEY."

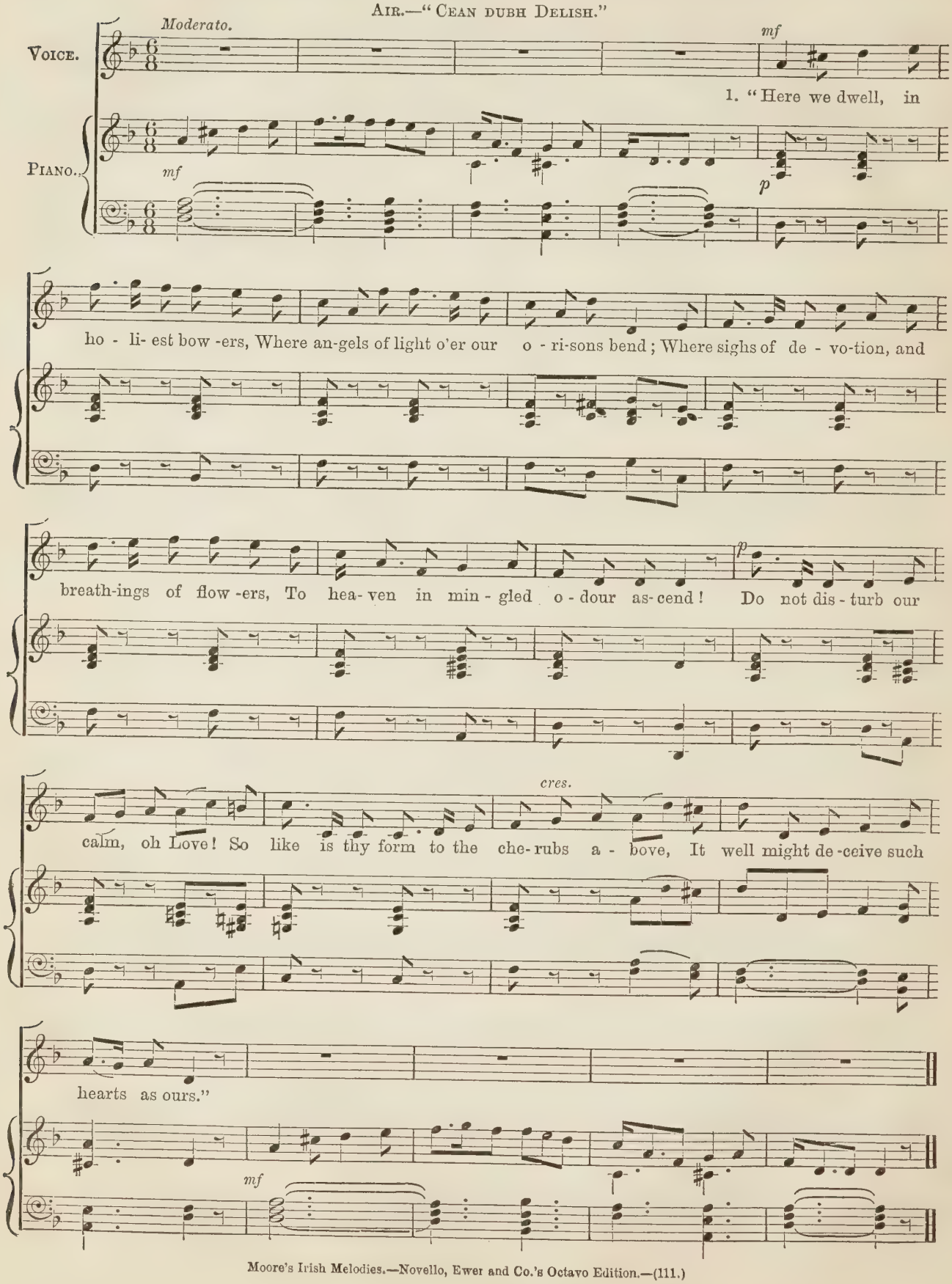
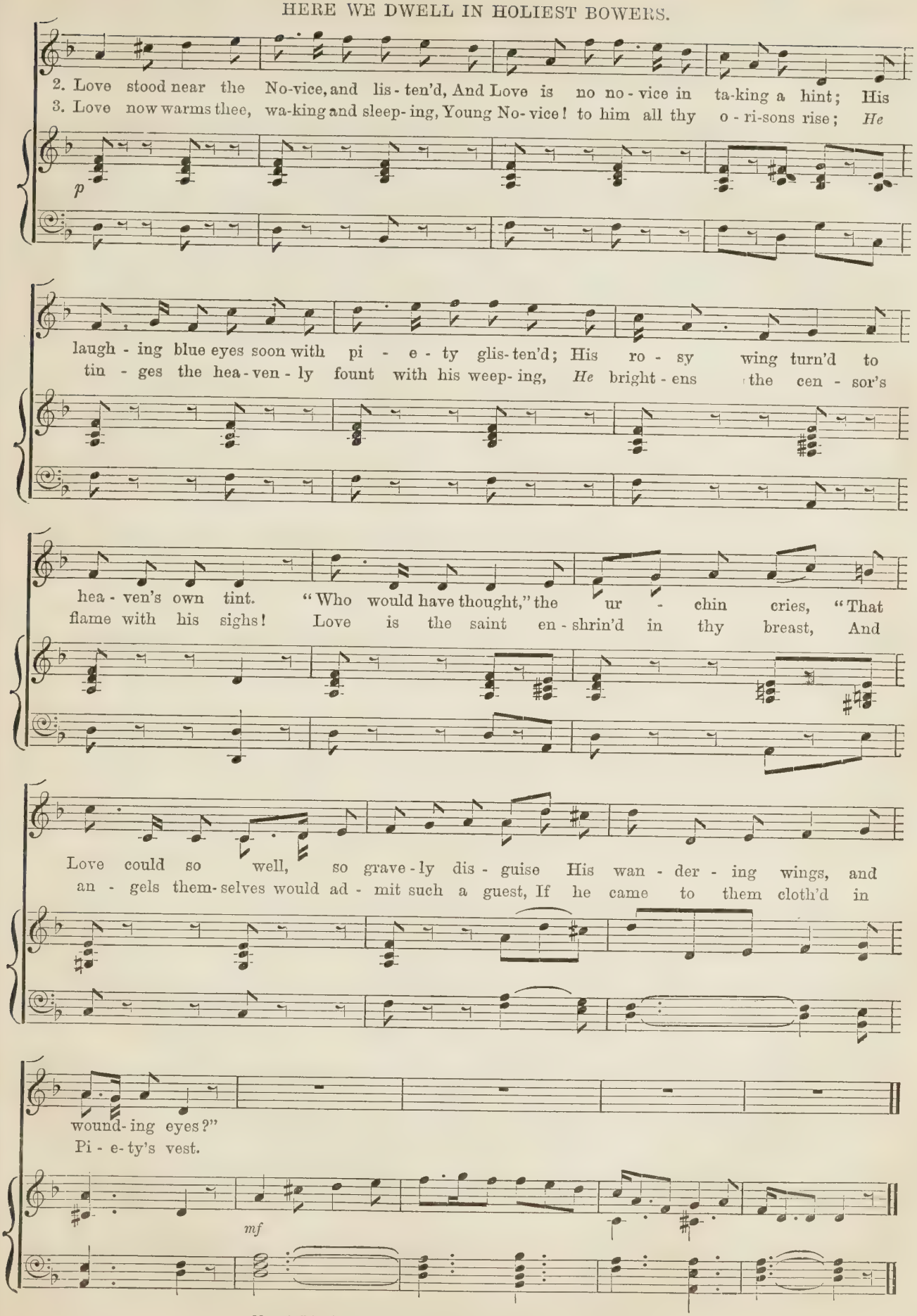



mf
2. I'll not leave thee, thou . . lone one! To . . pine on the . . stem; Since the
p
p
pp
love - ly are . . sleeping, Go, . . sleep thou with . . them; . . Thus . .
mf
p
riten.
kind - ly I . . scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, . . . Where thy
3
riten.
mf
tempo.
p
rall.
mates of the . . gar-den Lie . . scent - less and . . dead.
tempo.
tempo.
3
cres.
3
3
stacc.
dim.
p
riten.

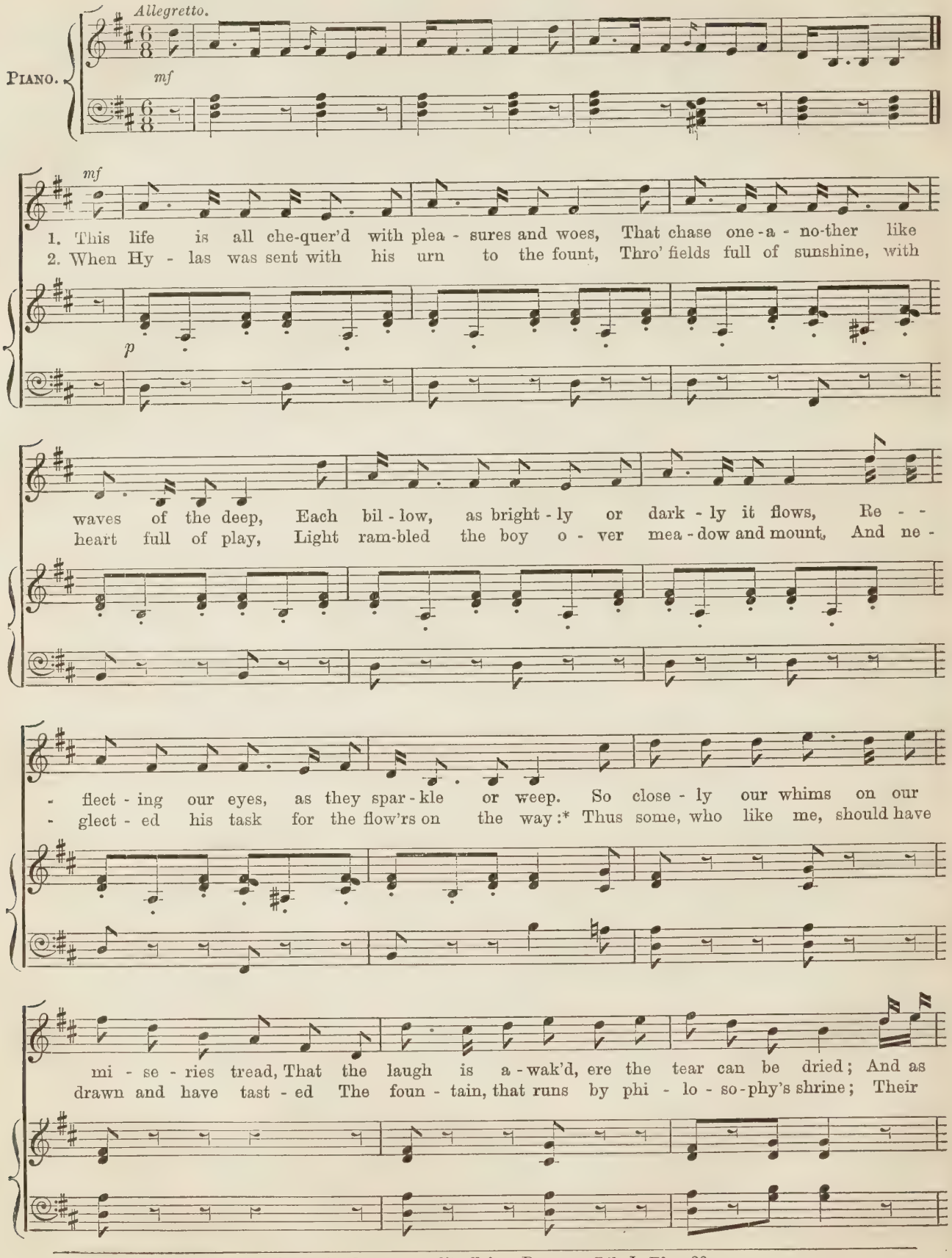

mf
3. So soon may I . . fol-low, when friend - ships de - cay, And from
p
p
pp
Love's shi - ning cir- cle The gems drop a - way! . . When
mf
p
riten.
true hearts lie . . wi - ther'd, And fond ones are flown, . . . Oh!
mf
3
riten.
tempo.
p
rall.
who would in - ha- bit This bleak world a - lone?
tempo.
tempo.
cres.
3
3
3
stacc.
dim.
p
riten.

HERE WE DWELL IN HOLIEST BOWERS.

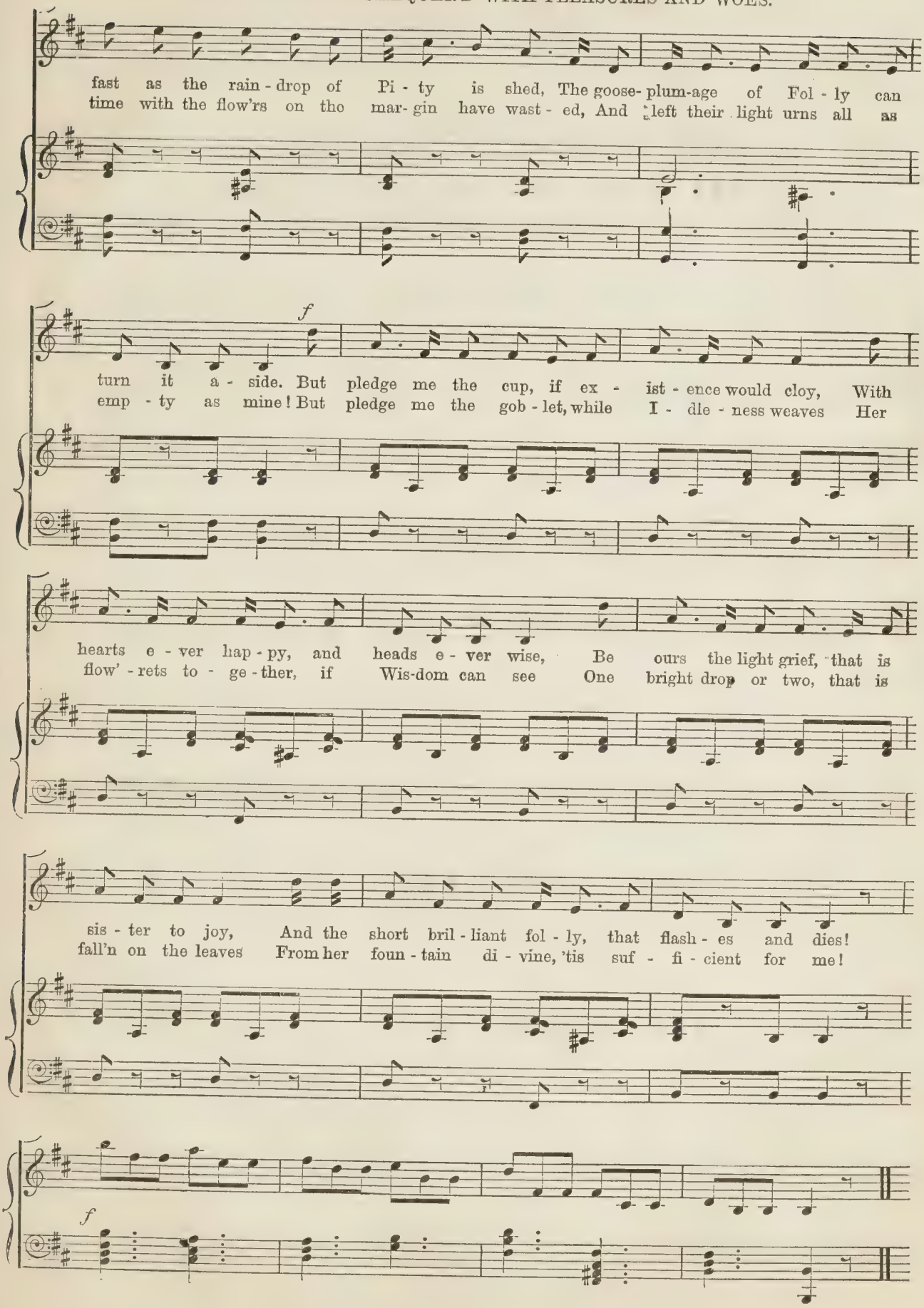
AIR.—"CEAN DUBH DELISH."


Moderato.
mf
VOICE.
1. "Here we dwell, in
PIANO.
mf
p
ho - li- est bow -ers, Where an-gels of light o'er our o - ri-sons bend; Where sighs of de - vo-tion, and
breath-ings of flow -ers, To hea- ven in min - gled o - dour as-cend! Do not dis - turb our
p
cres.
calm, oh Love! So like is thy form to the che- rubs a - bove, It well might de -ceive such
hearts as ours."
mf

2. Love stood near the No-vice, and lis-ten'd, And Love is no no-vice in ta-king a hint; His
3. Love now warms thee, wa-king and sleep-ing, Young No-vice! to him all thy o-ri-sons rise; He
p
laugh-ing blue eyes soon with pi-e-ty glis-ten'd; His ro-sy wing turn'd to
tin-ges the hea-ven-ly fount with his weep-ing, He bright-ens the cen-sor's
hea-ven's own tint. "Who would have thought," the ur-chin cries, "That
flame with his sighs! Love is the saint en-shrin'd in thy breast, And
Love could so well, so grave-ly dis-guise His wan-der-ing wings, and
an-gels them-selves would ad-mit such a guest, If he came to them cloth'd in
wound-ing eyes?"
Pi-e-ty's vest.
mf

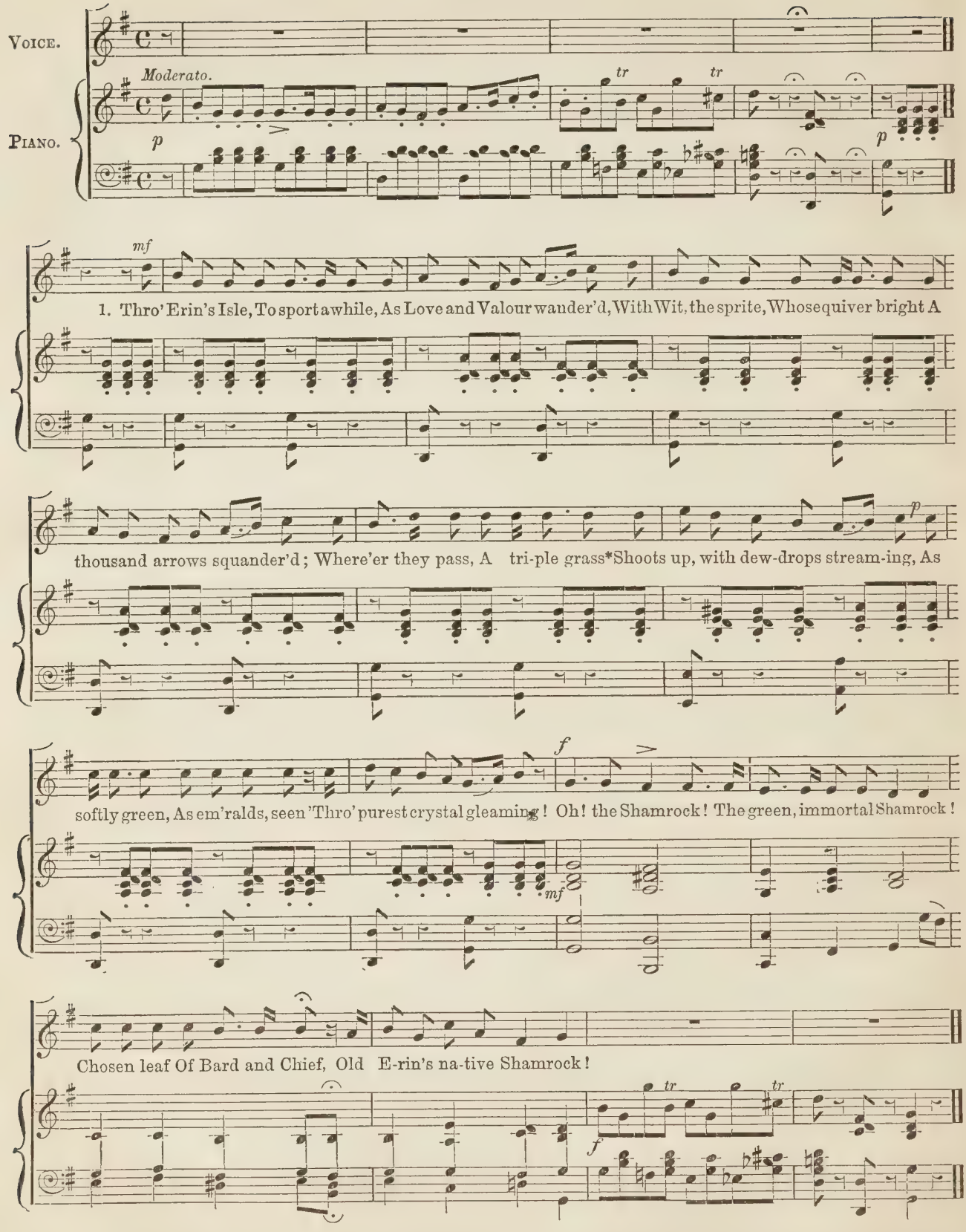
THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

AIR.—"THE BUNCH OF GREEN RUSHES THAT GREW AT THE BRIM."

Allegretto.
PIANO.
mf
1. This life is all che-quer'd with plea - sures and woes, That chase one-a - no-ther like
2. When Hy - las was sent with his urn to the fount, Thro' fields full of sunshine, with
p
waves of the deep, Each bil - low, as bright - ly or dark - ly it flows, Re - -
heart full of play, Light ram-bled the boy o - ver mea - dow and mount, And ne -
- flect - ing our eyes, as they spar - kle or weep. So close - ly our whims on our
- glect - ed his task for the flow'rs on the way:* Thus some, who like me, should have
mi - se - ries tread, That the laugh is a - wak'd, ere the tear can be dried; And as
drawn and have tast - ed The foun - tain, that runs by phi - lo - so - phy's shrine; Their

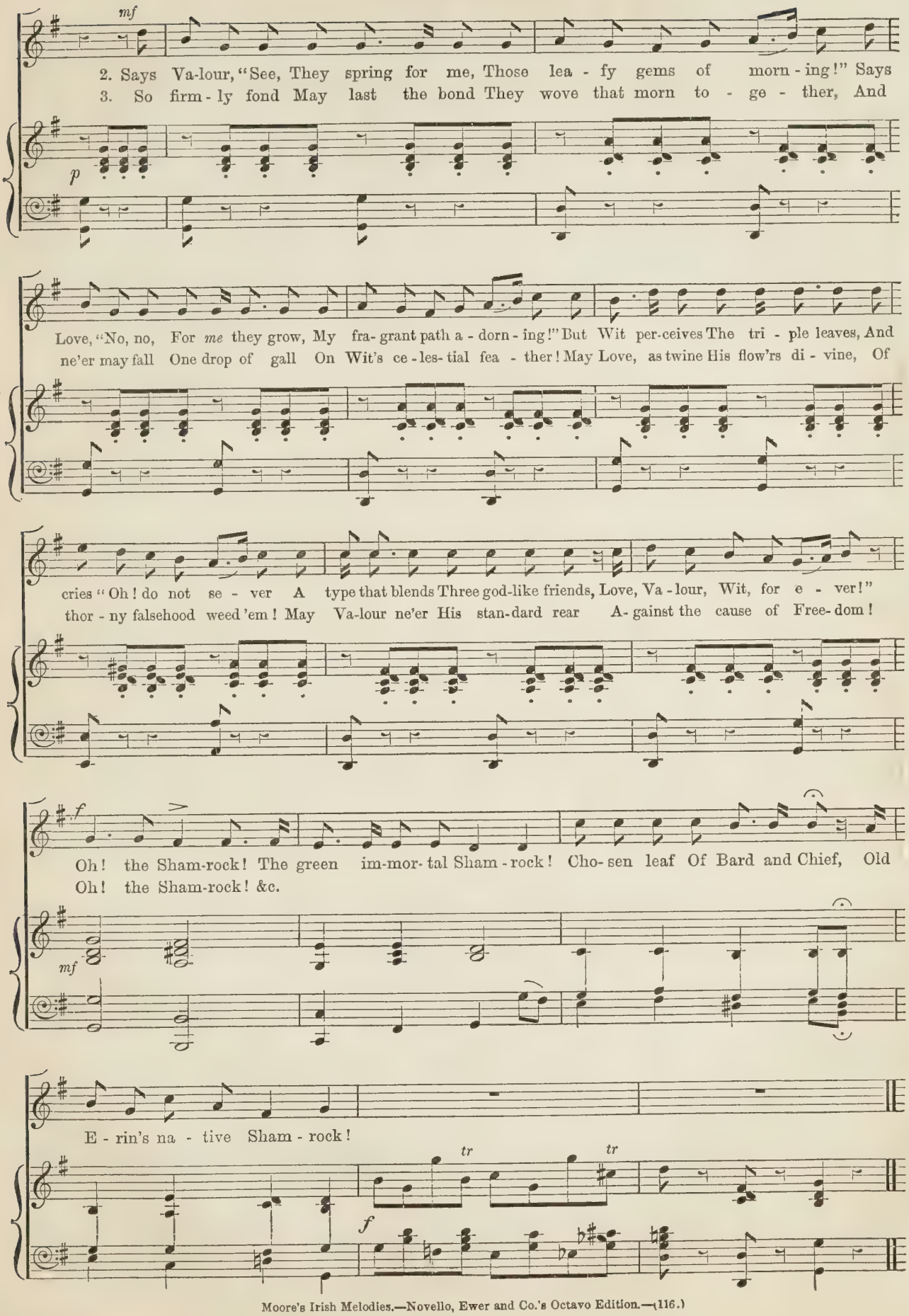
* Proposito florem prætulit officio.—PROPERT. *Lib.* I. *Eleg.* 20.


fast as the rain-drop of Pi-ty is shed, The goose-plum-age of Fol-ly can
time with the flow'rs on the mar-gin have wast-ed, And left their light urns all as
f
turn it a-side. But pledge me the cup, if ex-ist-ence would cloy, With
emp-ty as mine! But pledge me the gob-let, while I-dle-ness weaves Her
hearts e-ver hap-py, and heads e-ver wise, Be ours the light grief, that is
flow'-rets to-ge-ther, if Wis-dom can see One bright drop or two, that is
sis-ter to joy, And the short bril-liant fol-ly, that flash-es and dies!
fall'n on the leaves From her foun-tain di-vine, 'tis suf-fi-cient for me!
f

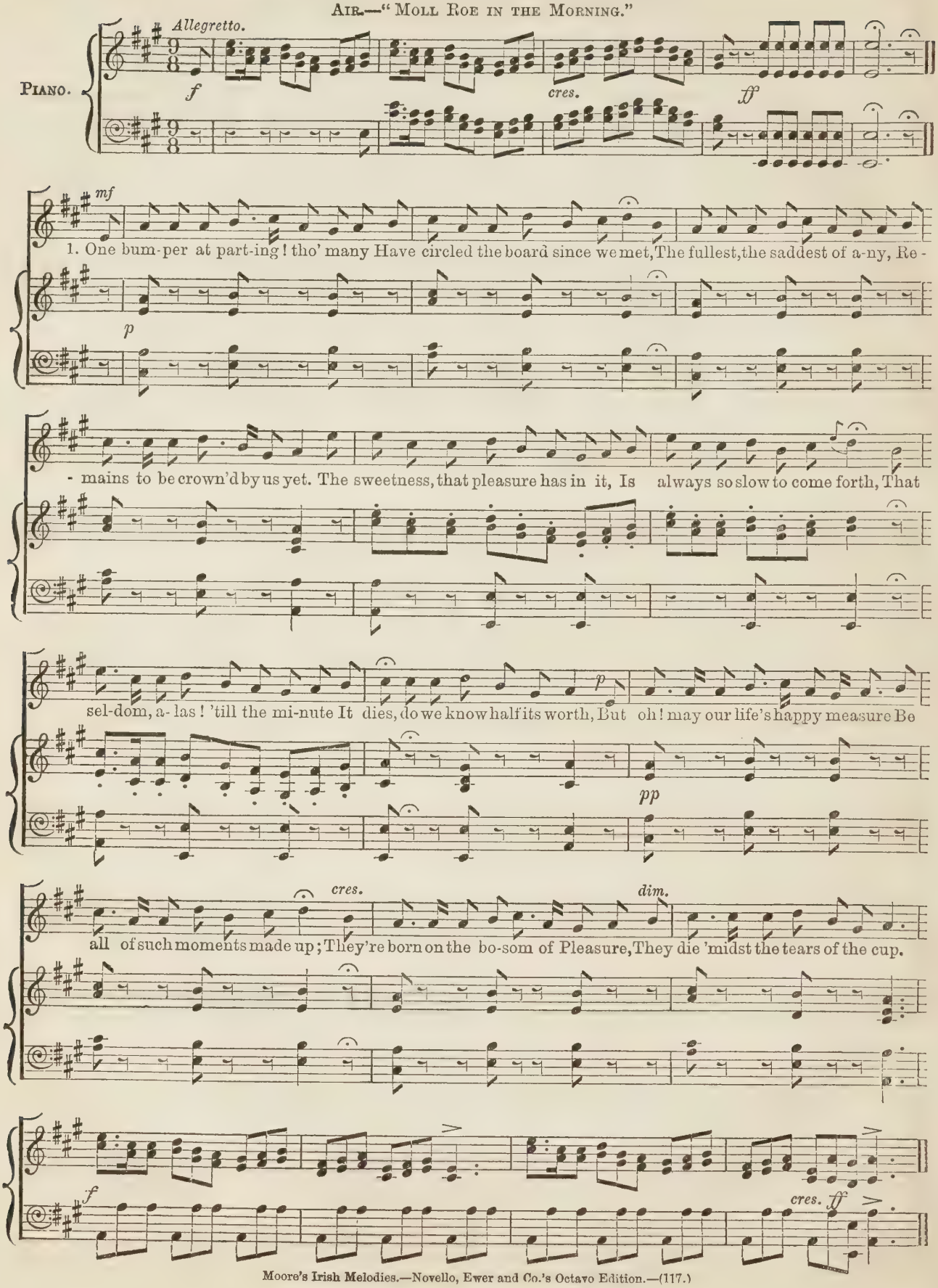
OH! THE SHAMROCK.

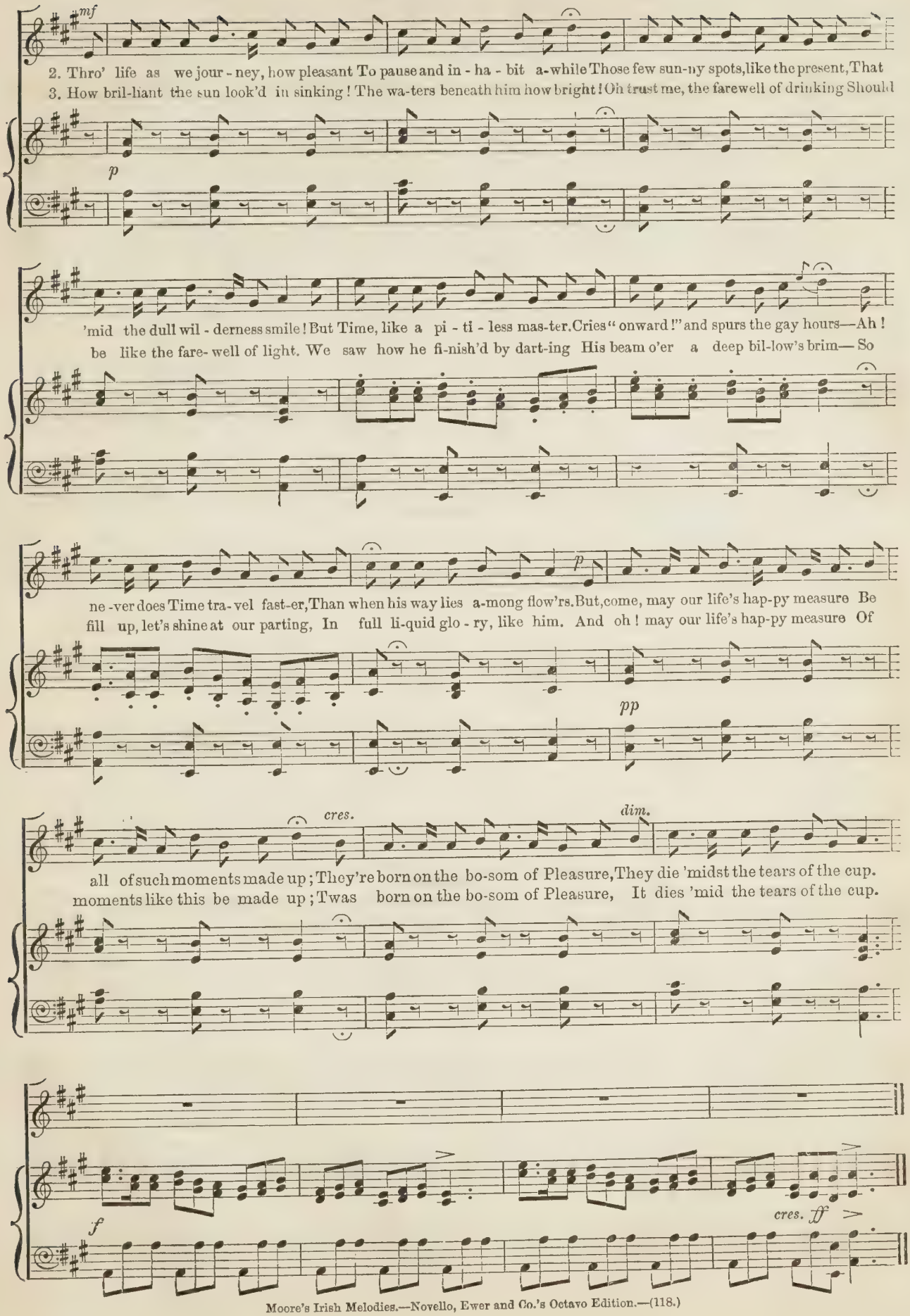
AIR.—"ALLEY CROKER."

Voice.
Piano.
Moderato.
p
tr
tr
p
mf
1. Thro' Erin's Isle, To sport awhile, As Love and Valour wander'd, With Wit, the sprite, Whose quiver bright A
thousand arrows squander'd; Where'er they pass, A tri-ple grass*Shoots up, with dew-drops stream-ing, As
p
f
softly green, As em'ralds, seen 'Thro' purest crystal gleaming! Oh! the Shamrock! The green, immortal Shamrock!
mf
Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old E-rin's na-tive Shamrock!
tr
tr
f

* SAINT PATRICK is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of his plant as a national emblem. HOPE, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, standing upon tiptoes, and a trefoil, or three-coloured grass, in her hand.


mf
2. Says Va-lour, "See, They spring for me, Those lea - fy gems of morn - ing!" Says
3. So firm - ly fond May last the bond They wove that morn to - ge - ther, And
p
Love, "No, no, For me they grow, My fra- grant path a - dorn - ing!" But Wit per-ceives The tri - ple leaves, And
ne'er may fall One drop of gall On Wit's ce - les- tial fea - ther! May Love, as twine His flow'rs di - vine, Of
cries "Oh! do not se - ver A type that blends Three god-like friends, Love, Va - lour, Wit, for e - ver!"
thor - ny falsehood weed 'em! May Va-lour ne'er His stan-dard rear A-gainst the cause of Free-dom!
f
Oh! the Sham-rock! The green im-mor- tal Sham - rock! Cho- sen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old
Oh! the Sham-rock! &c.
mf
E - rin's na - tive Sham - rock!
tr
tr
f

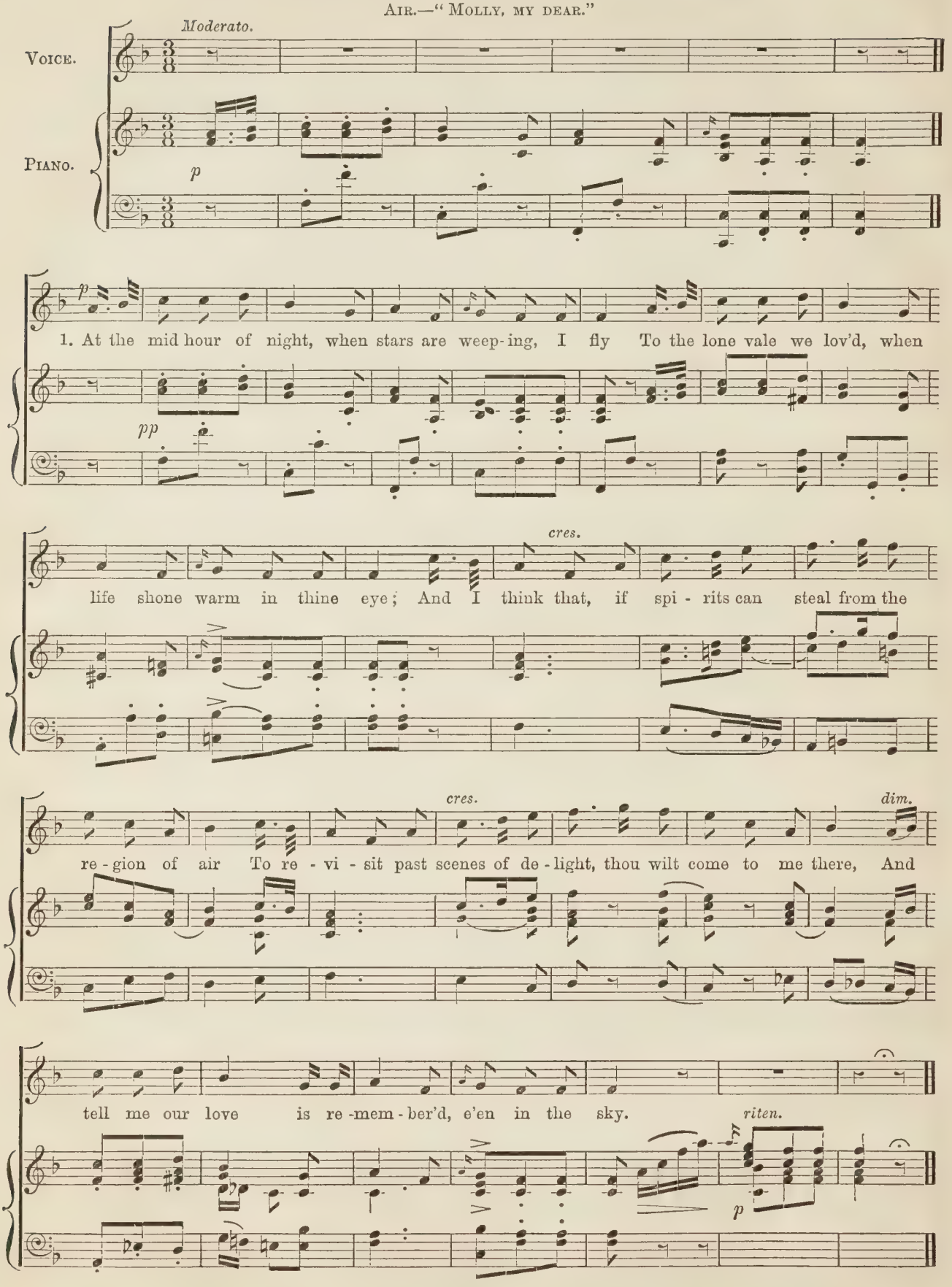
ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

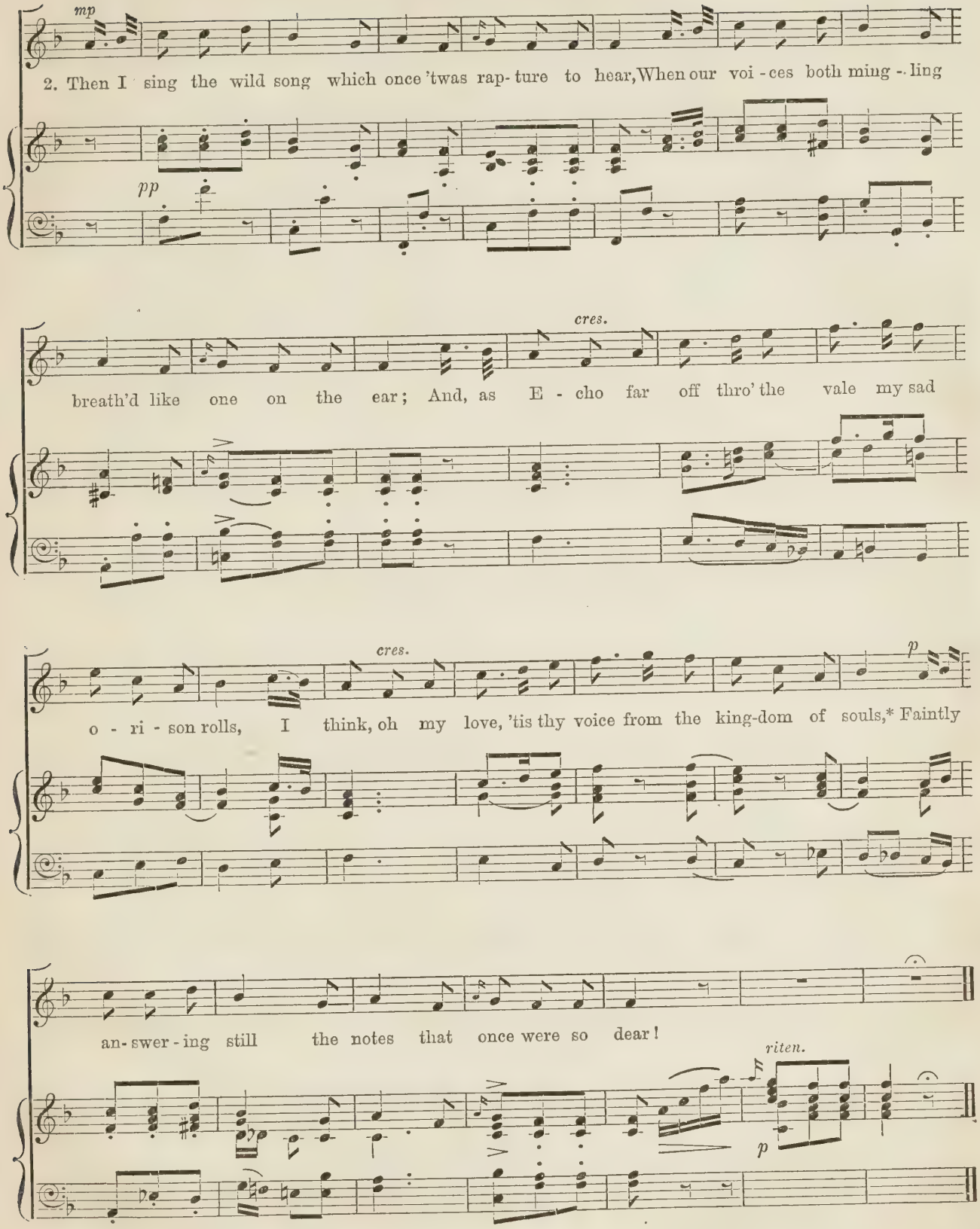
AIR.—"MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING."

Allegretto.
PIANO.
f
cres.
ff
mf
1. One bum-per at part-ing! tho' many Have circled the board since we met, The fullest, the saddest of a-ny, Re-
p
- mains to be crown'd by us yet. The sweetness, that pleasure has in it, Is always so slow to come forth, That
sel-dom, a-las! 'till the mi-nute It dies, do we know half its worth, But oh! may our life's happy measure Be
p
pp
cres.
dim.
all of such moments made up; They're born on the bo-som of Pleasure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.
f
cres.
ff


mf
2. Thro' life as we jour - ney, how pleasant To pause and in - ha - bit a-while Those few sun-ny spots, like the present, That
3. How bril-liant the sun look'd in sinking! The wa-ters beneath him how bright! Oh trust me, the farewell of drinking Should
p
'mid the dull wil - derness smile! But Time, like a pi - ti - less mas-ter. Cries "onward!" and spurs the gay hours—Ah!
be like the fare- well of light. We saw how he fi-nish'd by dart-ing His beam o'er a deep bil-low's brim—So
p
ne - ver does Time tra - vel fast-er, Than when his way lies a-mong flow'rs. But, come, may our life's hap-py measure Be
fill up, let's shine at our parting, In full li-quid glo - ry, like him. And oh! may our life's hap-py measure Of
pp
cres.
dim.
all of such moments made up; They're born on the bo-som of Pleasure, They die 'midst the tears of the cup.
moments like this be made up; Twas born on the bo-som of Pleasure, It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.
f
cres. ff

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

AIR.—"MOLLY, MY DEAR."

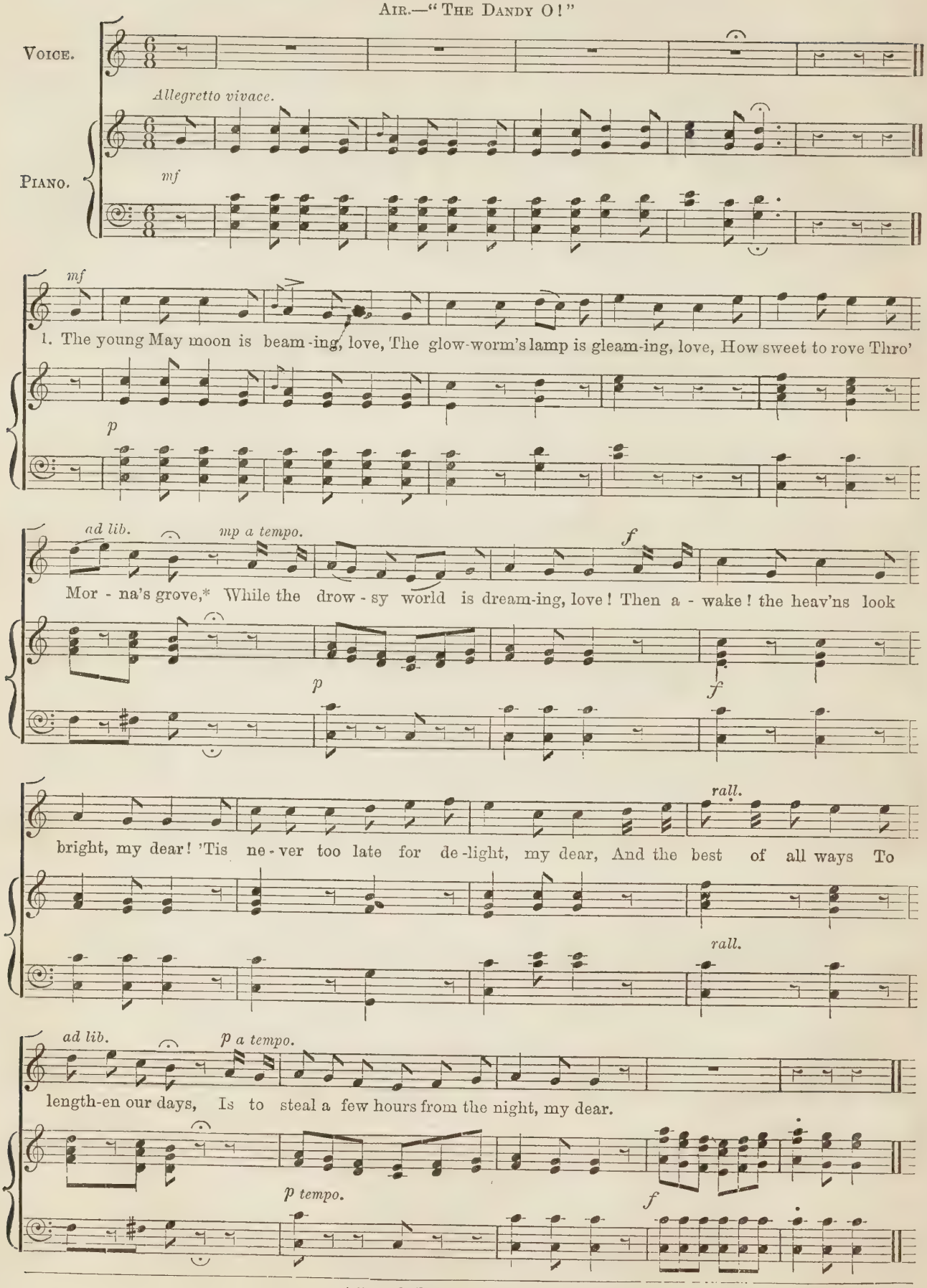

Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
p
pp
1. At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep-ing, I fly To the lone vale we lov'd, when
life shone warm in thine eye; And I think that, if spi - rits can steal from the
cres.
re - gion of air To re - vi - sit past scenes of de - light, thou wilt come to me there, And
dim.
tell me our love is re-mem - ber'd, e'en in the sky.
riten.


mp
2. Then I sing the wild song which once 'twas rap- ture to hear, When our voi - ces both ming - ling
pp
cres.
breath'd like one on the ear; And, as E - cho far off thro' the vale my sad
cres.
p
o - ri - son rolls, I think, oh my love, 'tis thy voice from the king-dom of souls,* Faintly
an- swer - ing still the notes that once were so dear!
riten.
p

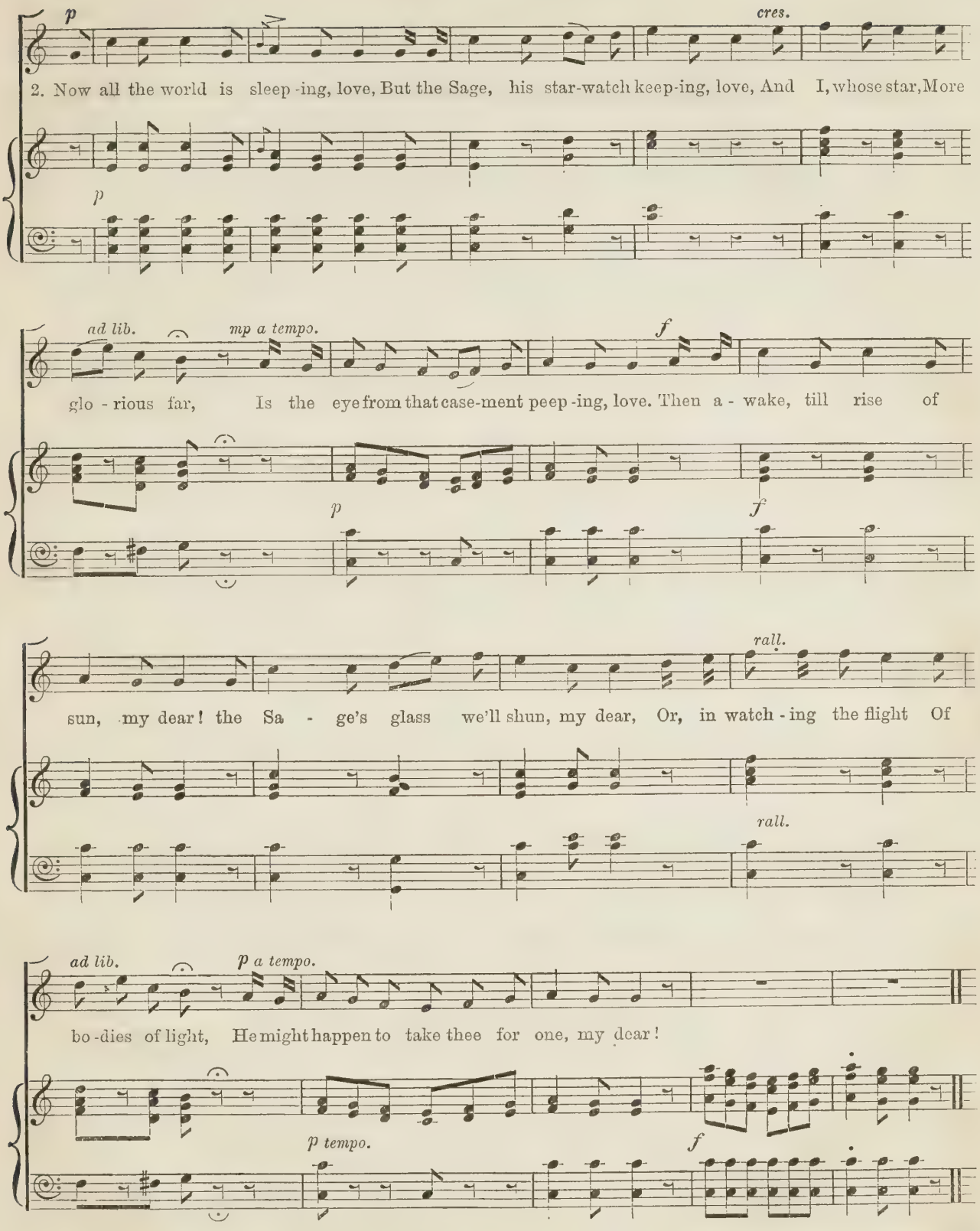
* "There are countries," says Montaigne, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

AIR.—"THE DANDY O!"


VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto vivace.
mf
mf
1. The young May moon is beam-ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam-ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro'
p
ad lib.
mp a tempo.
f
Mor - na's grove,* While the drow - sy world is dream-ing, love! Then a - wake! the heav'ns look
p
f
rall.
bright, my dear! 'Tis ne - ver too late for de-light, my dear, And the best of all ways To
rall.
ad lib.
p a tempo.
length-en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.
p tempo.
f

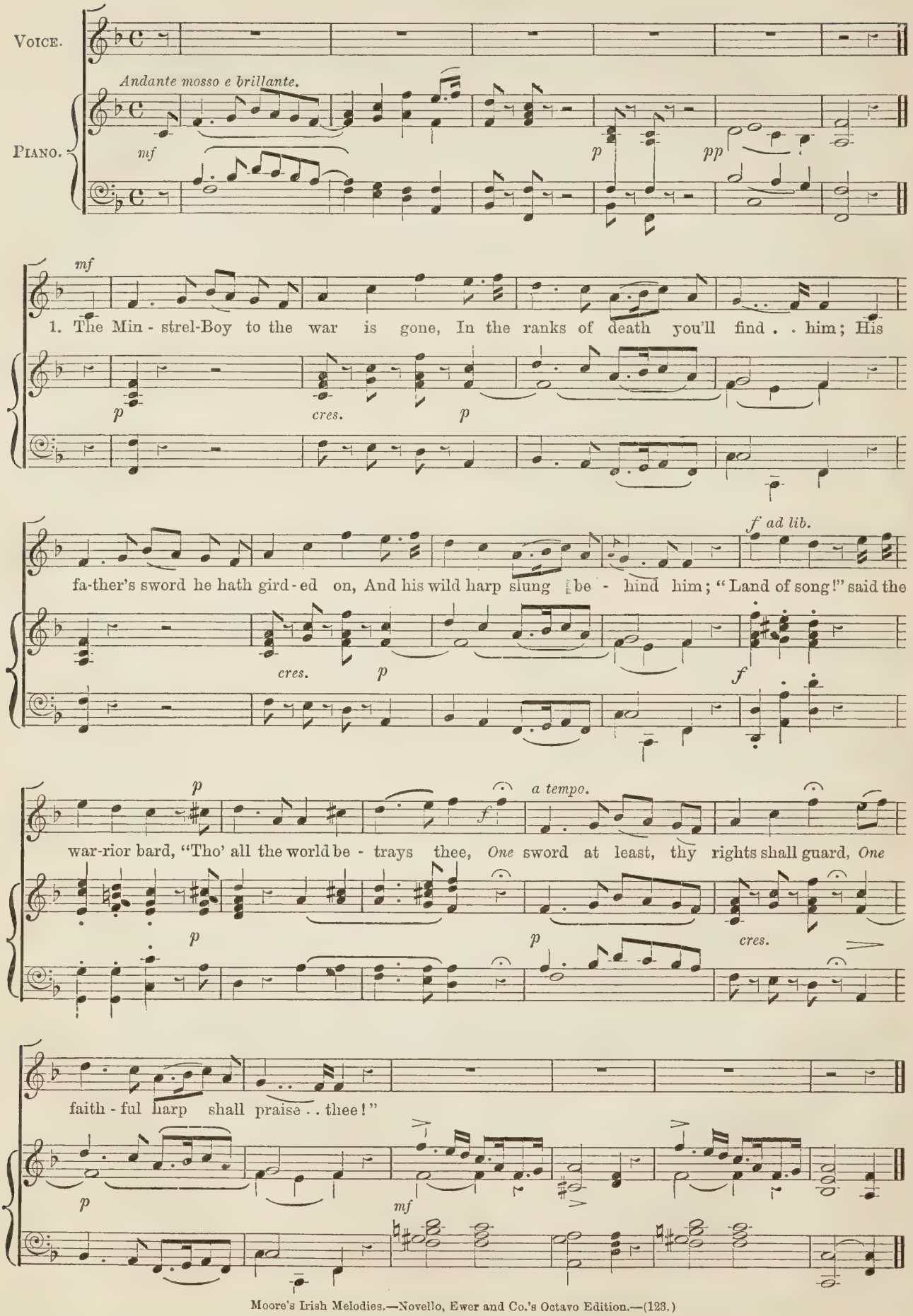
* "Steal silently to Morna's grove."

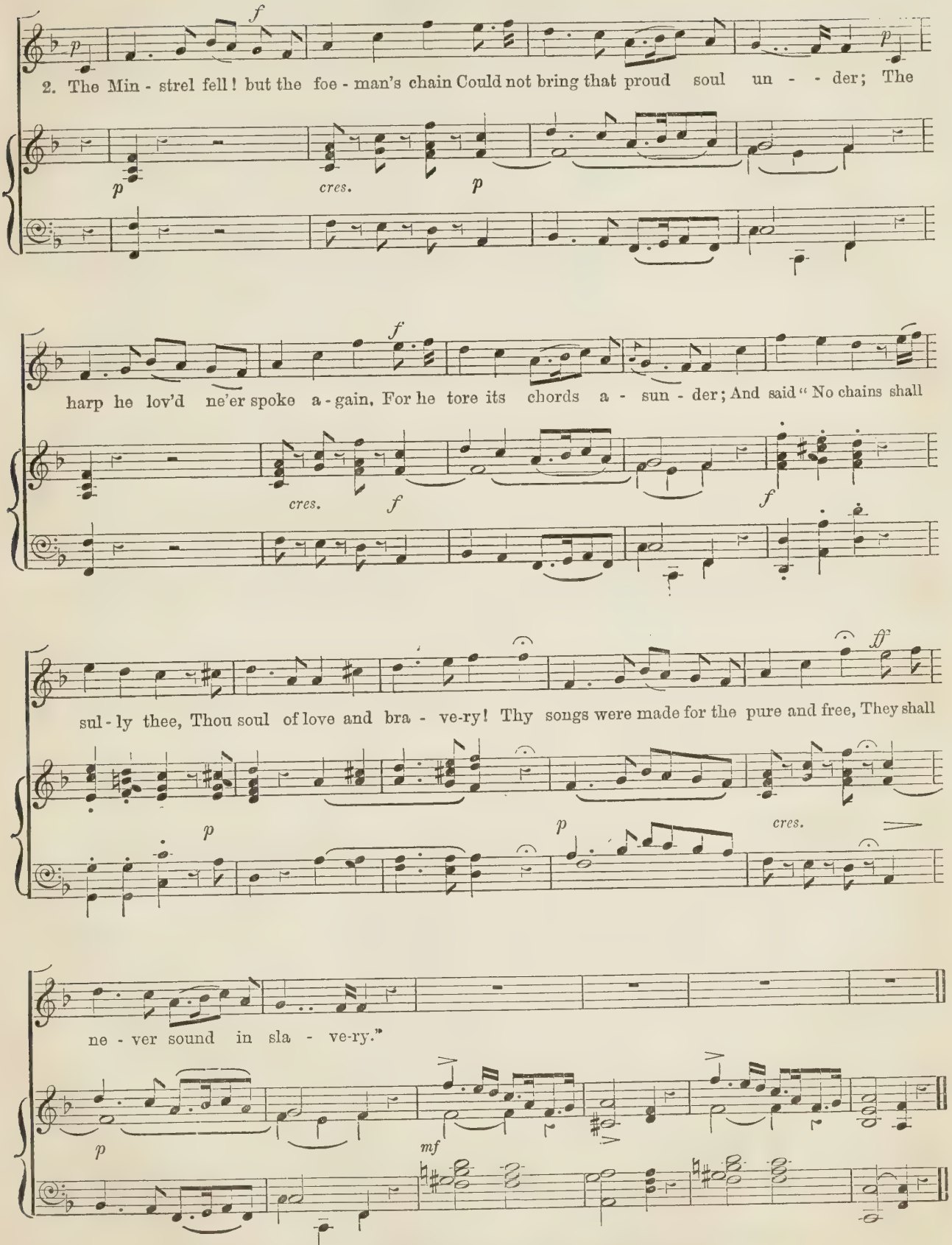

p
cres.
2. Now all the world is sleep-ing, love, But the Sage, his star-watch keep-ing, love, And I, whose star, More
p
ad lib.
mp a tempo.
f
glo-rious far, Is the eye from that case-ment peep-ing, love. Then a-wake, till rise of
p
f
rall.
sun, my dear! the Sa-ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or, in watch-ing the flight Of
rall.
ad lib.
p a tempo.
bo-dies of light, He might happen to take thee for one, my dear!
p tempo.
f

See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by JOHN BROWN, one of my earliest college-companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate, as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

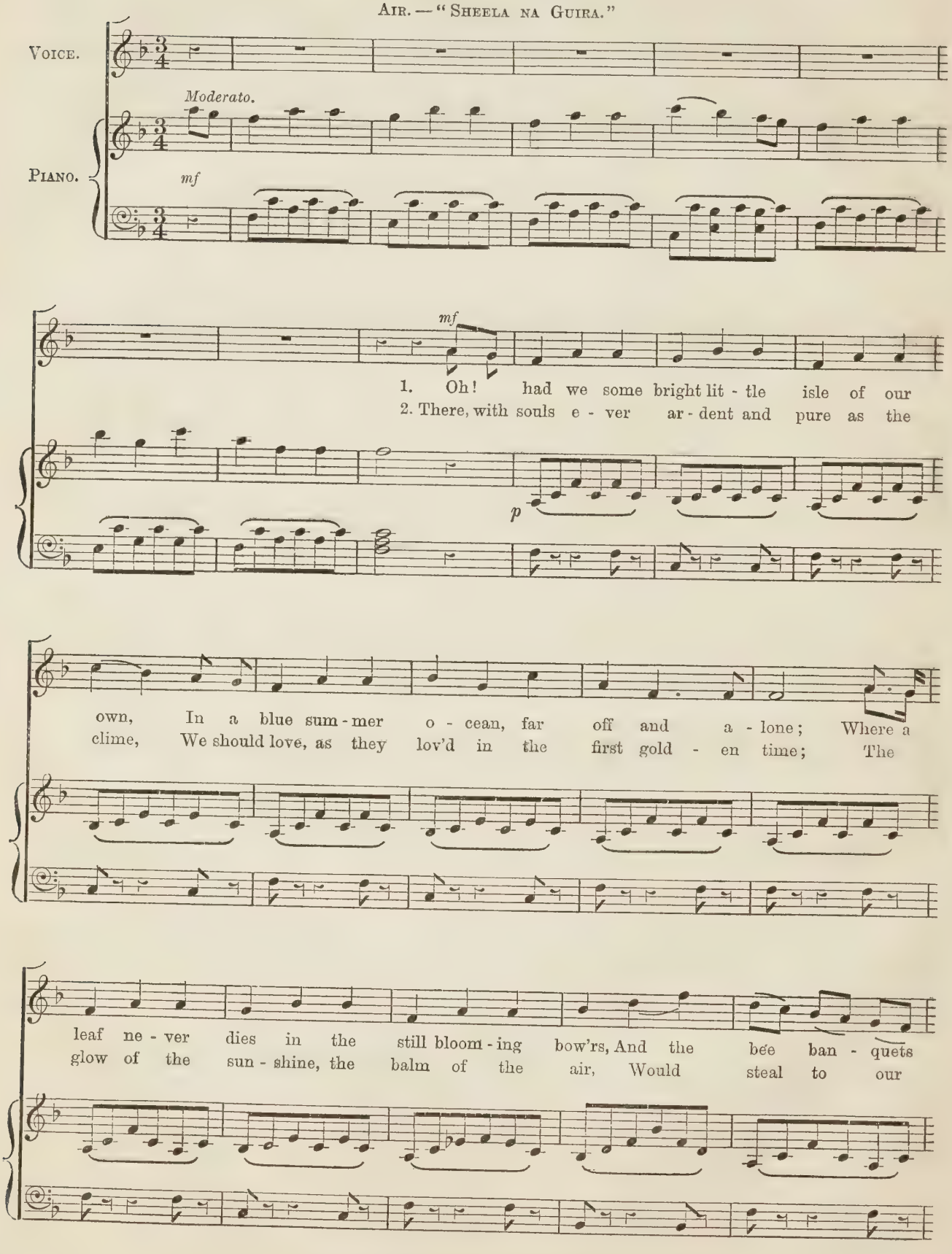
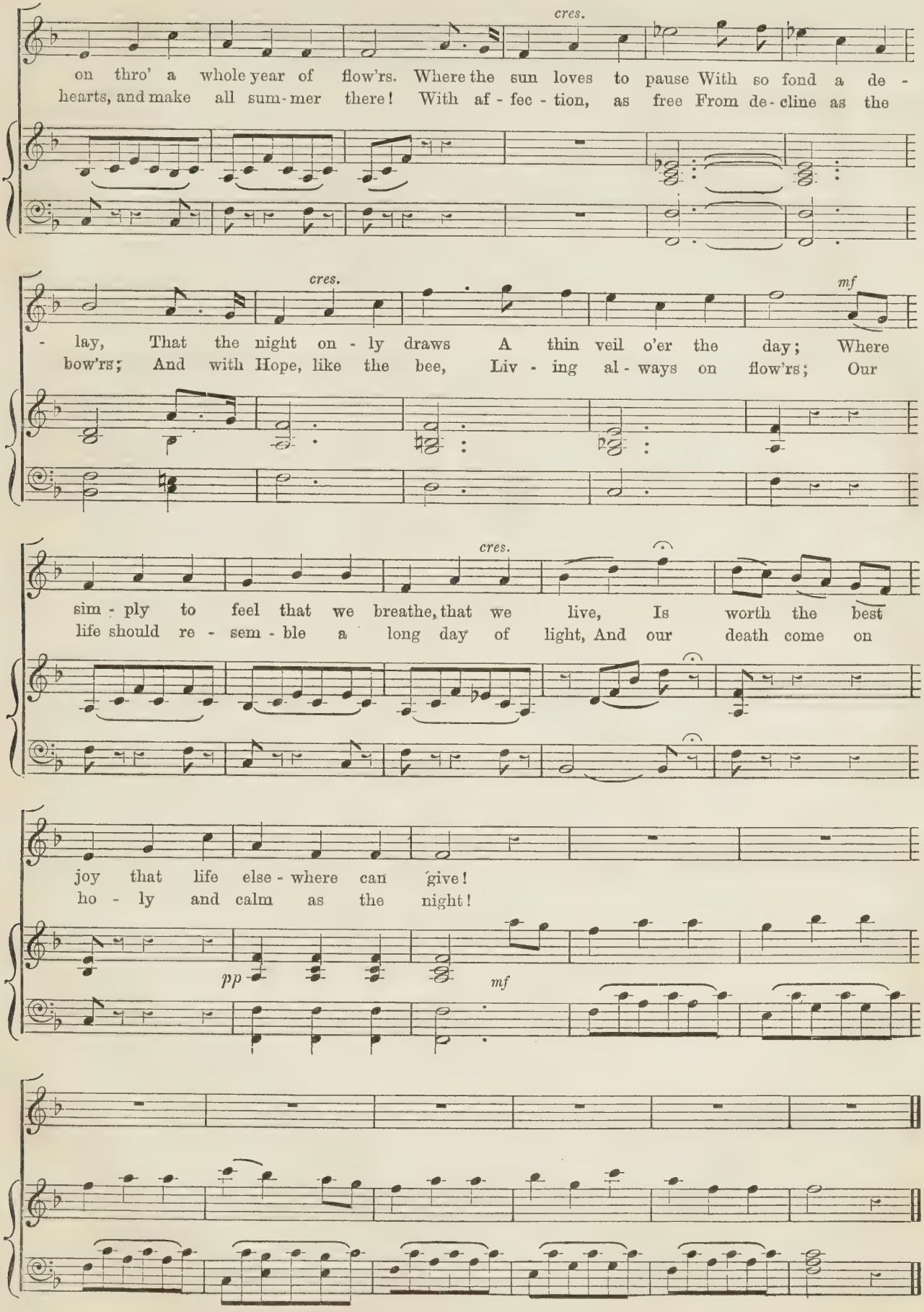
AIR.—"THE MOREEN."




2. The Min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul un - - der; The
harp he lov'd ne'er spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der; And said "No chains shall
sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve-ry! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They shall
ne - ver sound in sla - ve-ry."

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN.

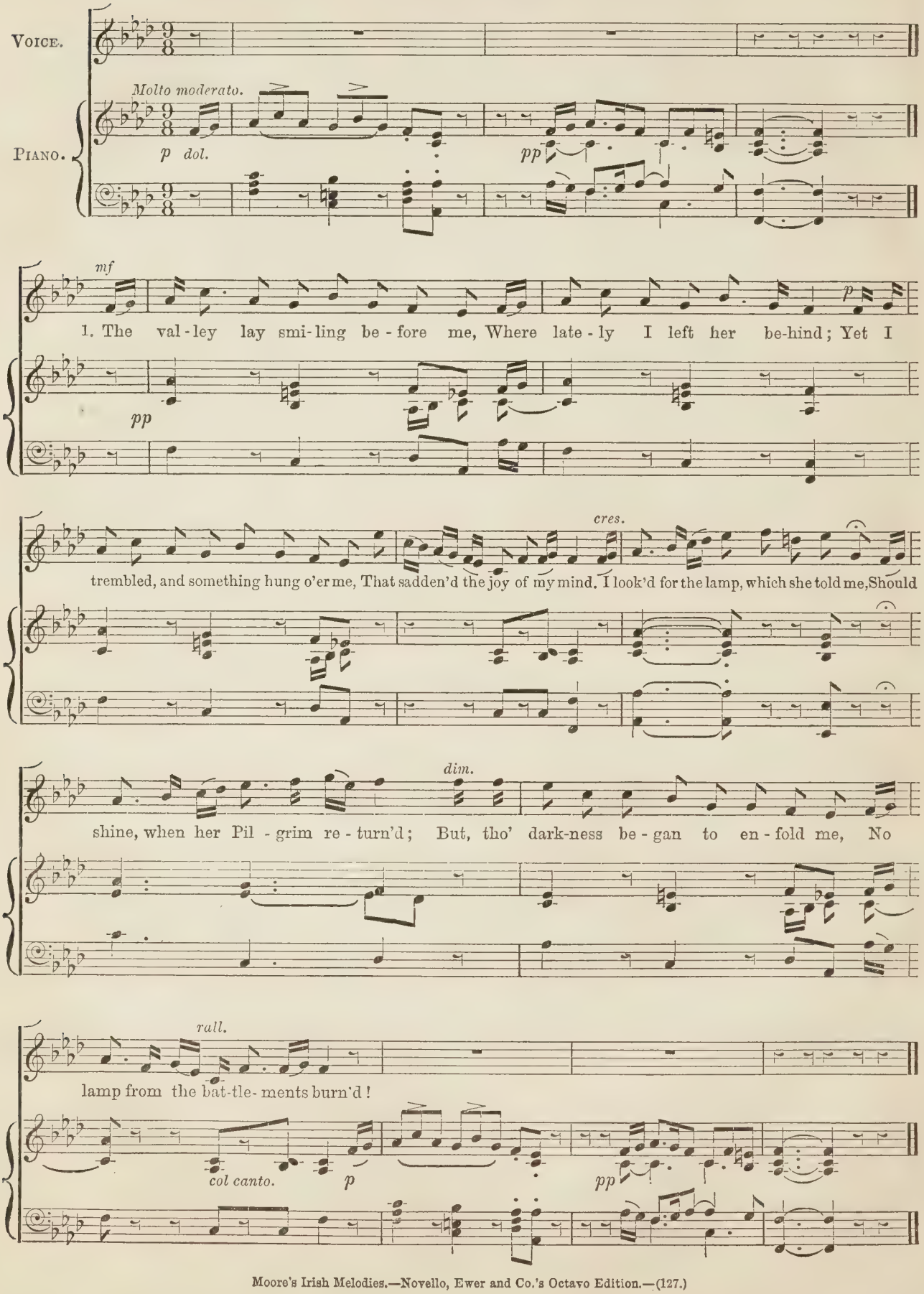
AIR.—"SHEELA NA GUIRA."

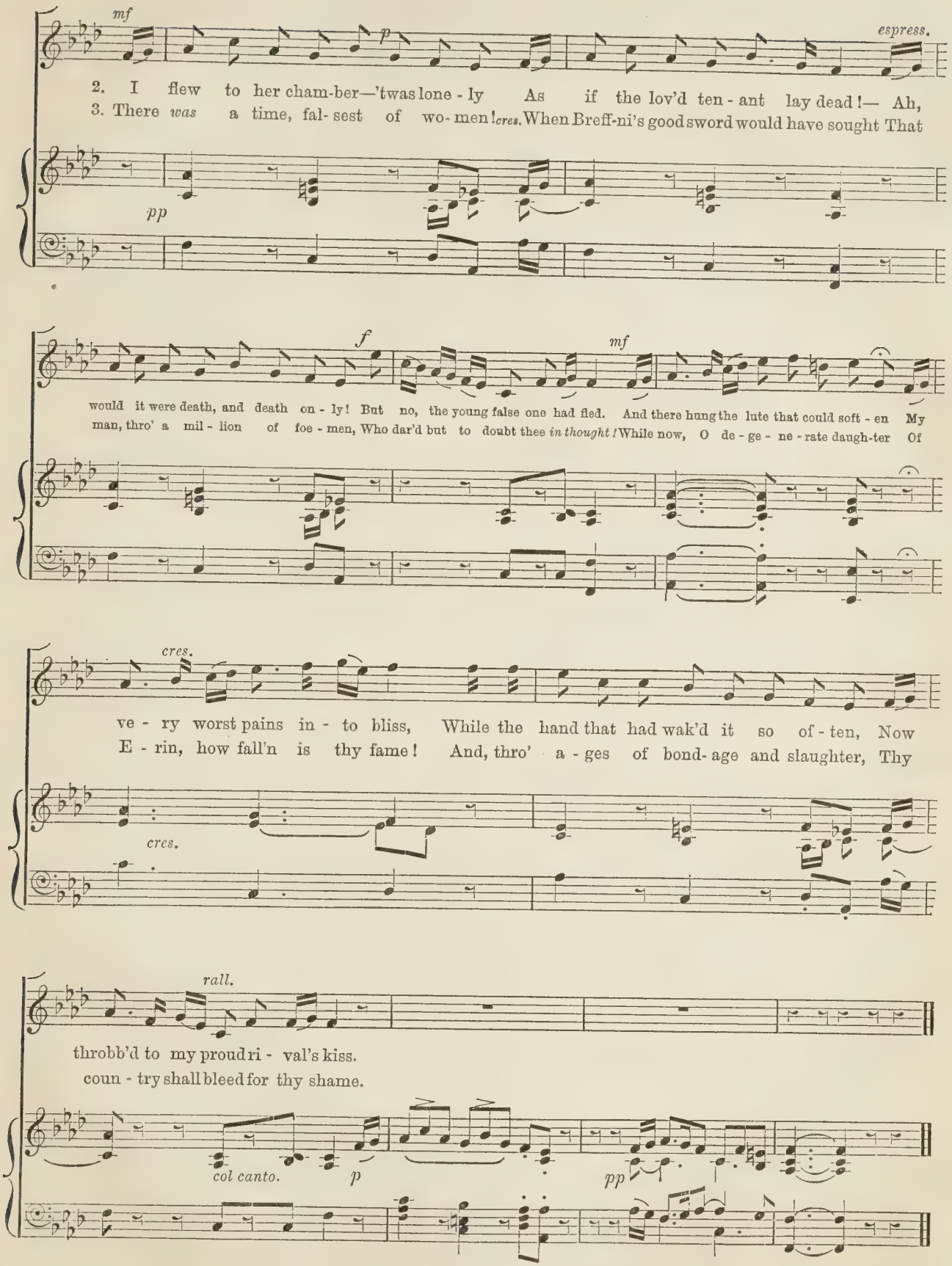

VOICE.
PIANO.
Moderato.
mf
mf
1. Oh! had we some bright lit - tle isle of our
2. There, with souls e - ver ar - dent and pure as the
p
own, In a blue sum - mer o - cean, far off and a - lone; Where a
clime, We should love, as they lov'd in the first gold - en time; The
leaf ne - ver dies in the still bloom - ing bow'rs, And the bee ban - quets
glow of the sun - shine, the balm of the air, Would steal to our

cres.
on thro' a whole year of flow'rs. Where the sun loves to pause With so fond a de -
hearts, and make all sum-mer there! With af - fec - tion, as free From de-cline as the
cres.
mf
- lay, That the night on - ly draws A thin veil o'er the day; Where
bow'rs; And with Hope, like the bee, Liv - ing al - ways on flow'rs; Our
cres.
sim - ply to feel that we breathe, that we live, Is worth the best
life should re - sem - ble a long day of light, And our death come on
joy that life else - where can give!
ho - ly and calm as the night!
pp
mf

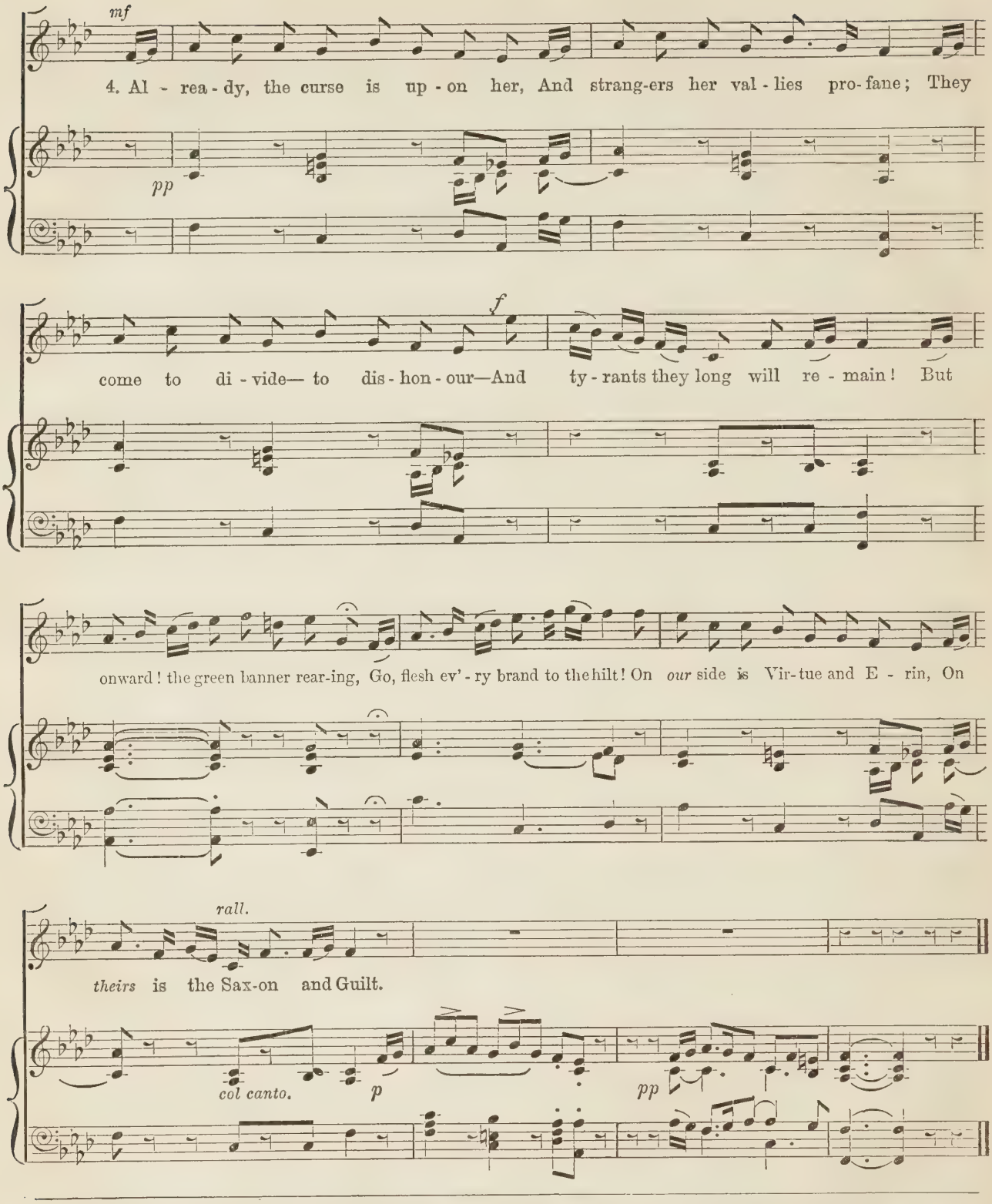
THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.

THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.

AIR.—"THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW."


Voice.
Piano.
Molto moderato.
p dol.
pp
mf
1. The val-ley lay smi-ling be-fore me, Where late-ly I left her be-hind; Yet I
p
pp
cres.
trembled, and something hung o'er me, That sadden'd the joy of my mind. I look'd for the lamp, which she told me, Should
dim.
shine, when her Pil-grim re-turn'd; But, tho' dark-ness be-gan to en-fold me, No
rall.
lamp from the bat-tle-ments burn'd!
col canto.
p
pp


mf
p
espress.
2. I flew to her cham-ber—'twas lone - ly As if the lov'd ten - ant lay dead!— Ah,
3. There was a time, fal- sest of wo- men! cres. When Breff-ni's good sword would have sought That
pp
f
mf
would it were death, and death on - ly! But no, the young false one had fled. And there hung the lute that could soft - en My
man, thro' a mil - lion of foe - men, Who dar'd but to doubt thee in thought! While now, O de - ge - ne - rate daugh-ter Of
cres.
ve - ry worst pains in - to bliss, While the hand that had wak'd it so of - ten, Now
E - rin, how fall'n is thy fame! And, thro' a - ges of bond- age and slaughter, Thy
cres.
rall.
throbb'd to my proud ri - val's kiss.
coun - try shall bleed for thy shame.
col canto.
p
pp

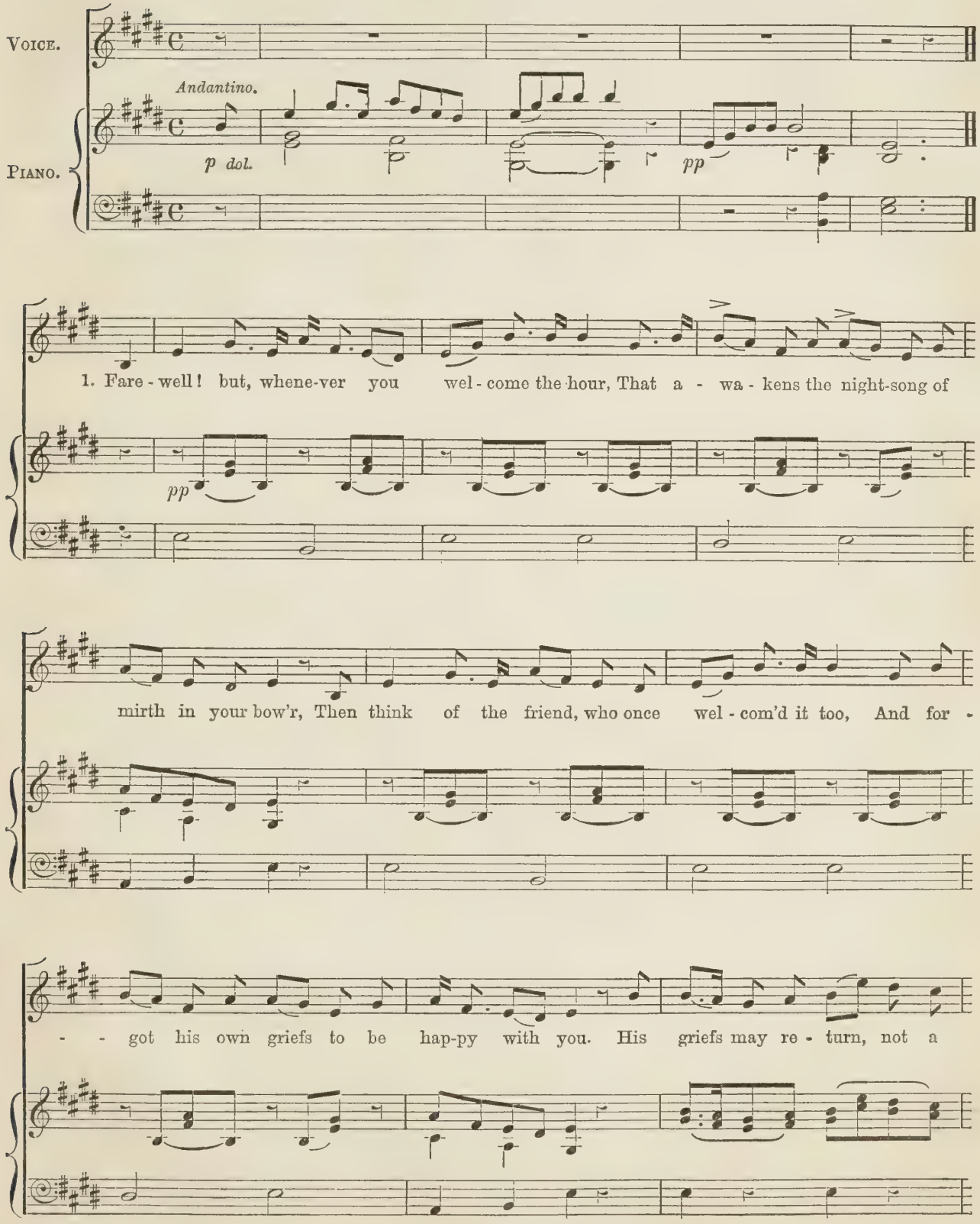

mf
4. Al - rea - dy, the curse is up - on her, And strang-ers her val - lies pro-fane; They
pp
f
come to di - vide— to dis - hon - our—And ty - rants they long will re - main! But
onward! the green banner rear-ing, Go, flesh ev' - ry brand to the hilt! On *our* side is Vir-tue and E - rin, On
rall.
theirs is the Sax-on and Guilt.
col canto.
p
pp

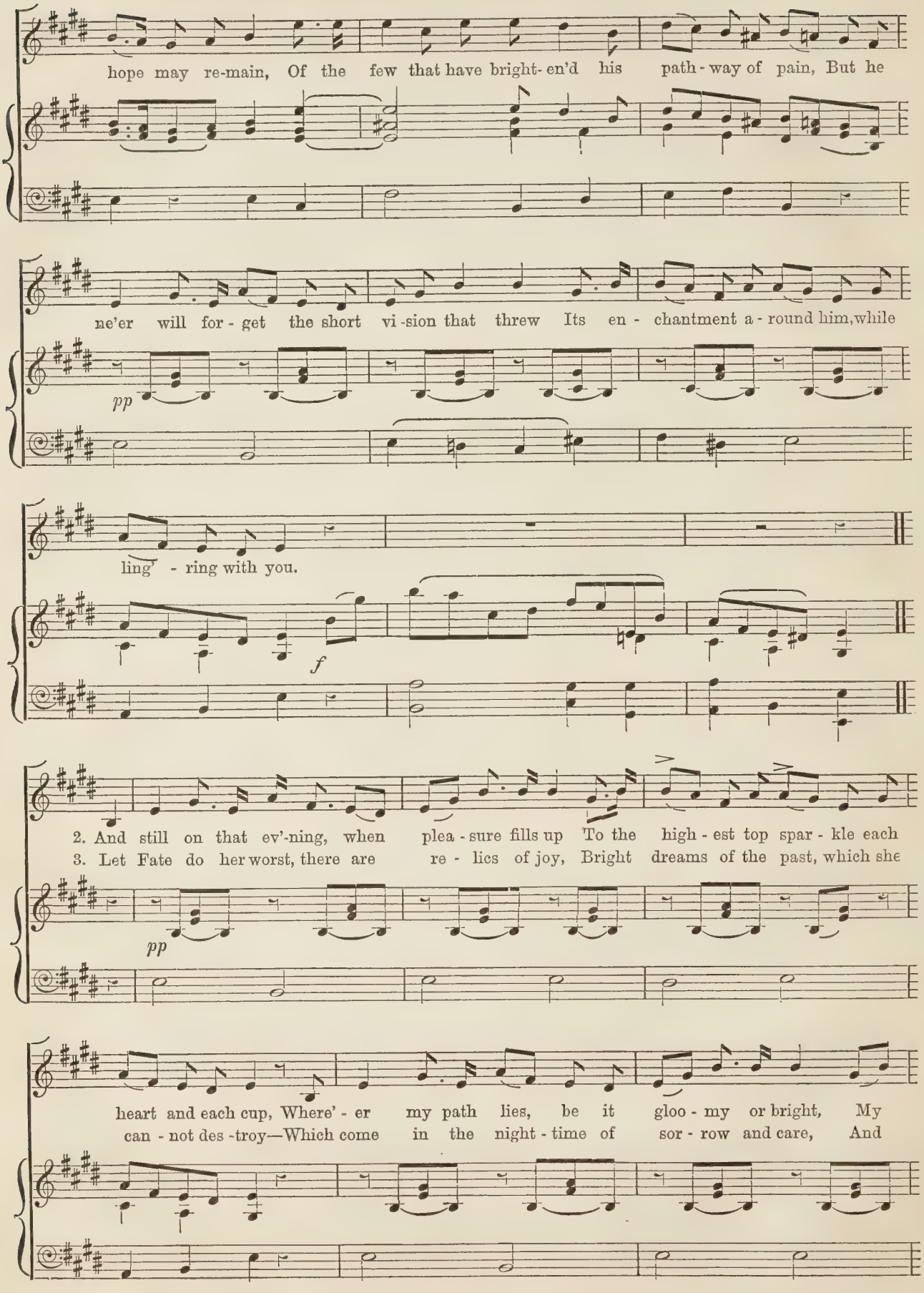
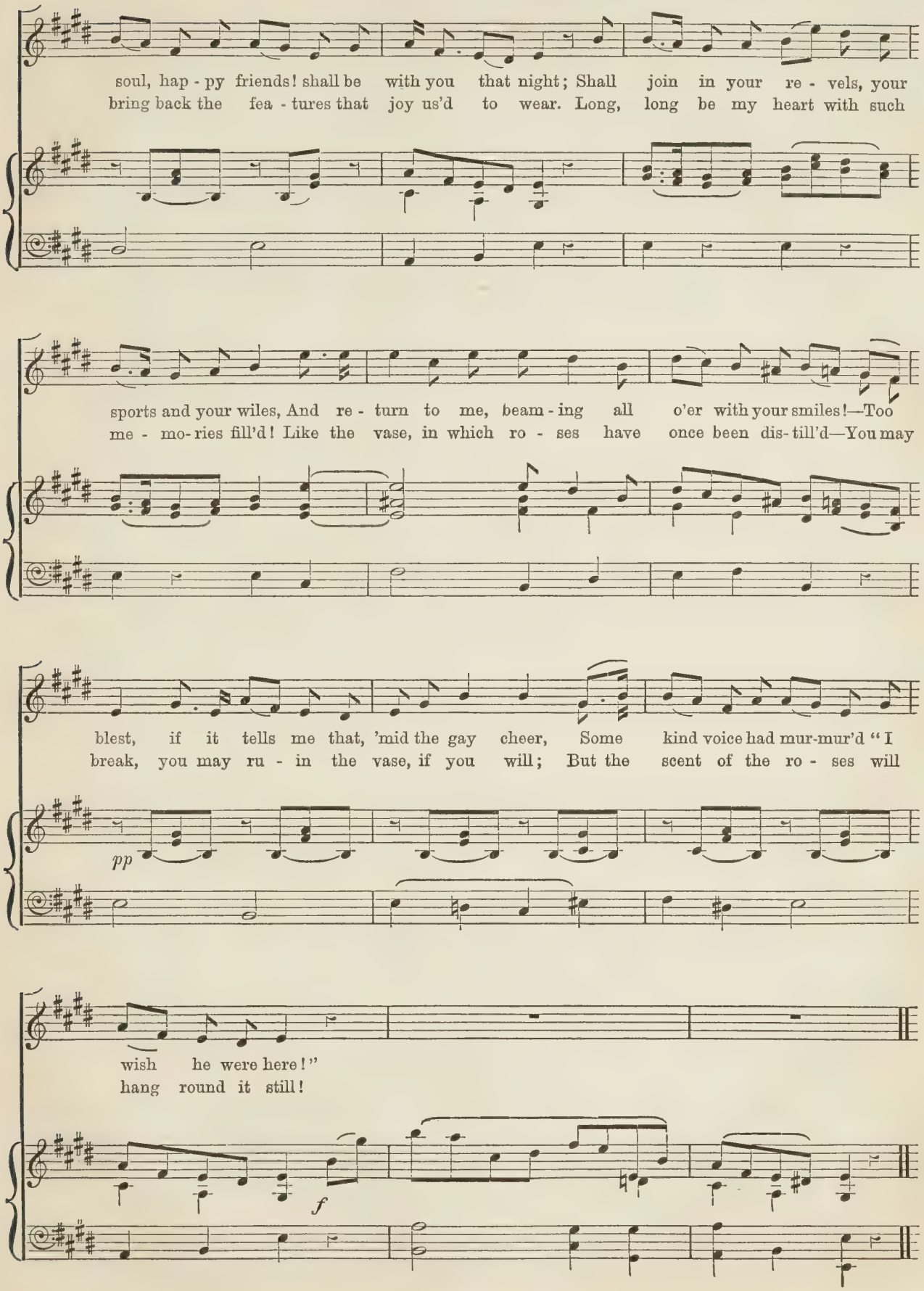
These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet could it not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."

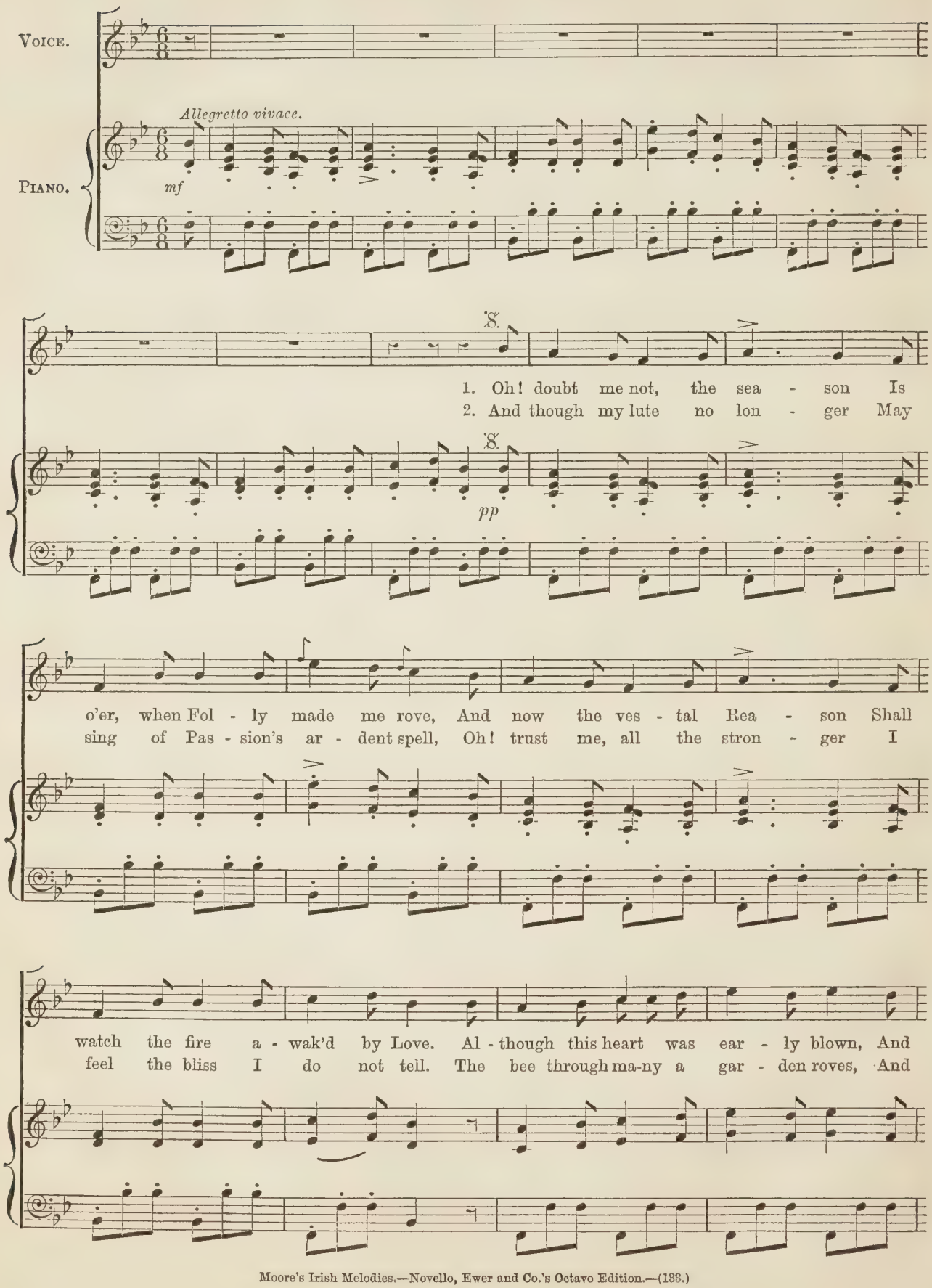
FAREWELL! BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

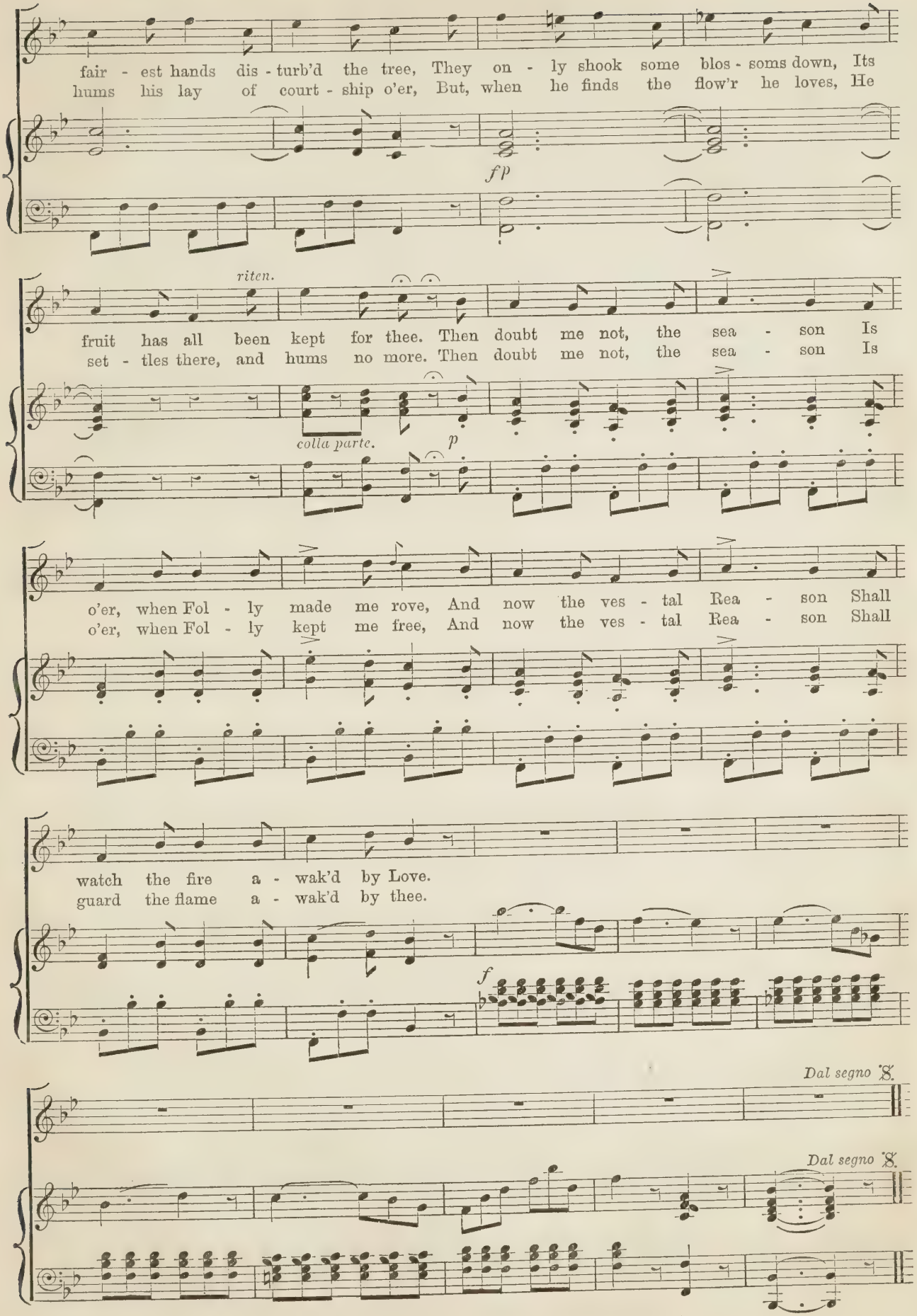
AIR.—"MOLL ROONE."


VOICE.
PIANO.
Andantino.
p dol.
pp
1. Fare - well! but, whene-ver you wel - come the hour, That a - wa - kens the night-song of
pp
mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend, who once wel - com'd it too, And for -
- got his own griefs to be hap-py with you. His griefs may re - turn, not a


hope may re-main, Of the few that have bright-en'd his path-way of pain, But he
ne'er will for-get the short vi-sion that threw Its en-chantment a-round him, while
pp
ling-ring with you.
f
2. And still on that ev'-ning, when plea-sure fills up To the high-est top spar-kle each
3. Let Fate do her worst, there are re-lics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she
pp
heart and each cup, Where'-er my path lies, be it gloo-my or bright, My
can-not des-troy—Which come in the night-time of sor-row and care, And

soul, hap - py friends! shall be with you that night; Shall join in your re - vels, your
bring back the fea - tures that joy us'd to wear. Long, long be my heart with such
sports and your wiles, And re - turn to me, beam - ing all o'er with your smiles!—Too
me - mo-ries fill'd! Like the vase, in which ro - ses have once been dis-till'd—You may
blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had mur-mur'd "I
break, you may ru - in the vase, if you will; But the scent of the ro - ses will
pp
wish he were here!"
hang round it still!
f

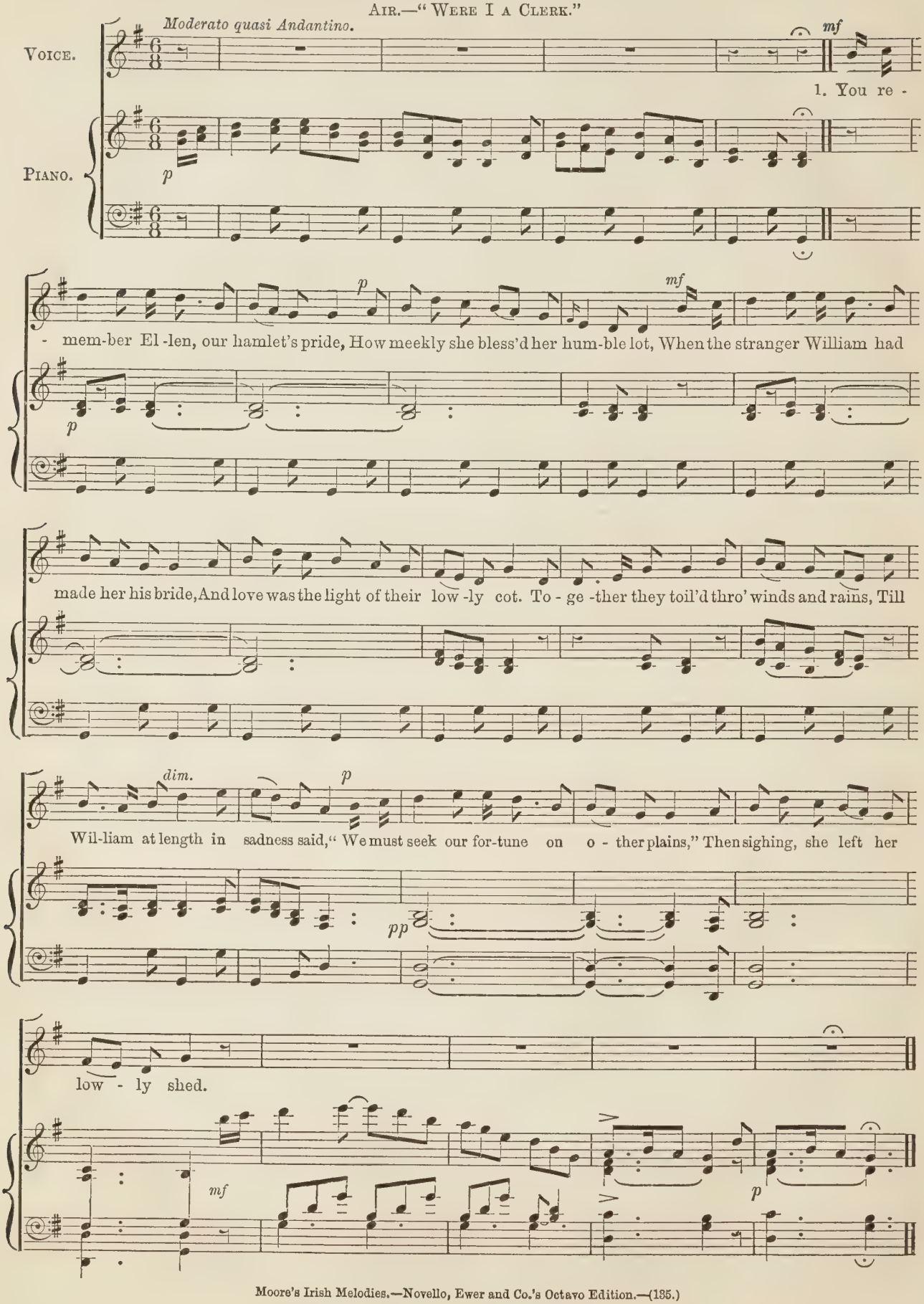
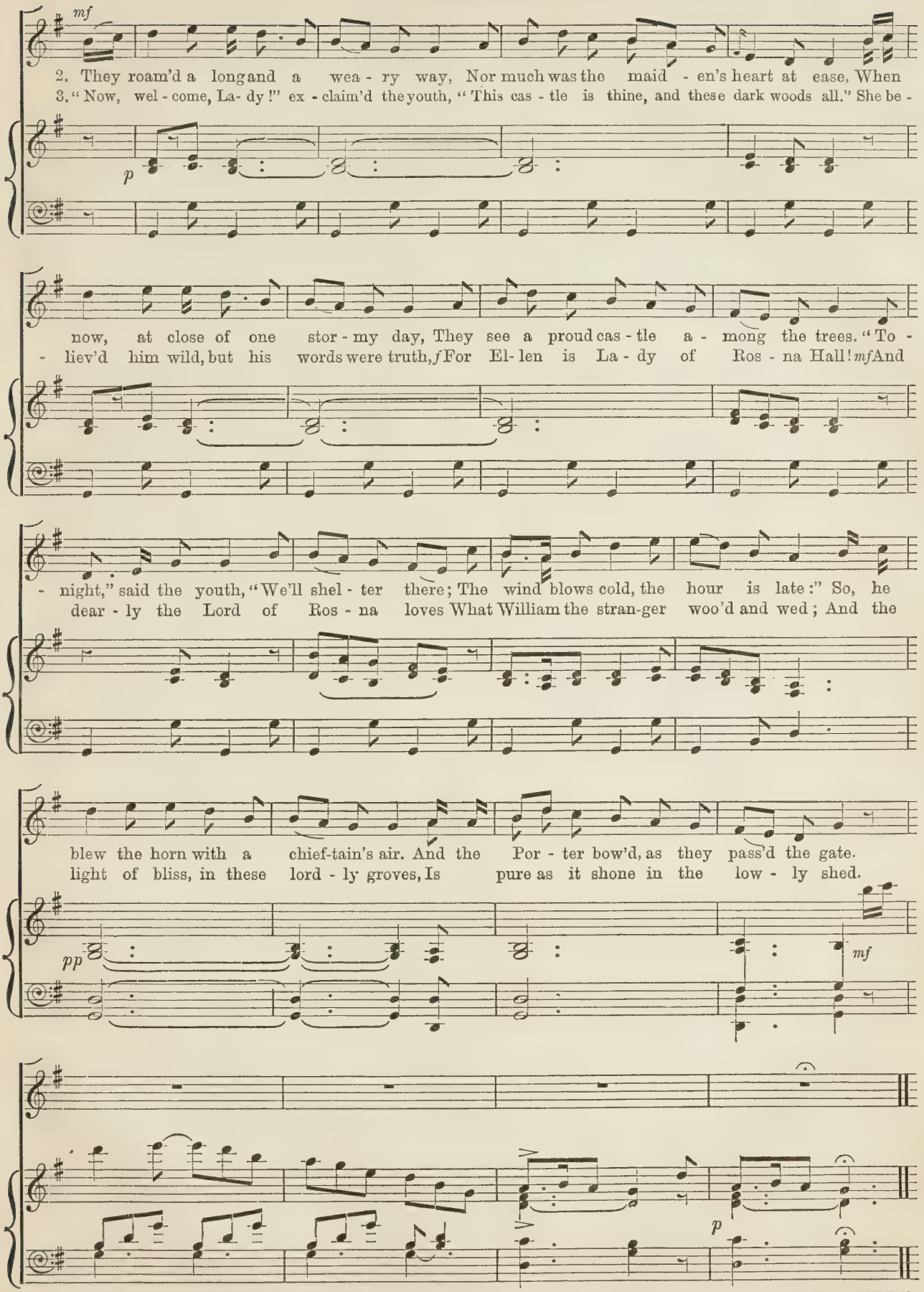
OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

AIR.—"YELLOW WAT AND THE FOX."

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto vivace.
mf
S.
1. Oh! doubt me not, the sea - son Is
2. And though my lute no lon - ger May
S.
pp
o'er, when Fol - ly made me rove, And now the ves - tal Rea - son Shall
sing of Pas - sion's ar - dent spell, Oh! trust me, all the stron - ger I
watch the fire a - wak'd by Love. Al - though this heart was ear - ly blown, And
feel the bliss I do not tell. The bee through ma-ny a gar - den roves, And


fair - est hands dis - turb'd the tree, They on - ly shook some blos - soms down, Its
hums his lay of court - ship o'er, But, when he finds the flow'r he loves, He
fp
riten.
fruit has all been kept for thee. Then doubt me not, the sea - son Is
set - tles there, and hums no more. Then doubt me not, the sea - son Is
colla parte.
p
o'er, when Fol - ly made me rove, And now the ves - tal Rea - son Shall
o'er, when Fol - ly kept me free, And now the ves - tal Rea - son Shall
watch the fire a - wak'd by Love.
guard the flame a - wak'd by thee.
f
Dal segno 𝄋.
Dal segno 𝄋.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.

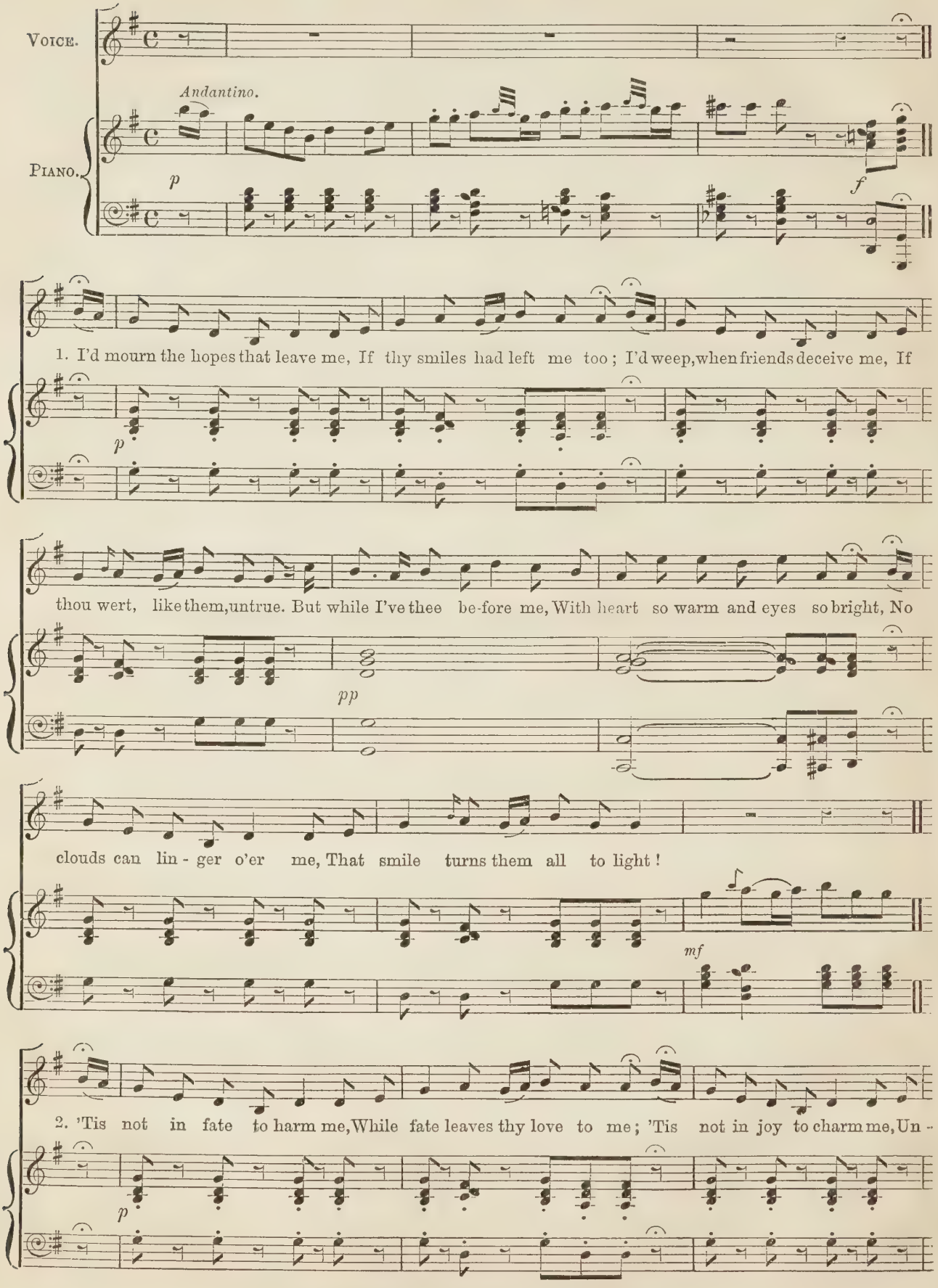
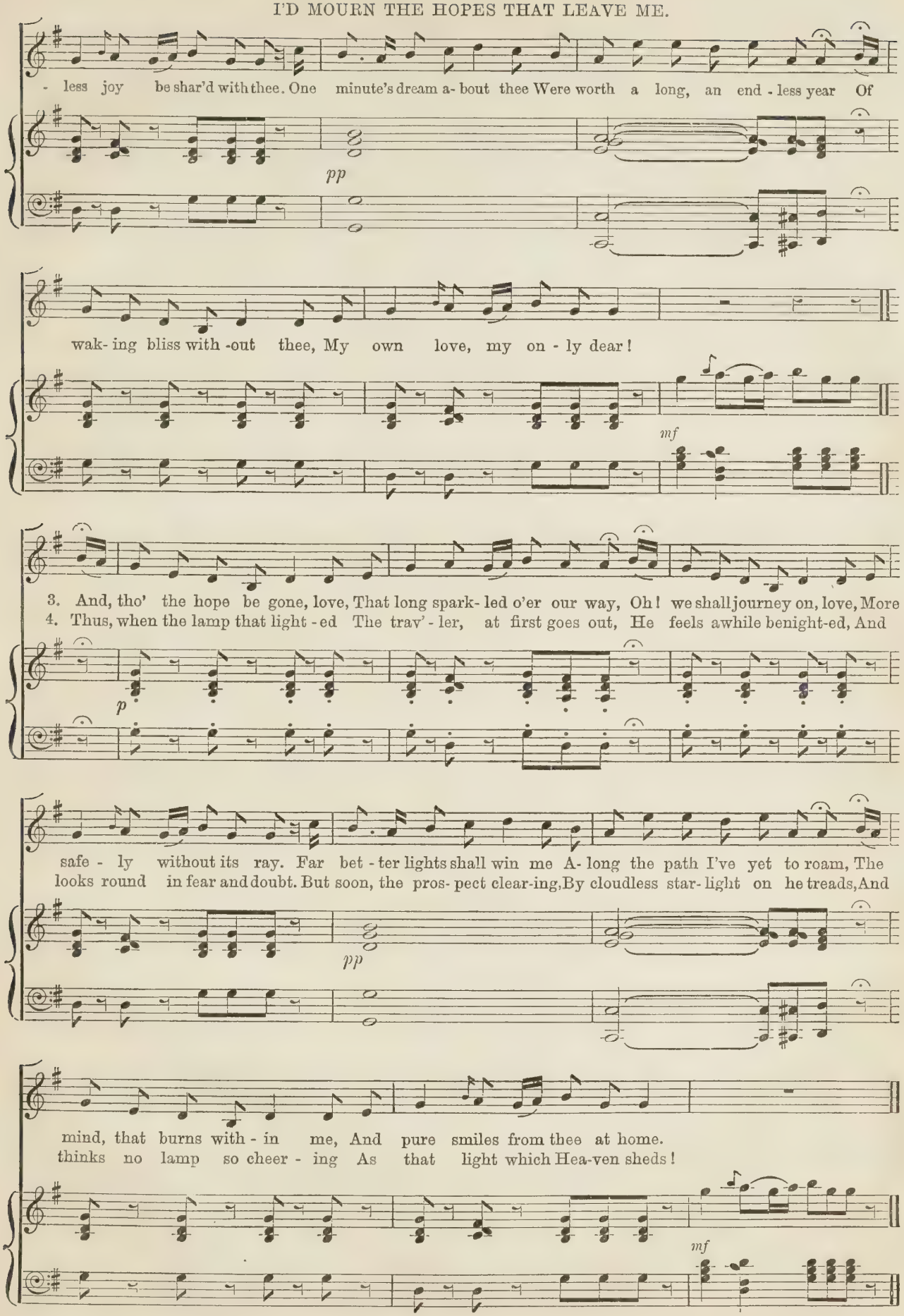
AIR.—"WERE I A CLERK."


Moderato quasi Andantino.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. You re -
p
- mem-ber El -len, our hamlet's pride, How meekly she bless'd her hum-ble lot, When the stranger William had
made her his bride, And love was the light of their low -ly cot. To - ge -ther they toil'd thro' winds and rains, Till
dim.
Wil-liam at length in sadness said, "We must seek our for-tune on o - ther plains," Then sighing, she left her
pp
low - ly shed.

mf
2. They roam'd a long and a wea - ry way, Nor much was the maid - en's heart at ease, When
3. "Now, wel - come, La- dy!" ex - claim'd the youth, "This cas - tle is thine, and these dark woods all." She be -
p
now, at close of one stor - my day, They see a proud cas - tle a - mong the trees. "To -
- liev'd him wild, but his words were truth, f For El- len is La - dy of Ros - na Hall! mf And
- night," said the youth, "We'll shel - ter there; The wind blows cold, the hour is late:" So, he
dear - ly the Lord of Ros - na loves What William the stran-ger woo'd and wed; And the
blew the horn with a chief-tain's air. And the Por - ter bow'd, as they pass'd the gate.
light of bliss, in these lord - ly groves, Is pure as it shone in the low - ly shed.
pp
mf
p

This Ballad was suggested by a well known and interesting story, told of a certain Noble Family in England.

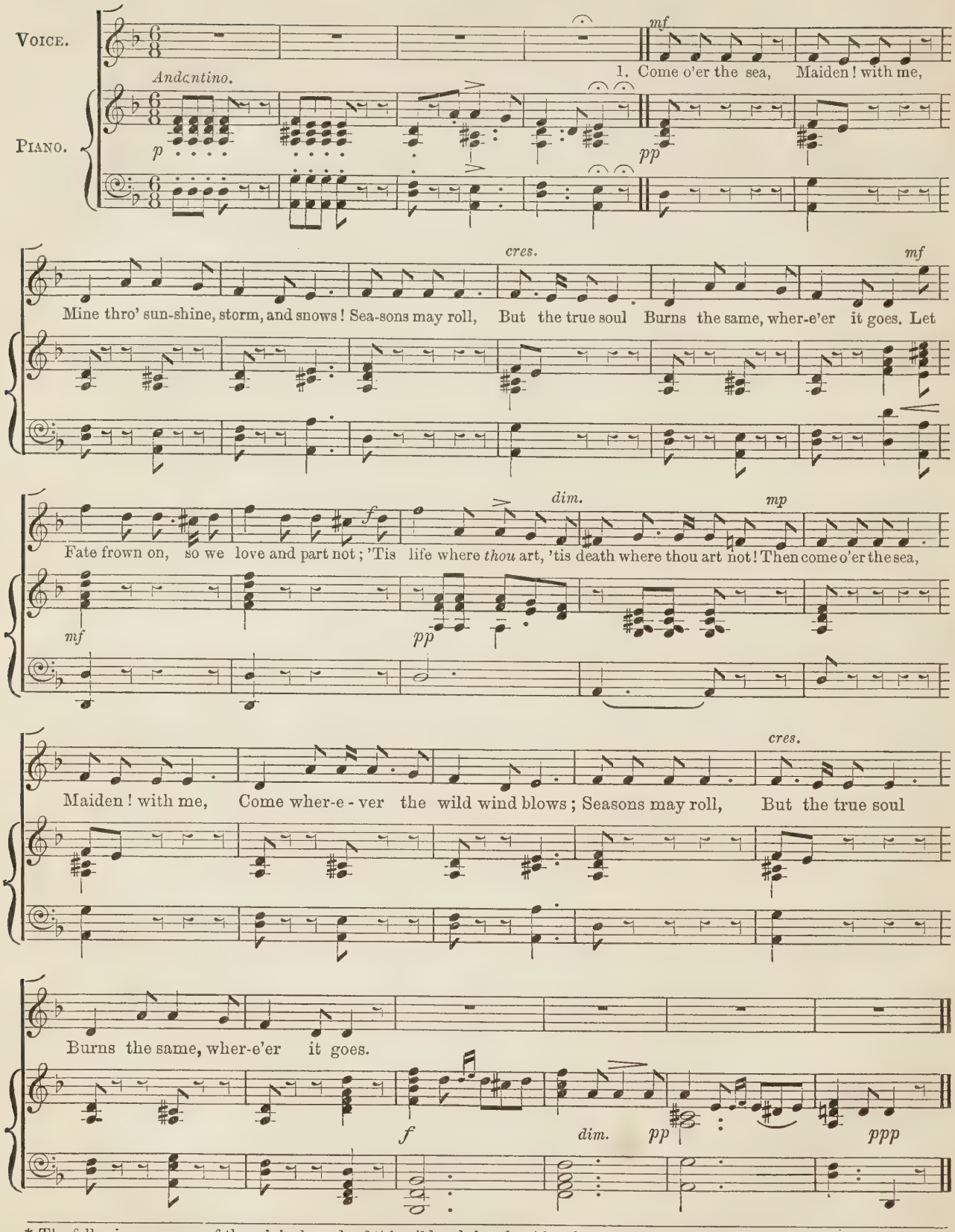
I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

AIR.—"THE ROSE TREE."


Voice.
Andantino.
Piano.
p
f
1. I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If thy smiles had left me too; I'd weep, when friends deceive me, If
p
thou wert, like them, untrue. But while I've thee be-fore me, With heart so warm and eyes so bright, No
pp
clouds can lin - ger o'er me, That smile turns them all to light!
mf
2. 'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis not in joy to charm me, Un -
p

- less joy be shar'd with thee. One minute's dream a- bout thee Were worth a long, an end - less year Of
pp
wak- ing bliss with -out thee, My own love, my on - ly dear!
mf
3. And, tho' the hope be gone, love, That long spark- led o'er our way, Oh! we shall journey on, love, More
4. Thus, when the lamp that light - ed The trav' - ler, at first goes out, He feels awhile benight-ed, And
p
safe - ly without its ray. Far bet - ter lights shall win me A- long the path I've yet to roam, The
looks round in fear and doubt. But soon, the pros- pect clear-ing, By cloudless star- light on he treads, And
pp
mind, that burns with - in me, And pure smiles from thee at home.
thinks no lamp so cheer - ing As that light which Hea-ven sheds!
mf

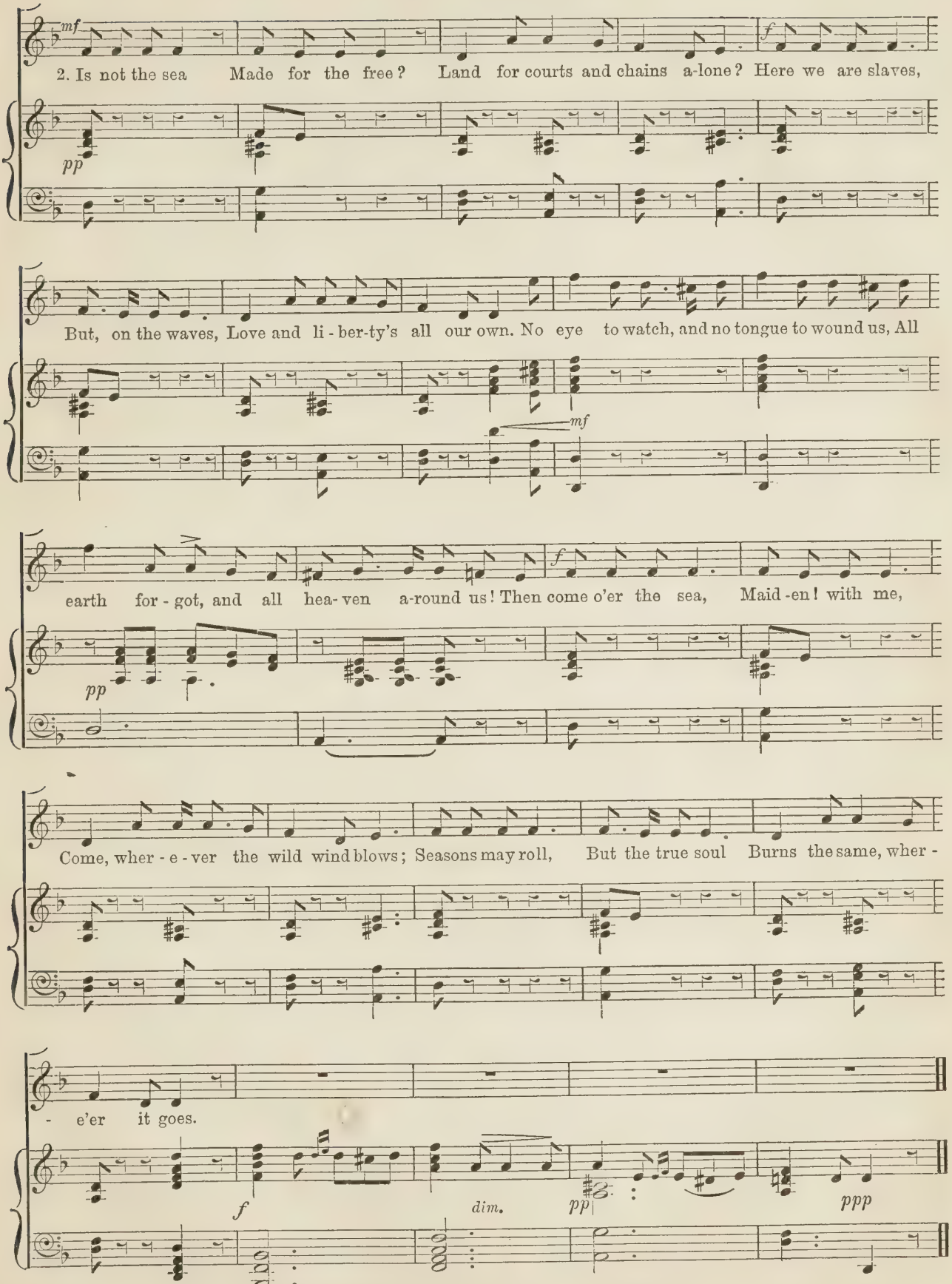
COME O'ER THE SEA.

AIR.—"CUISHLIH MA CHREE."*


VOICE.
PIANO.
Andantino.
mf
1. Come o'er the sea, Maiden! with me,
p
pp
cres.
mf
Mine thro' sun-shine, storm, and snows! Sea-sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher-e'er it goes. Let
f
dim.
mp
Fate frown on, so we love and part not; 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not! Then come o'er the sea,
mf
pp
cres.
Maiden! with me, Come wher-e-ver the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul
Burns the same, wher-e'er it goes.
f
dim.
pp
ppp

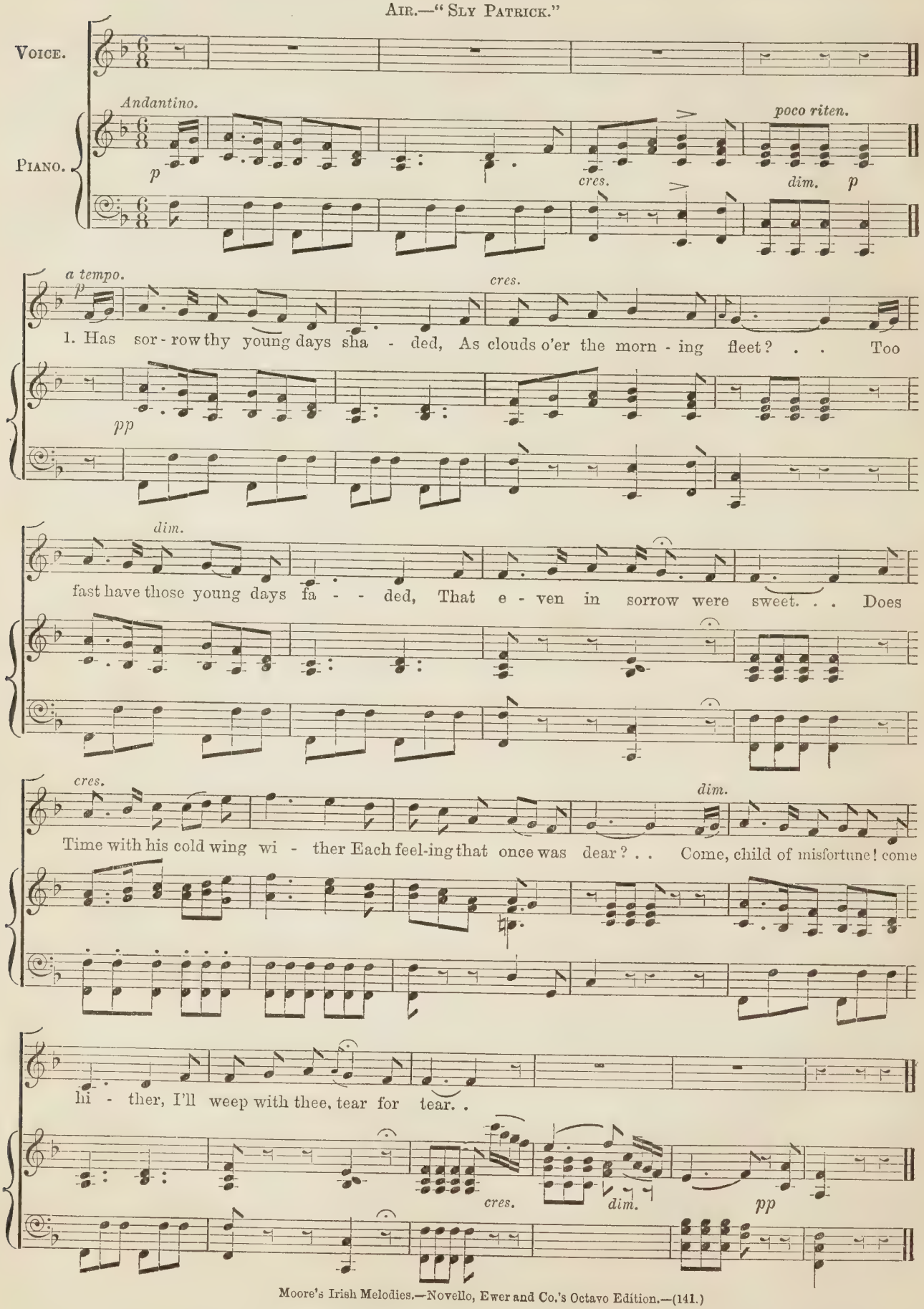
* The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular Air; they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances:—

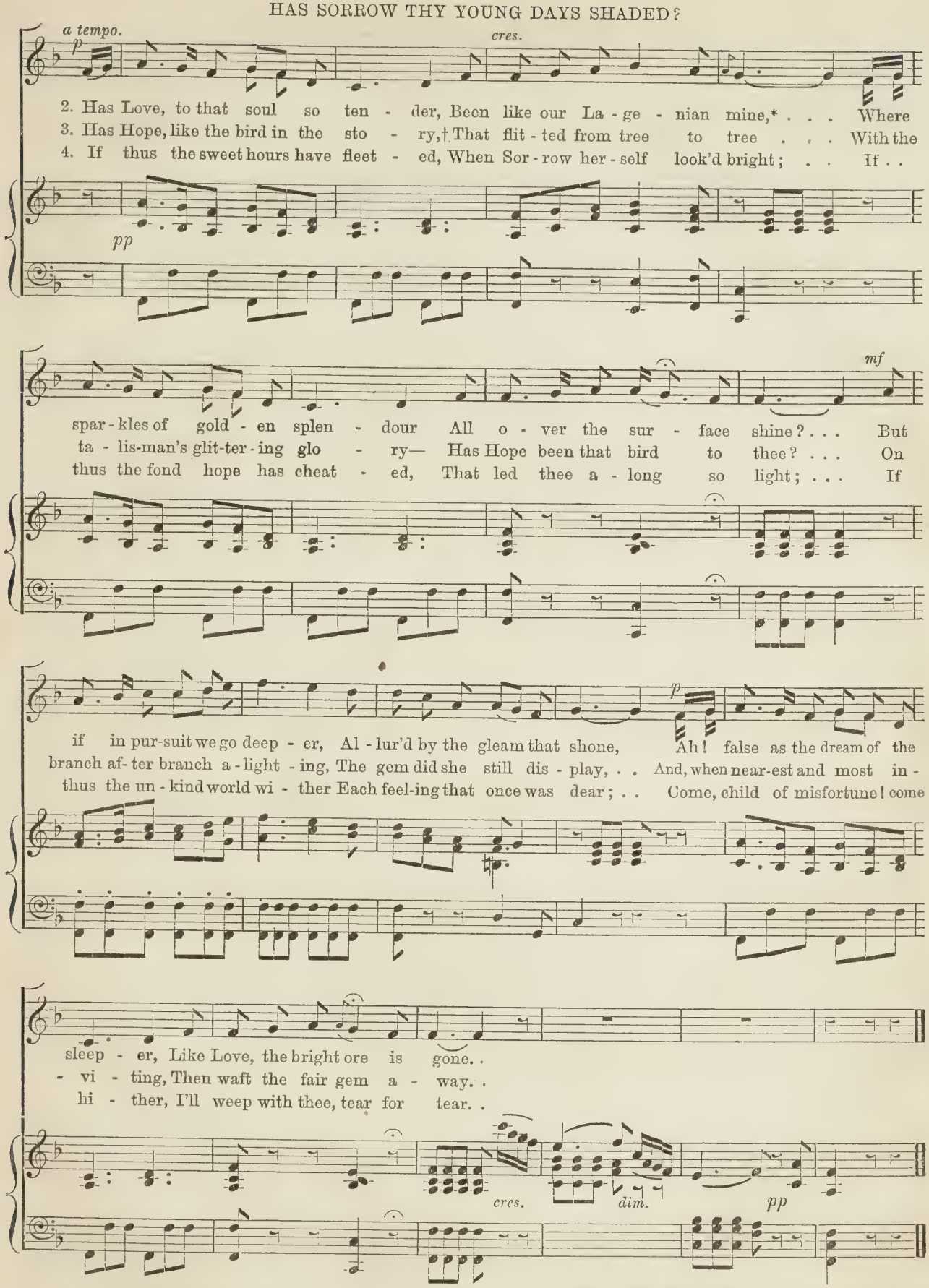
Cuishlih ma chree,
Did you but see
How, the rogue, he did serve me;—*Bis.*
He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter!
O Cuishlih ma chree! &c.


mf
2. Is not the sea Made for the free? Land for courts and chains a-lone? Here we are slaves,
pp
But, on the waves, Love and li-ber-ty's all our own. No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All
mf
f
earth for-got, and all hea-ven a-round us! Then come o'er the sea, Maid-en! with me,
pp
Come, wher-e-ver the wild wind blows; Seasons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher-
- e'er it goes.
f
dim.
pp
ppp

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

AIR.—"SLY PATRICK."

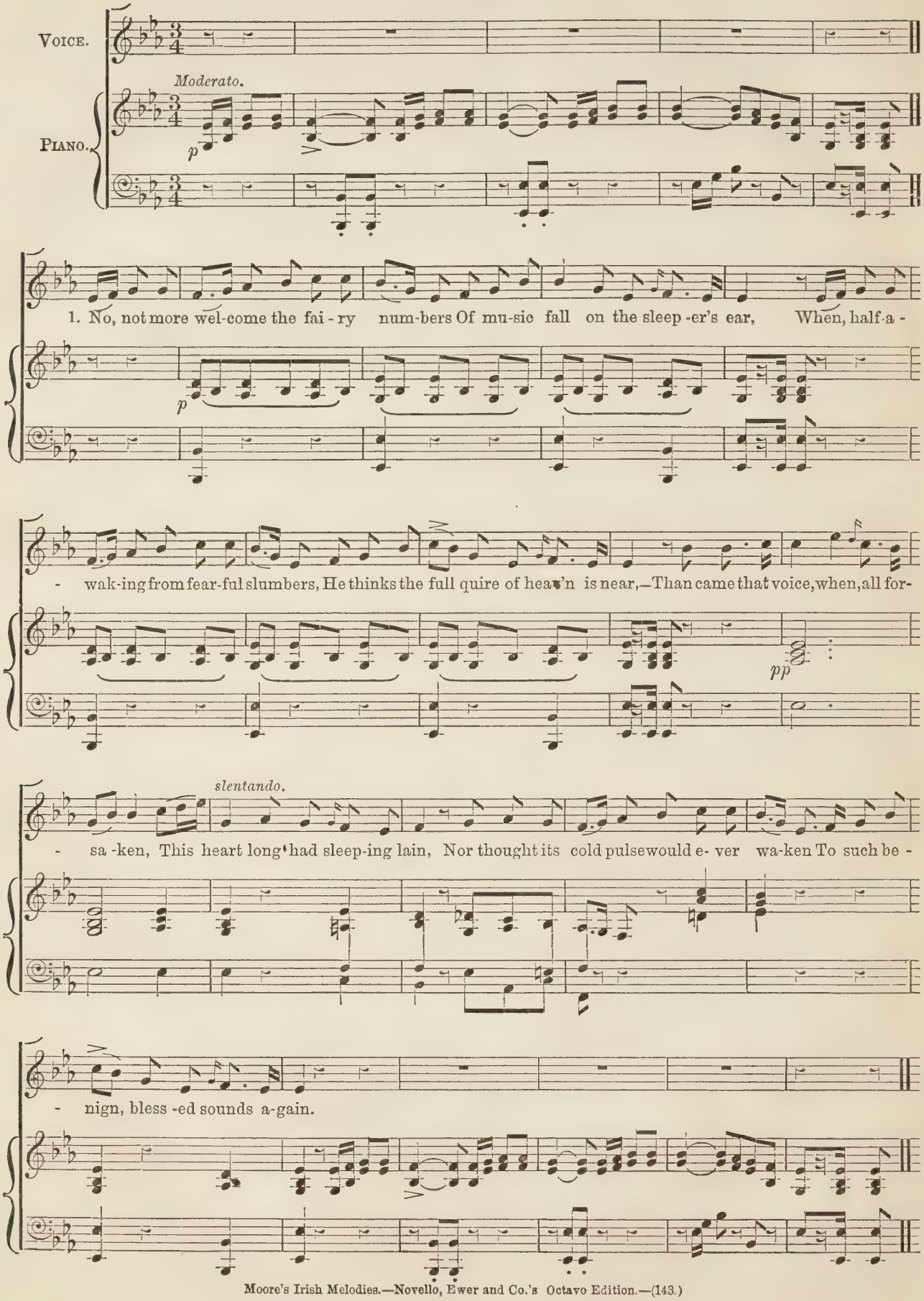

VOICE.
PIANO.
Andantino.
poco riten.
cres.
dim.
a tempo.
1. Has sor - row thy young days sha - ded, As clouds o'er the morn - ing fleet? . . Too
fast have those young days fa - - ded, That e - ven in sorrow were sweet. . . Does
Time with his cold wing wi - ther Each feel-ing that once was dear? . . Come, child of misfortune! come
hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear. .

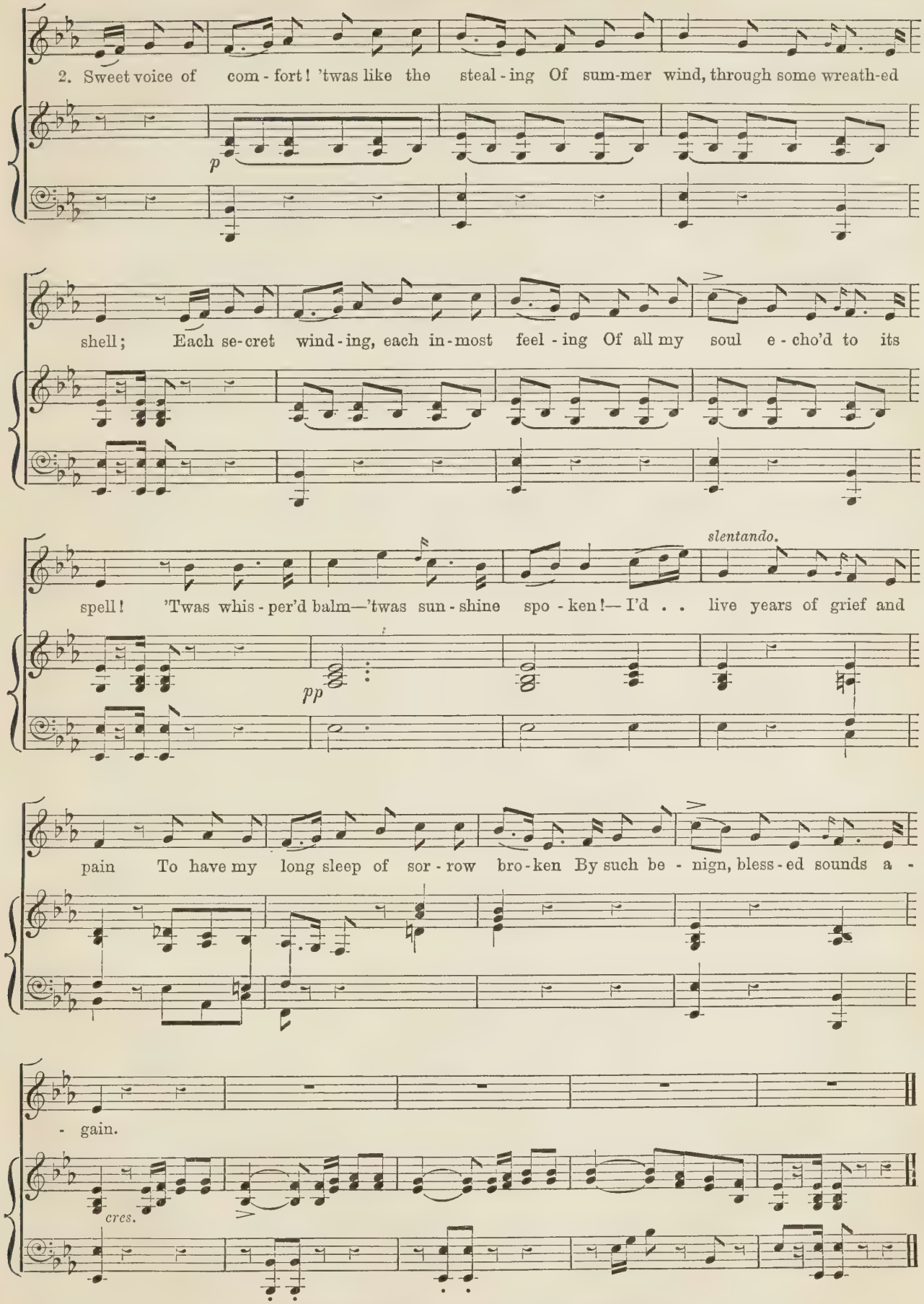

a tempo.
p
cres.
2. Has Love, to that soul so ten - der, Been like our La - ge - nian mine,* . . . Where
3. Has Hope, like the bird in the sto - ry,† That flit - ted from tree to tree . . . With the
4. If thus the sweet hours have fleet - ed, When Sor - row her - self look'd bright; . . If . .
pp
mf
spar - kles of gold - en splen - dour All o - ver the sur - face shine? . . . But
ta - lis-man's glit-ter - ing glo - ry— Has Hope been that bird to thee? . . . On
thus the fond hope has cheat - ed, That led thee a - long so light; . . . If
p
if in pur-suit we go deep - er, Al - lur'd by the gleam that shone, Ah! false as the dream of the
branch af- ter branch a - light - ing, The gem did she still dis - play, . . And, when near-est and most in -
thus the un - kind world wi - ther Each feel-ing that once was dear; . . Come, child of misfortune! come
sleep - er, Like Love, the bright ore is gone. .
- vi - ting, Then waft the fair gem a - way. .
hi - ther, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear. .
cres.
dim.
pp

* Our Wicklow Gold Mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

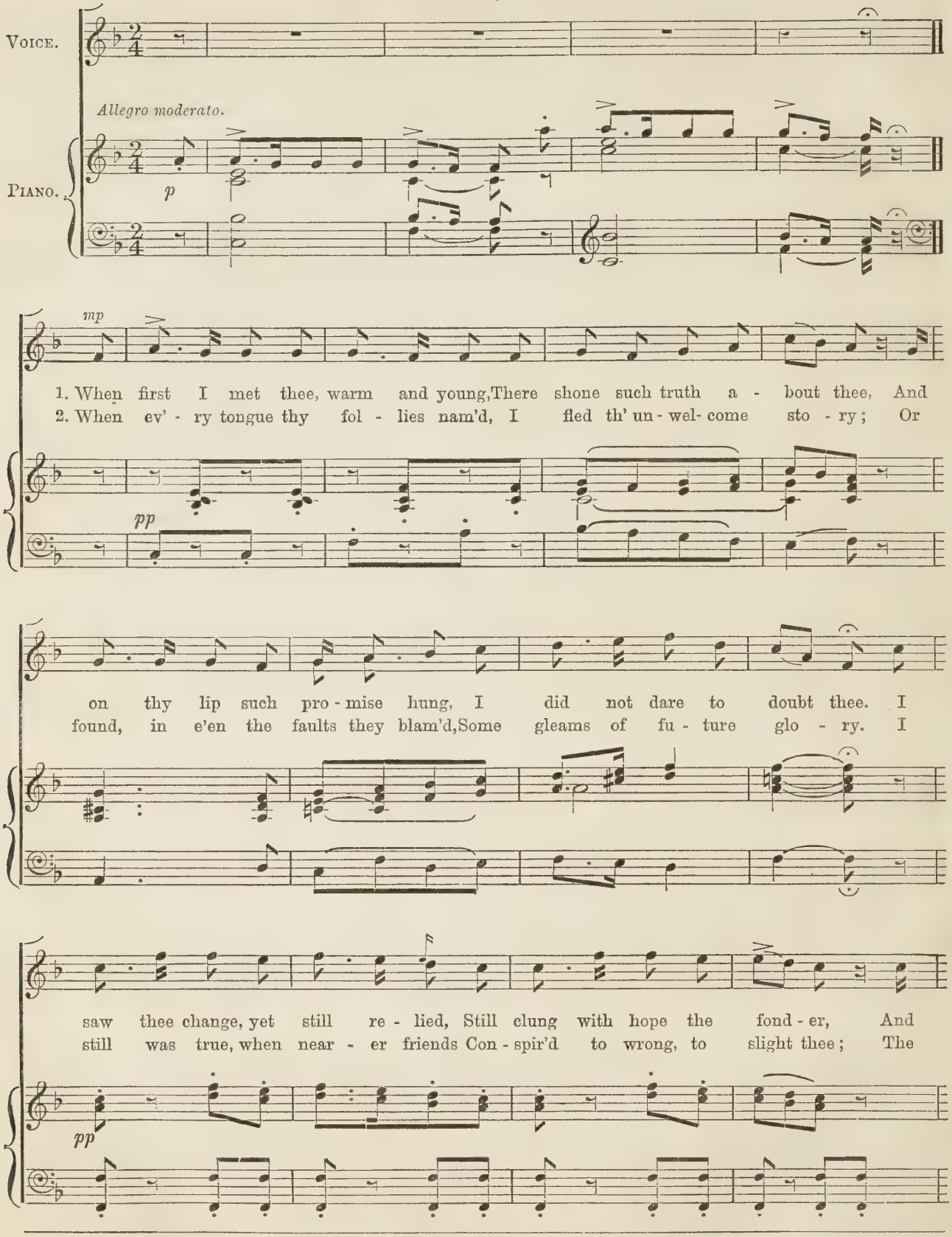
† "The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in its mouth. The prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it; but, as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again," &c.—*Arabian Nights.*—Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.

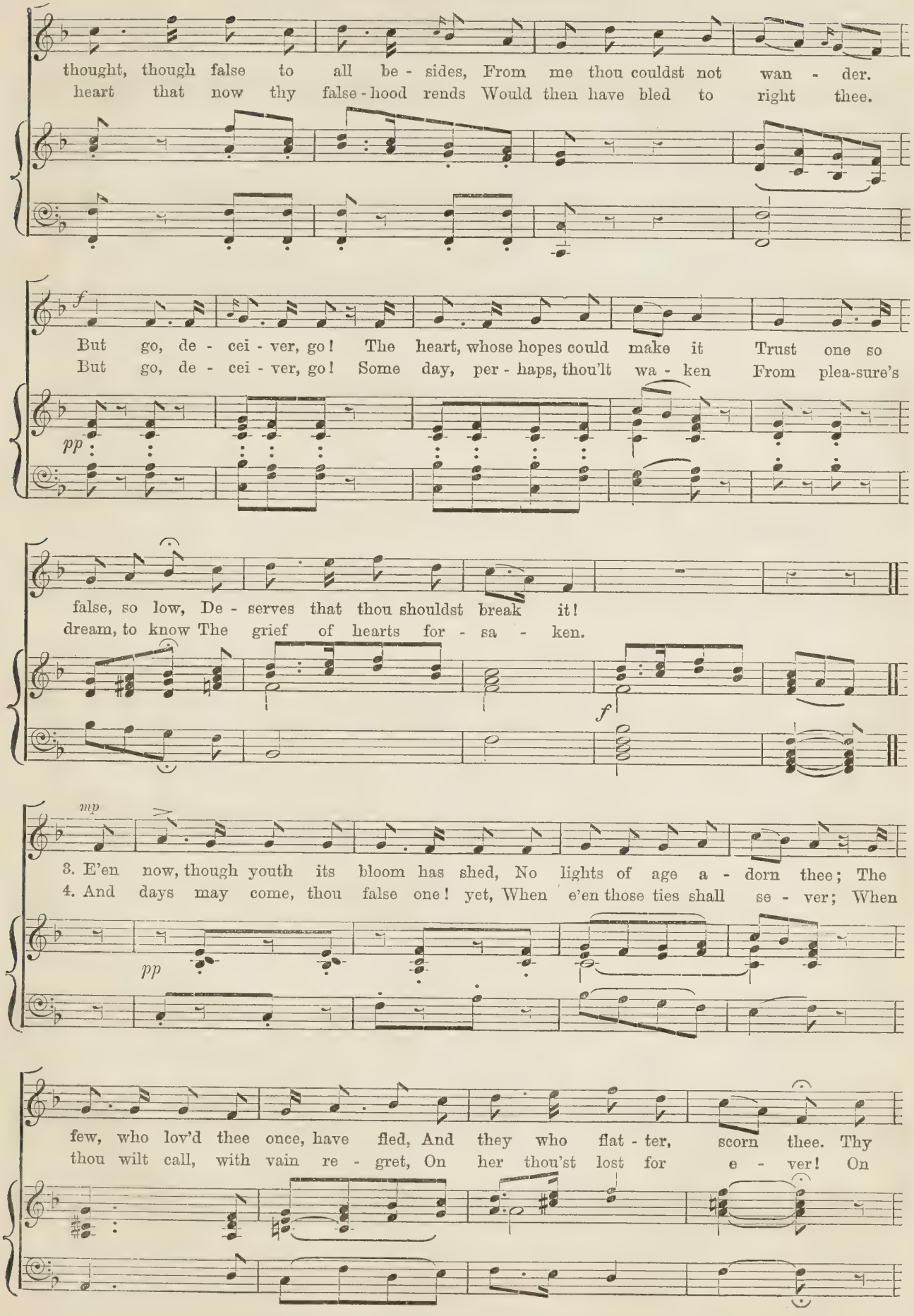
NO! NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR.—"LUGGELAW."

VOICE.
PIANO.
Moderato.
p
1. No, not more wel-come the fai - ry num-bers Of mu-sic fall on the sleep -er's ear, When, half-a -
- wak-ing from fear-ful slumbers, He thinks the full quire of heav'n is near,—Than came that voice, when, all for-
pp
slentando.
- sa -ken, This heart long had sleep-ing lain, Nor thought its cold pulse would e- ver wa-ken To such be -
- nign, bless -ed sounds a-gain.

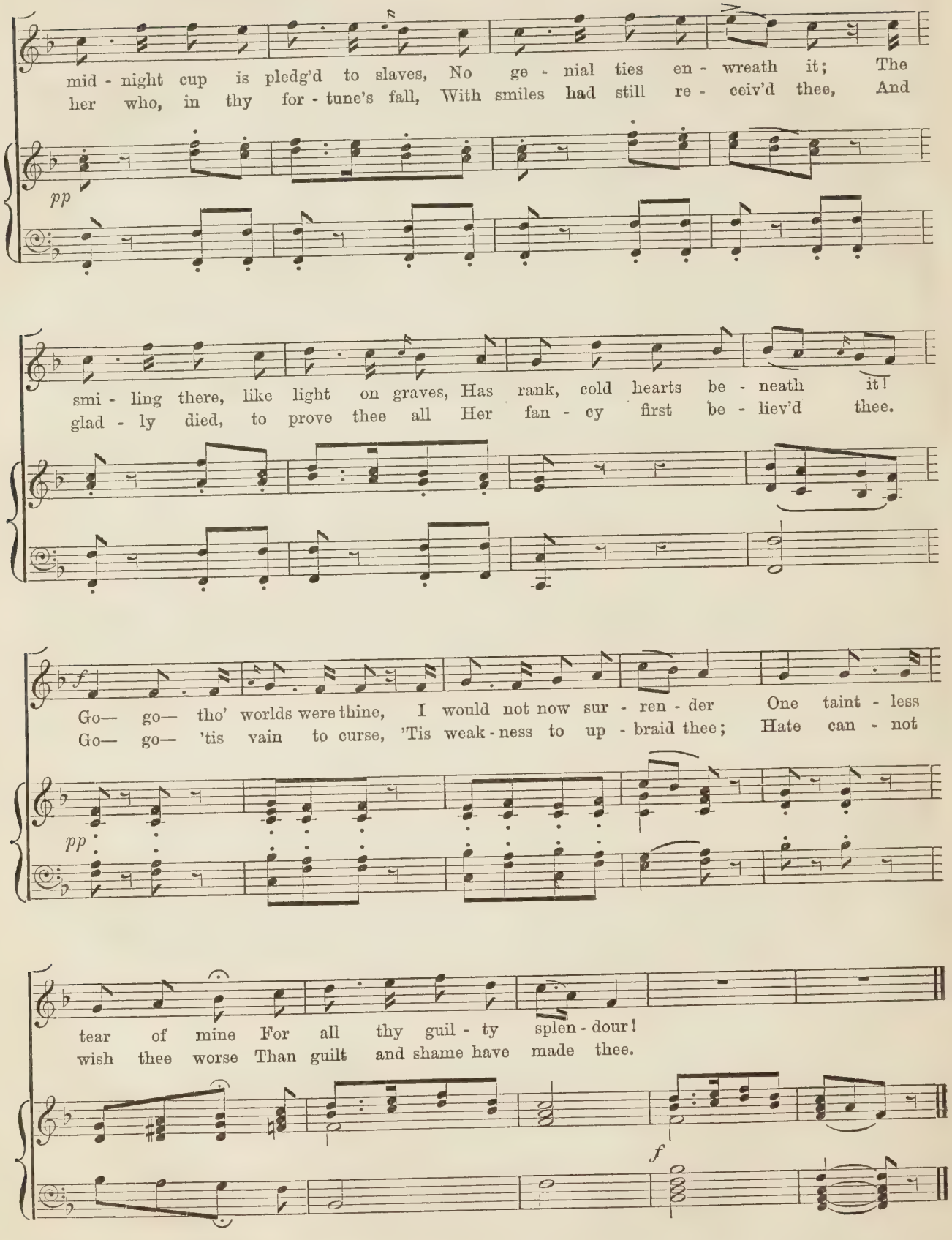

2. Sweet voice of com - fort! 'twas like the steal - ing Of sum-mer wind, through some wreath-ed
p
shell; Each se-cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my soul e - cho'd to its
slentando.
spell! 'Twas whis - per'd balm—'twas sun - shine spo - ken!— I'd . . live years of grief and
pp
pain To have my long sleep of sor - row bro - ken By such be - nign, bless - ed sounds a -
- gain.
cres.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

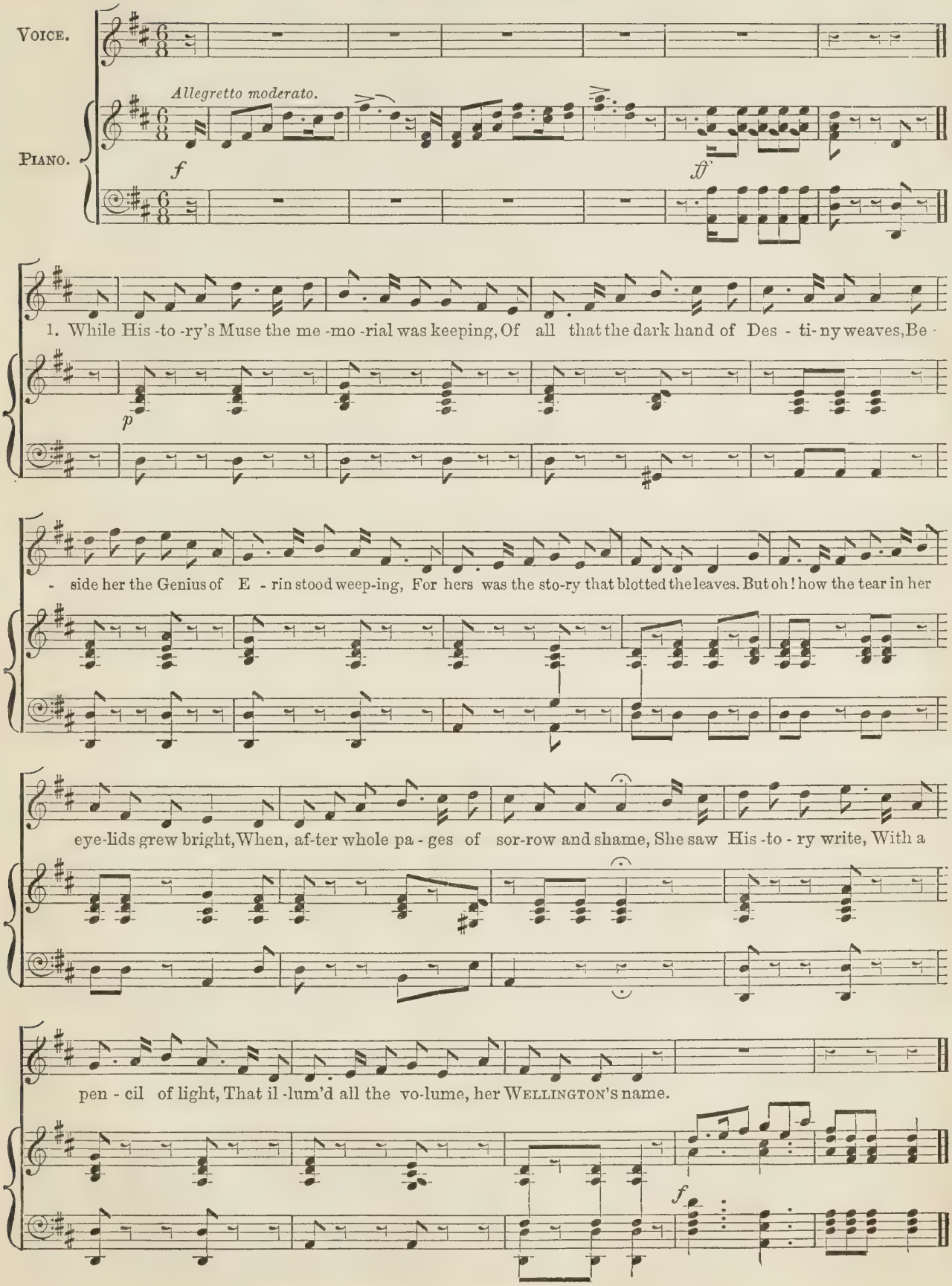
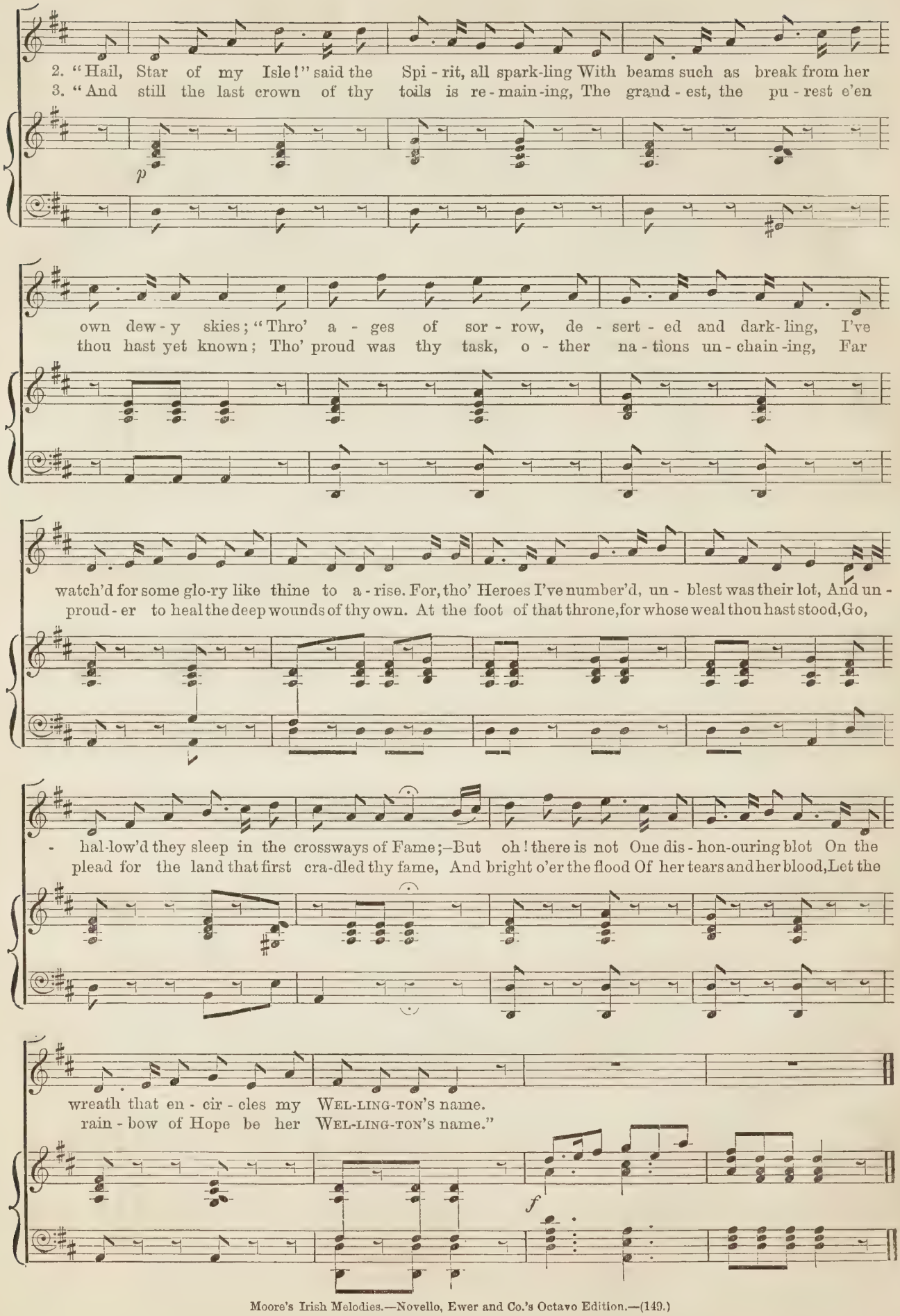
AIR.—"O PATRICK, FLY FROM ME."*

Voice.
Allegro moderato.
Piano.
p
mp
1. When first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth a - bout thee, And
2. When ev' - ry tongue thy fol - lies nam'd, I fled th' un - wel- come sto - ry; Or
pp
on thy lip such pro - mise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I
found, in e'en the faults they blam'd, Some gleams of fu - ture glo - ry. I
saw thee change, yet still re - lied, Still clung with hope the fond - er, And
still was true, when near - er friends Con - spir'd to wrong, to slight thee; The
pp

* This very beautiful Irish Air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words. and both words and music have all the features of authenticity

thought, though false to all be - sides, From me thou couldst not wan - der.
heart that now thy false-hood rends Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, de - cei - ver, go! The heart, whose hopes could make it Trust one so
But go, de - cei - ver, go! Some day, per - haps, thou'lt wa - ken From plea-sure's
false, so low, De - serves that thou shouldst break it!
dream, to know The grief of hearts for - sa - ken.
3. E'en now, though youth its bloom has shed, No lights of age a - dorn thee; The
4. And days may come, thou false one! yet, When e'en those ties shall se - ver; When
few, who lov'd thee once, have fled, And they who flat - ter, scorn thee. Thy
thou wilt call, with vain re - gret, On her thou'st lost for e - ver! On

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

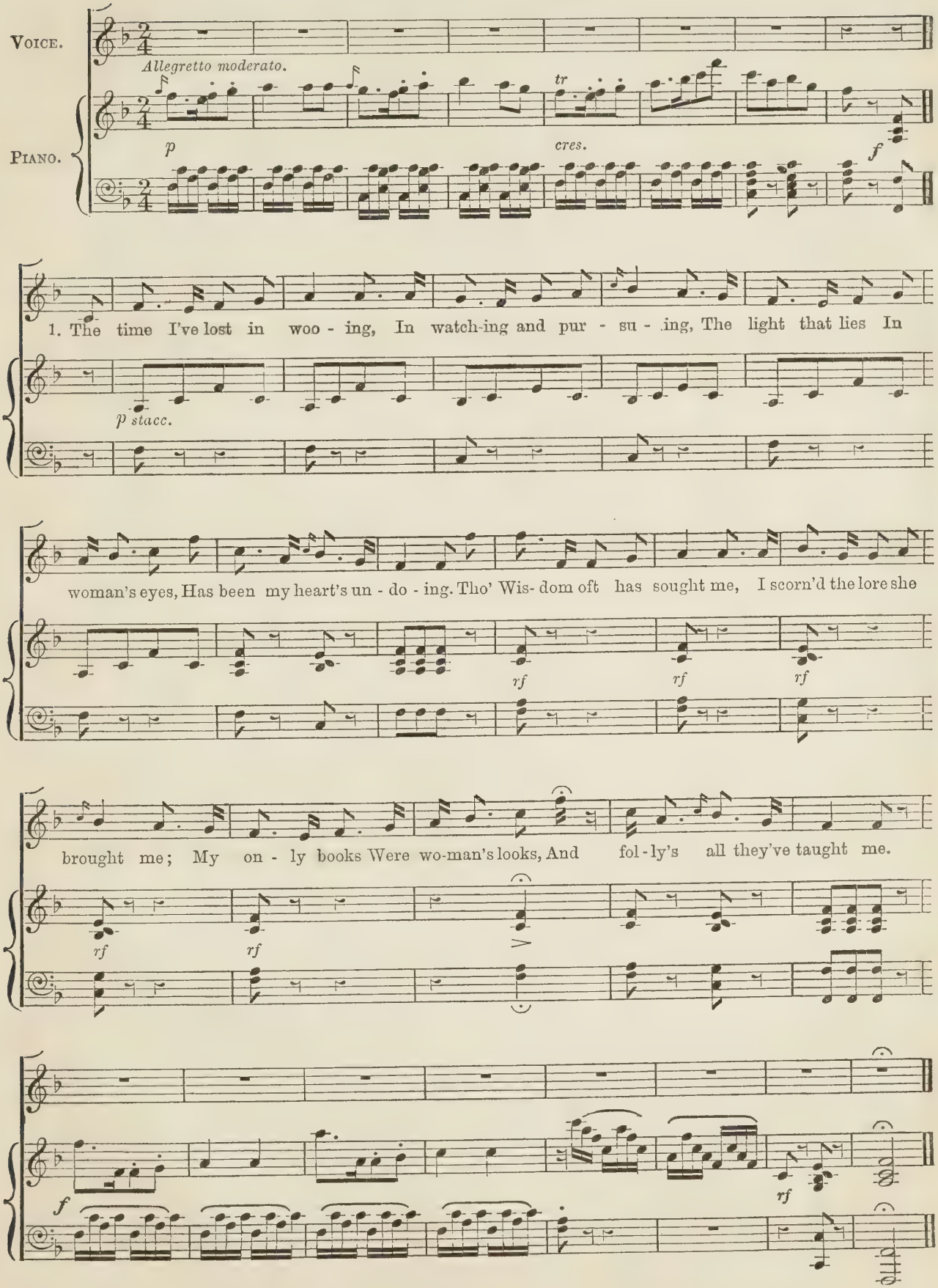

mid - night cup is pledg'd to slaves, No ge - nial ties en - wreath it; The
her who, in thy for - tune's fall, With smiles had still re - ceiv'd thee, And
pp
smi - ling there, like light on graves, Has rank, cold hearts be - neath it!
glad - ly died, to prove thee all Her fan - cy first be - liev'd thee.
f
Go— go— tho' worlds were thine, I would not now sur - ren - der One taint - less
Go— go— 'tis vain to curse, 'Tis weak - ness to up - braid thee; Hate can - not
pp
tear of mine For all thy guil - ty splen - dour!
wish thee worse Than guilt and shame have made thee.
f

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

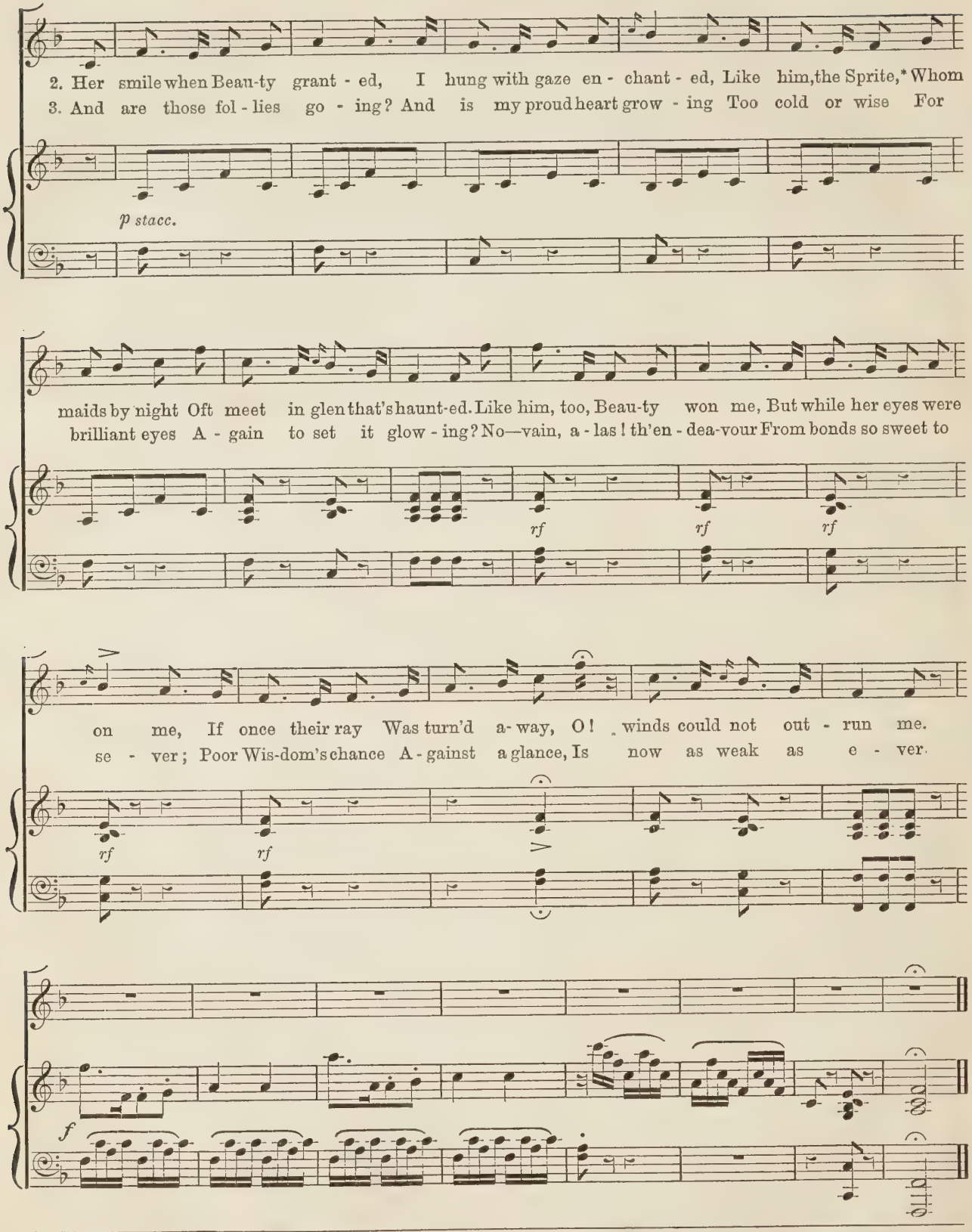
AIR.—"PADDY WHACK."

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto moderato.
f
ff
1. While His -to -ry's Muse the me -mo -rial was keeping, Of all that the dark hand of Des - ti- ny weaves, Be -
p
- side her the Genius of E - rin stood weep-ing, For hers was the sto-ry that blotted the leaves. But oh! how the tear in her
eye-lids grew bright, When, af-ter whole pa - ges of sor-row and shame, She saw His -to - ry write, With a
pen - cil of light, That il -lum'd all the vo-lume, her WELLINGTON'S name.
f

2. "Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spi - rit, all spark-ling With beams such as break from her
3. "And still the last crown of thy toils is re - main-ing, The grand - est, the pu - rest e'en
p
own dew - y skies; "Thro' a - ges of sor - row, de - sert - ed and dark-ling, I've
thou hast yet known; Tho' proud was thy task, o - ther na - tions un - chain-ing, Far
watch'd for some glo-ry like thine to a - rise. For, tho' Heroes I've number'd, un - blest was their lot, And un -
proud - er to heal the deep wounds of thy own. At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood, Go,
- hal-low'd they sleep in the crossways of Fame;—But oh! there is not One dis - hon-ouring blot On the
plead for the land that first cra-dled thy fame, And bright o'er the flood Of her tears and her blood, Let the
wreath that en - cir - cles my WEL-LING-TON'S name.
rain - bow of Hope be her WEL-LING-TON'S name."
f

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR.—"PEASE UPON A TRENCHER."


Voice.
Piano.
Allegretto moderato.
p
tr
cres.
f
1. The time I've lost in woo - ing, In watch-ing and pur - su - ing, The light that lies In
p stacc.
woman's eyes, Has been my heart's un - do - ing. Tho' Wis- dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she
rf
rf
rf
brought me; My on - ly books Were wo-man's looks, And fol - ly's all they've taught me.
rf
rf
f
rf

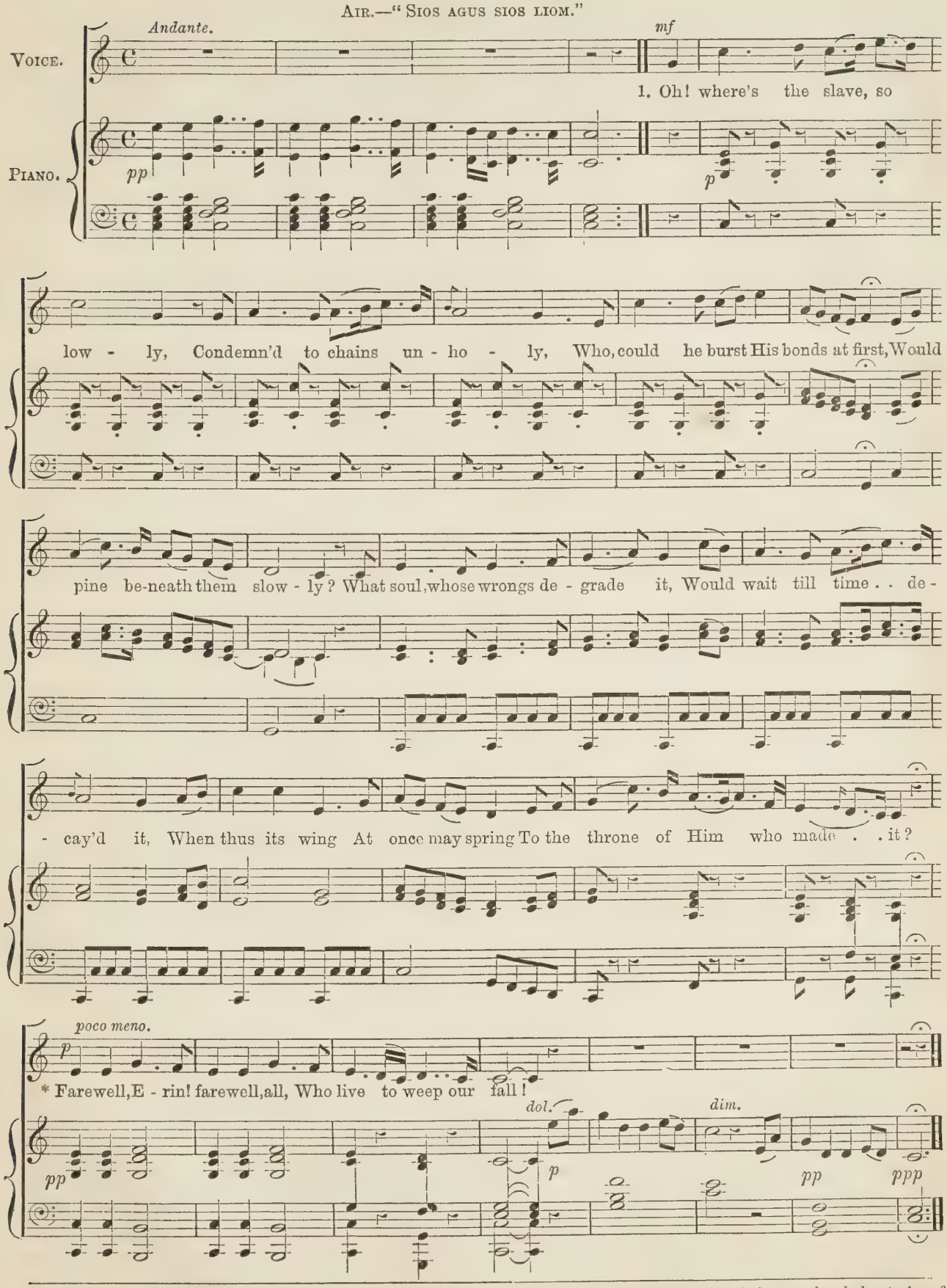
THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.


2. Her smile when Beau-ty grant - ed, I hung with gaze en - chant - ed, Like him, the Sprite,* Whom
3. And are those fol - lies go - ing? And is my proud heart grow - ing Too cold or wise For
p stacc.
maids by night Oft meet in glen that's haunt-ed. Like him, too, Beau-ty won me, But while her eyes were
brilliant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing? No—vain, a - las! th'en - dea-vour From bonds so sweet to
rf
rf
rf
on me, If once their ray Was turn'd a-way, O! winds could not out - run me.
se - ver; Poor Wis-dom's chance A - gainst a glance, Is now as weak as e - ver.
rf
rf
f

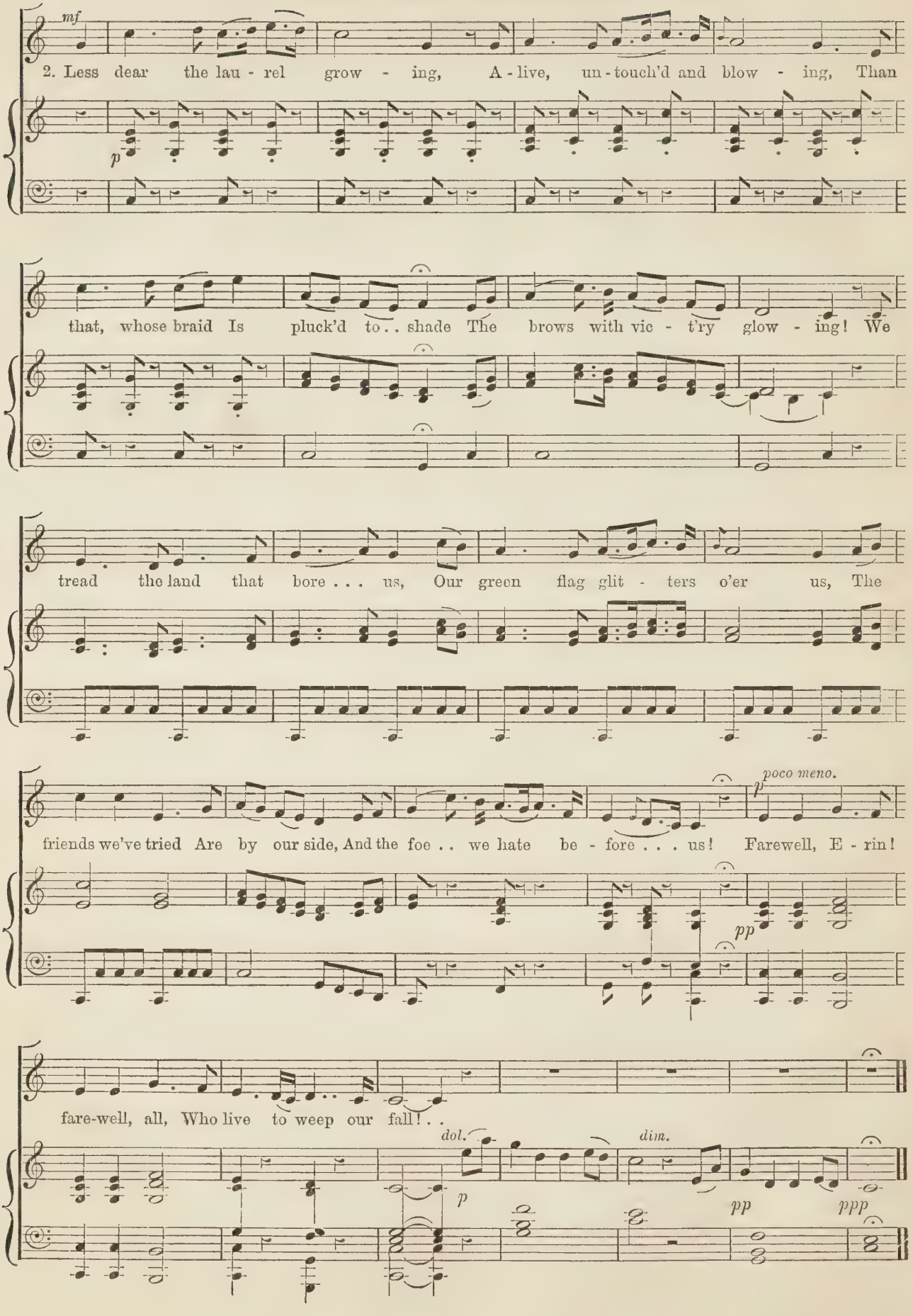
* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement) he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel), has given a very different account of that goblin.

OH! WHERE'S THE SLAVE?

AIR.—"SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM."

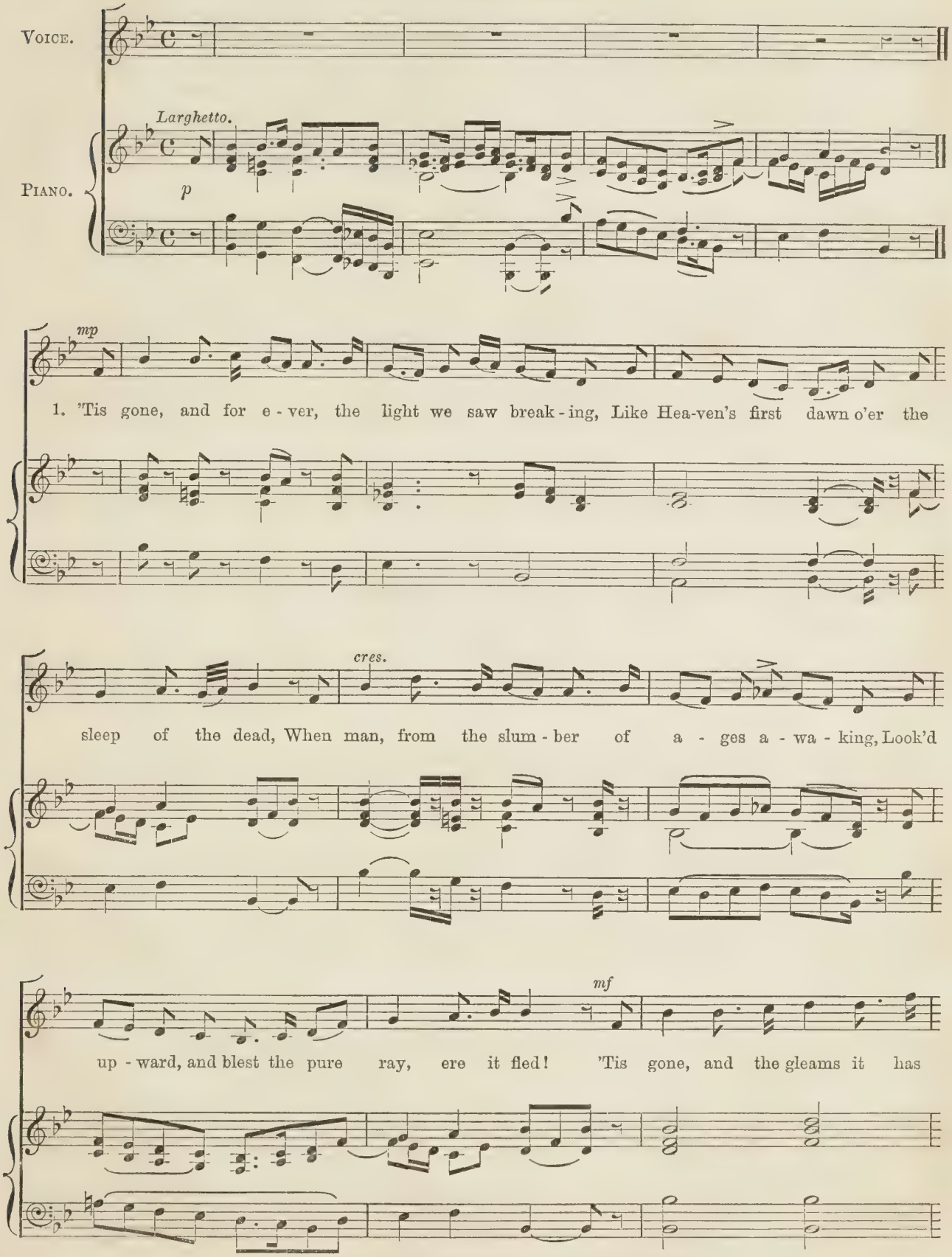

Andante.
mf
VOICE.
PIANO.
pp
p
1. Oh! where's the slave, so
low - ly, Condemn'd to chains un - ho - ly, Who, could he burst His bonds at first, Would
pine be-neath them slow - ly? What soul, whose wrongs de - grade it, Would wait till time . . de -
- cay'd it, When thus its wing At once may spring To the throne of Him who made . . it?
poco meno.
p
* Farewell, E - rin! farewell, all, Who live to weep our fall!
dol.
dim.
pp
p
pp
ppp

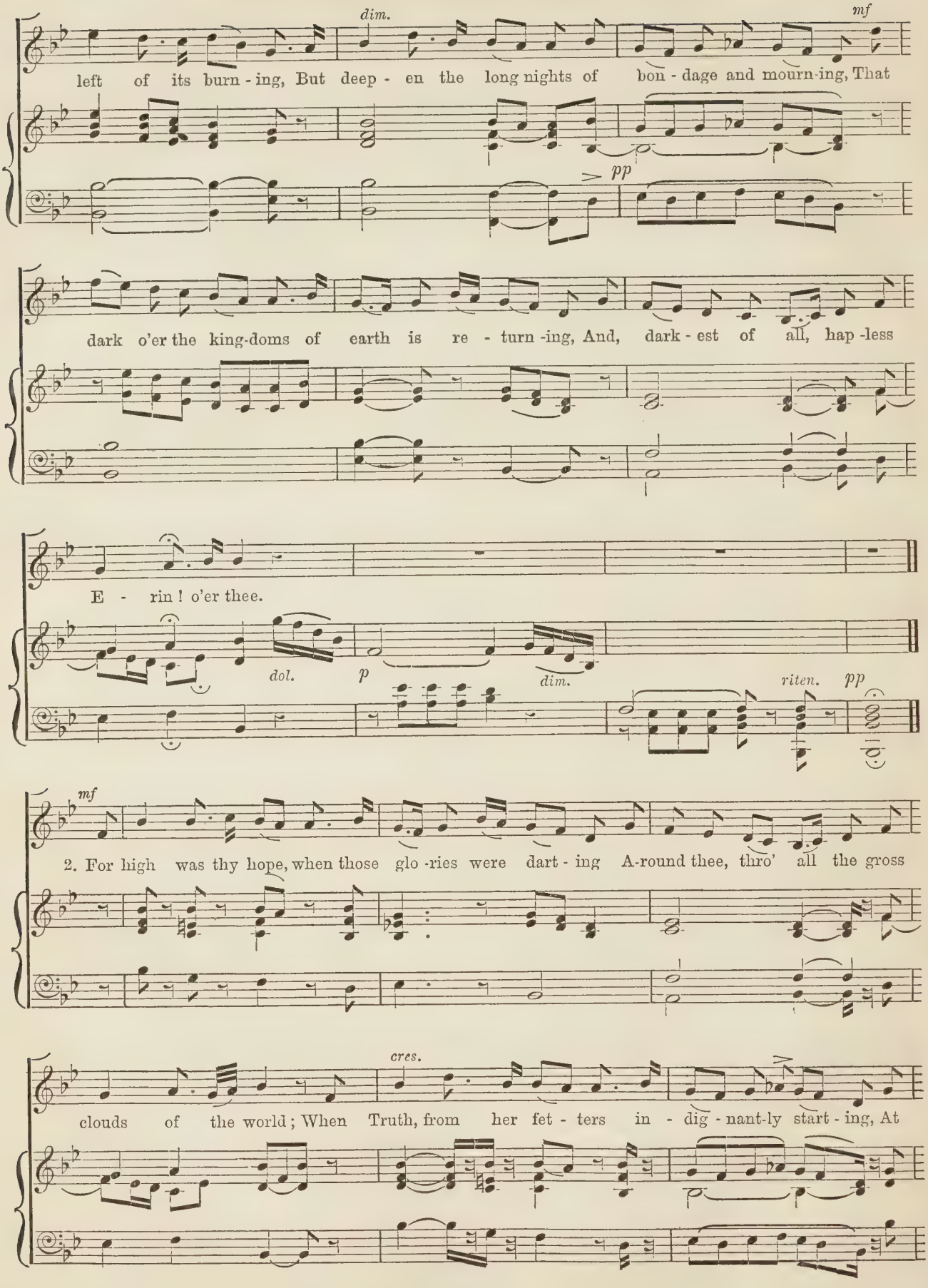
* The few bars, which I have taken the liberty of connecting with this spirited Air, form one of those melancholy strains of our music, which are called *Dumps*. I found it in a Collection entitled *The Hibernian Muse*, and we are told in the Essay prefixed to that Work, that "it is said to have been sung by the Irish women on the field of battle, after a terrible slaughter made by Cromwell's troops in Ireland."

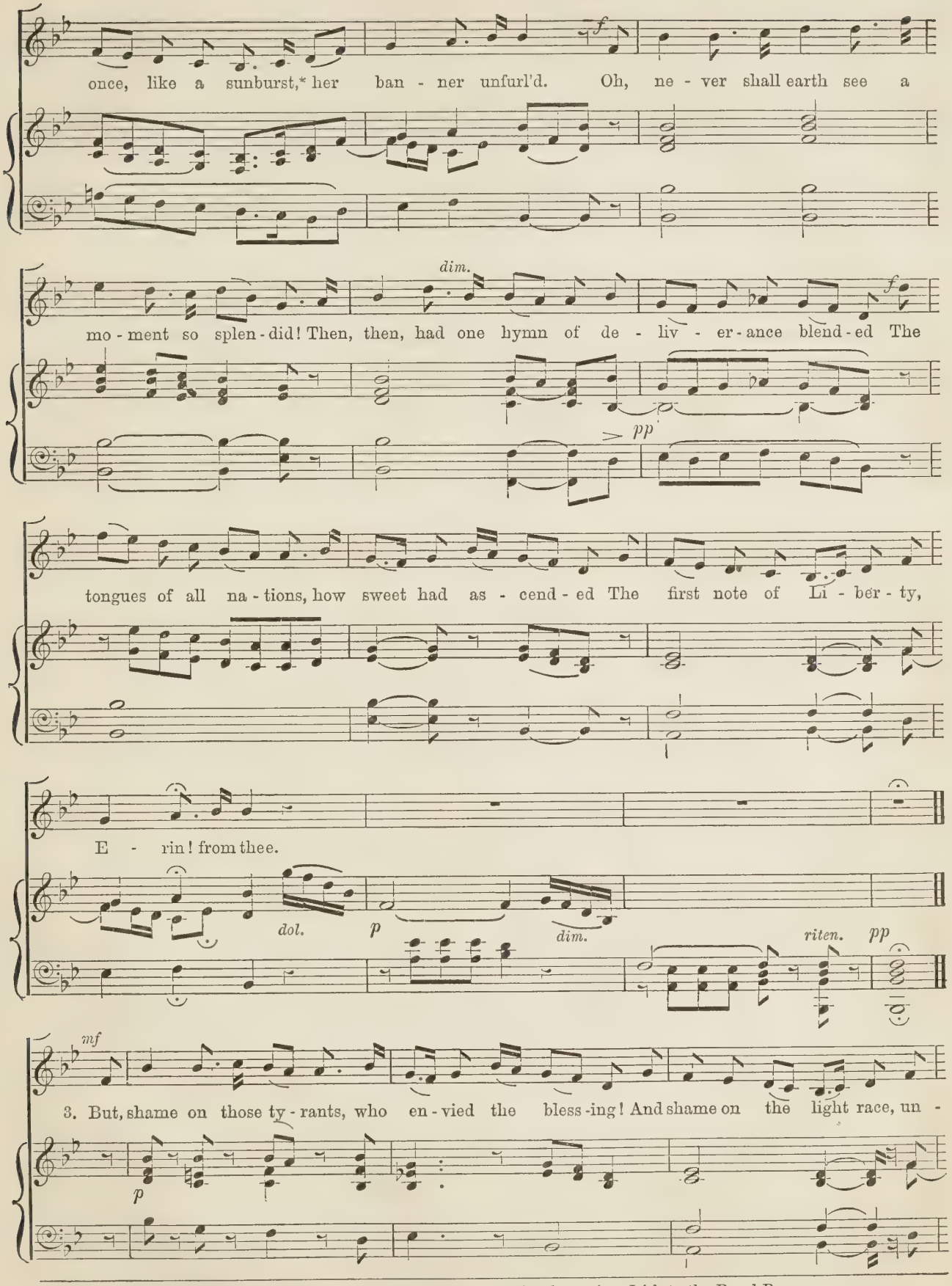

mf
2. Less dear the lau - rel grow - ing, A - live, un - touch'd and blow - ing, Than
p
that, whose braid Is pluck'd to.. shade The brows with vic - t'ry glow - ing! We
tread the land that bore . . . us, Our green flag glit - ters o'er us, The
poco meno.
p
friends we've tried Are by our side, And the foe .. we hate be - fore . . . us! Farewell, E - rin!
pp
fare-well, all, Who live to weep our fall! . .
dol.
p
dim.
pp
ppp

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

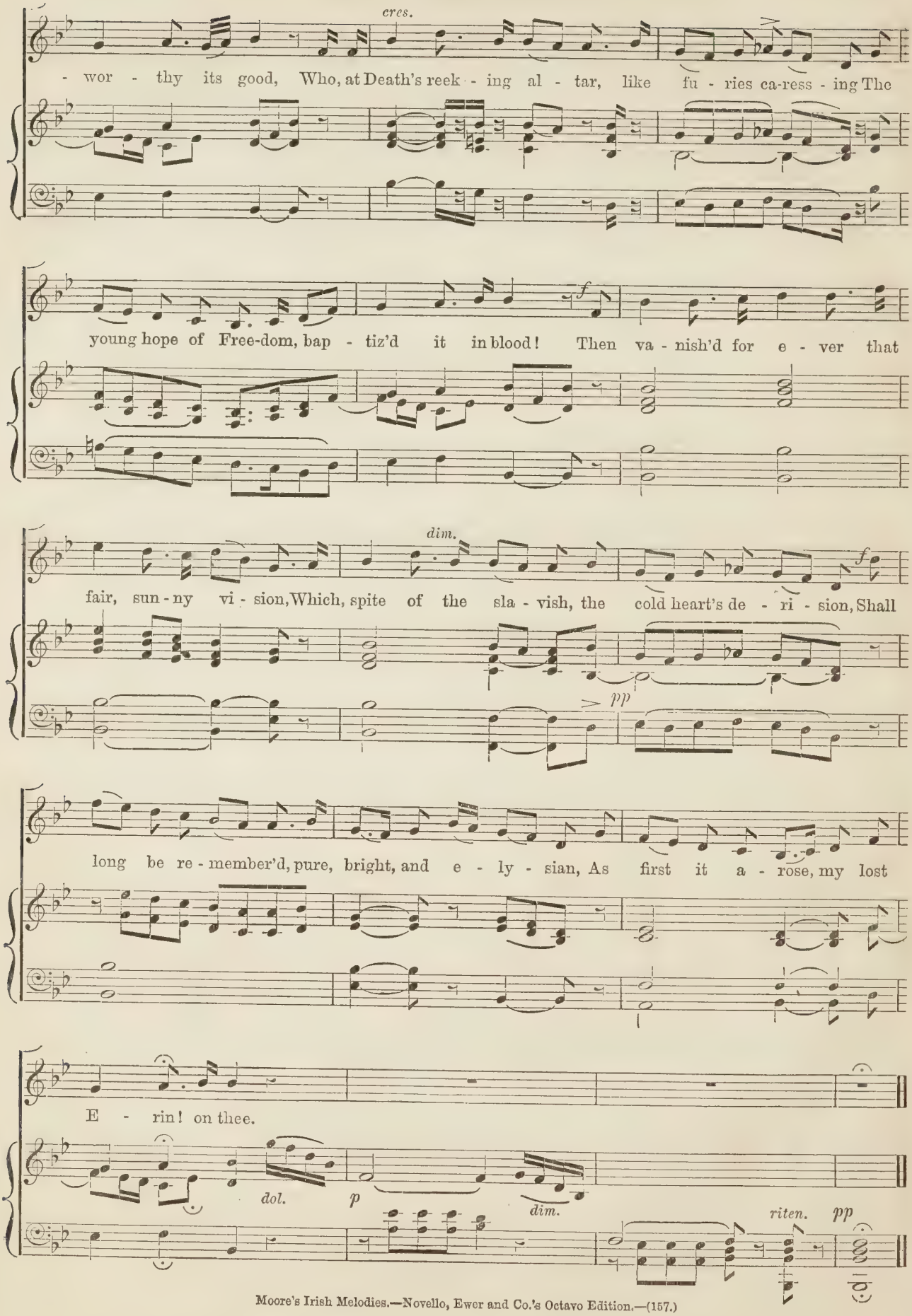
AIR.—"SAVOURNAH DEELISH."


Voice.
Piano.
Larghetto.
p
mp
1. 'Tis gone, and for e - ver, the light we saw break - ing, Like Hea-ven's first dawn o'er the
cres.
sleep of the dead, When man, from the slum - ber of a - ges a - wa - king, Look'd
mf
up - ward, and blest the pure ray, ere it fled! 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has


dim.
mf
left of its burn - ing, But deep - en the long nights of bon - dage and mourn-ing, That
pp
dark o'er the king-doms of earth is re - turn -ing, And, dark - est of all, hap -less
E - rin ! o'er thee.
dol.
p
dim.
riten.
pp
mf
2. For high was thy hope, when those glo -ries were dart - ing A-round thee, thro' all the gross
cres.
clouds of the world ; When Truth, from her fet - ters in - dig - nant-ly start - ing, At

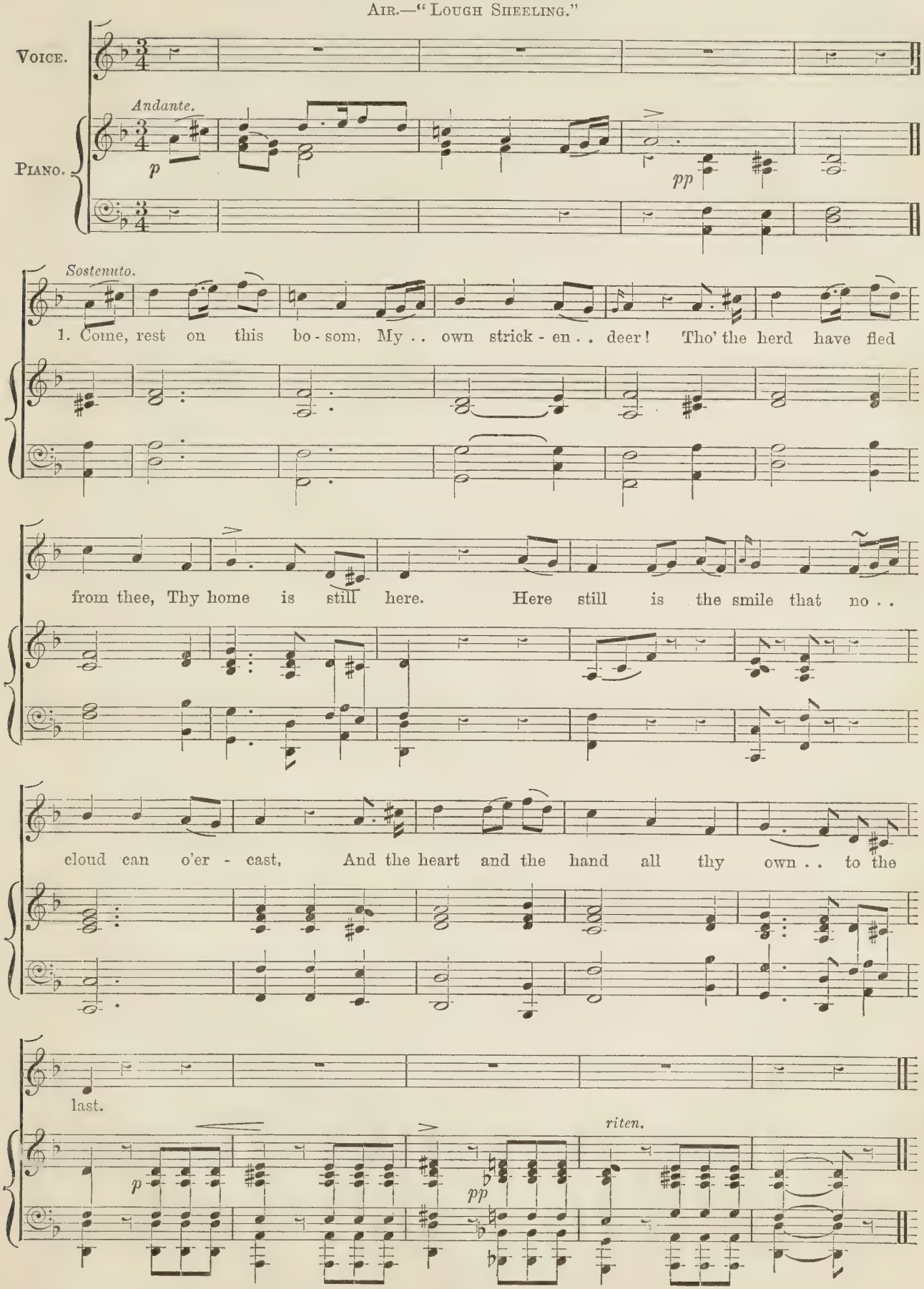

once, like a sunburst,* her ban - ner unfurl'd. Oh, ne - ver shall earth see a
f
dim.
mo - ment so splen - did! Then, then, had one hymn of de - liv - er - ance blend - ed The
pp
tongues of all na - tions, how sweet had as - cend - ed The first note of Li - ber - ty,
E - rin! from thee.
dol.
p
dim.
riten.
pp
mf
3. But, shame on those ty - rants, who en - vied the bless - ing! And shame on the light race, un -
p

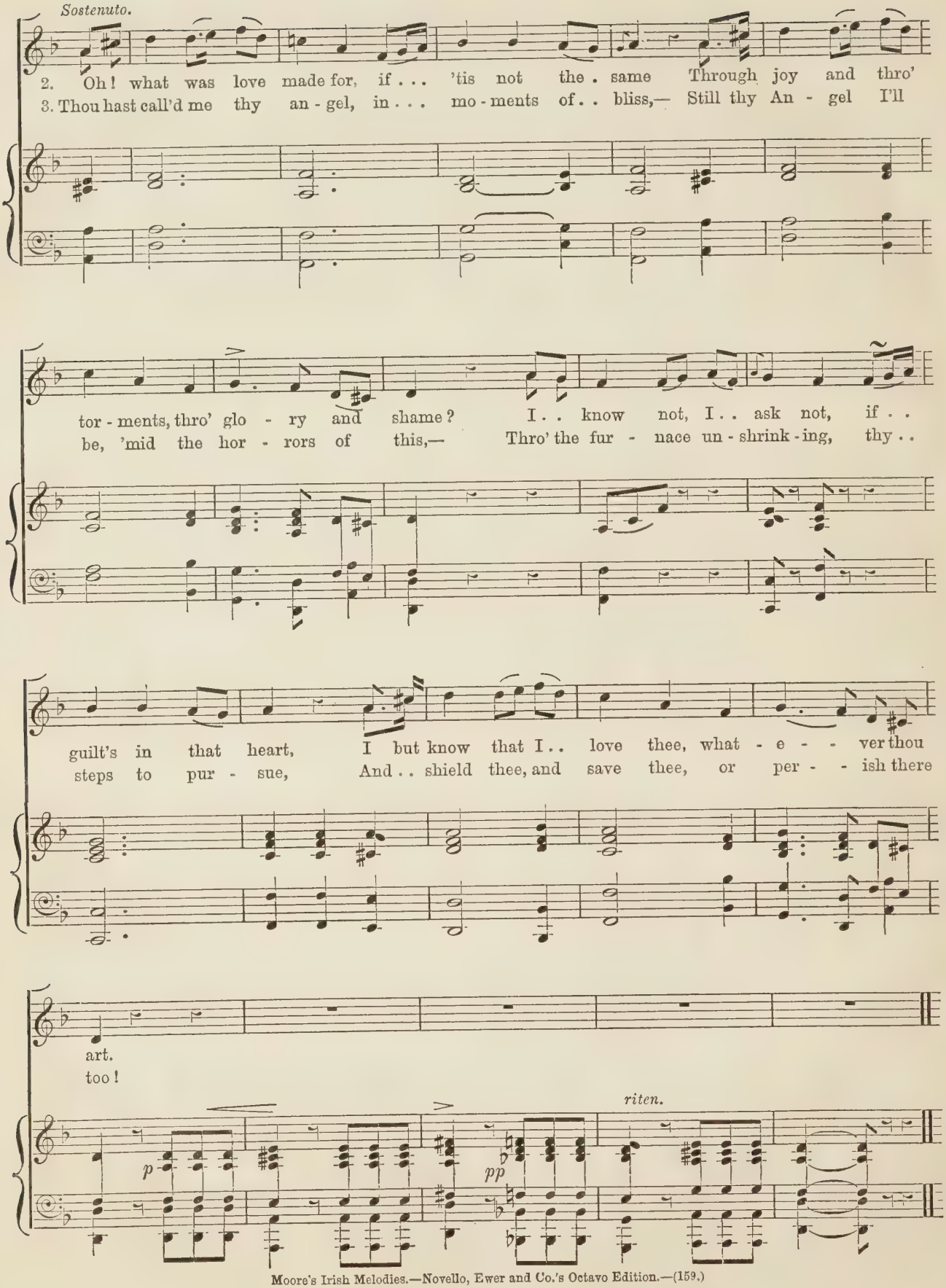
* "The Sun-burst" was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the Royal Banner.


cres.
- wor - thy its good, Who, at Death's reek - ing al - tar, like fu - ries ca-ress - ing The
f
young hope of Free-dom, bap - tiz'd it in blood! Then va - nish'd for e - ver that
dim.
fair, sun - ny vi - sion, Which, spite of the sla - vish, the cold heart's de - ri - sion, Shall
pp
f
long be re - member'd, pure, bright, and e - ly - sian, As first it a - rose, my lost
E - rin! on thee.
dol.
p
dim.
riten.
pp

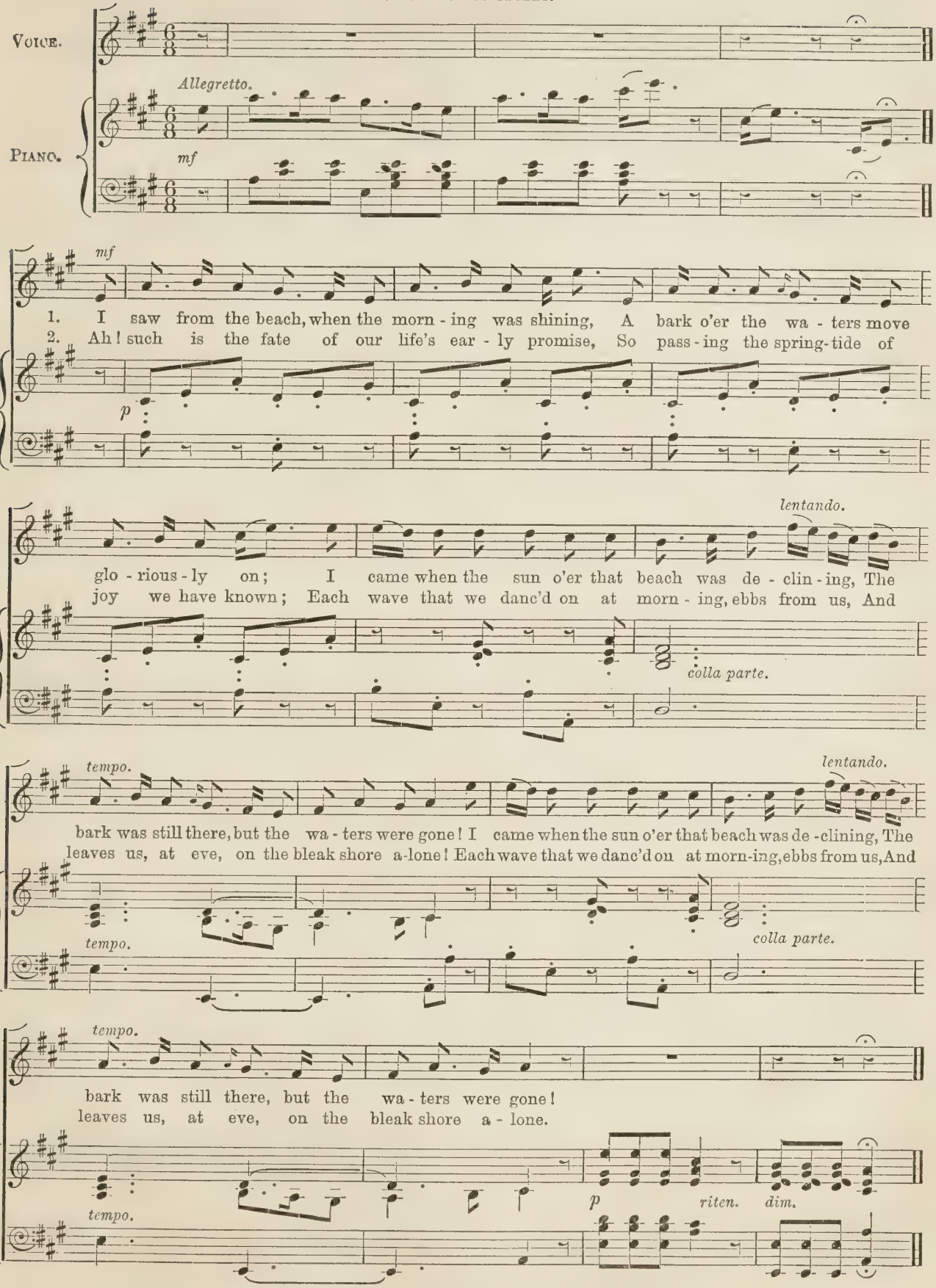
COME, REST ON THIS BOSOM.

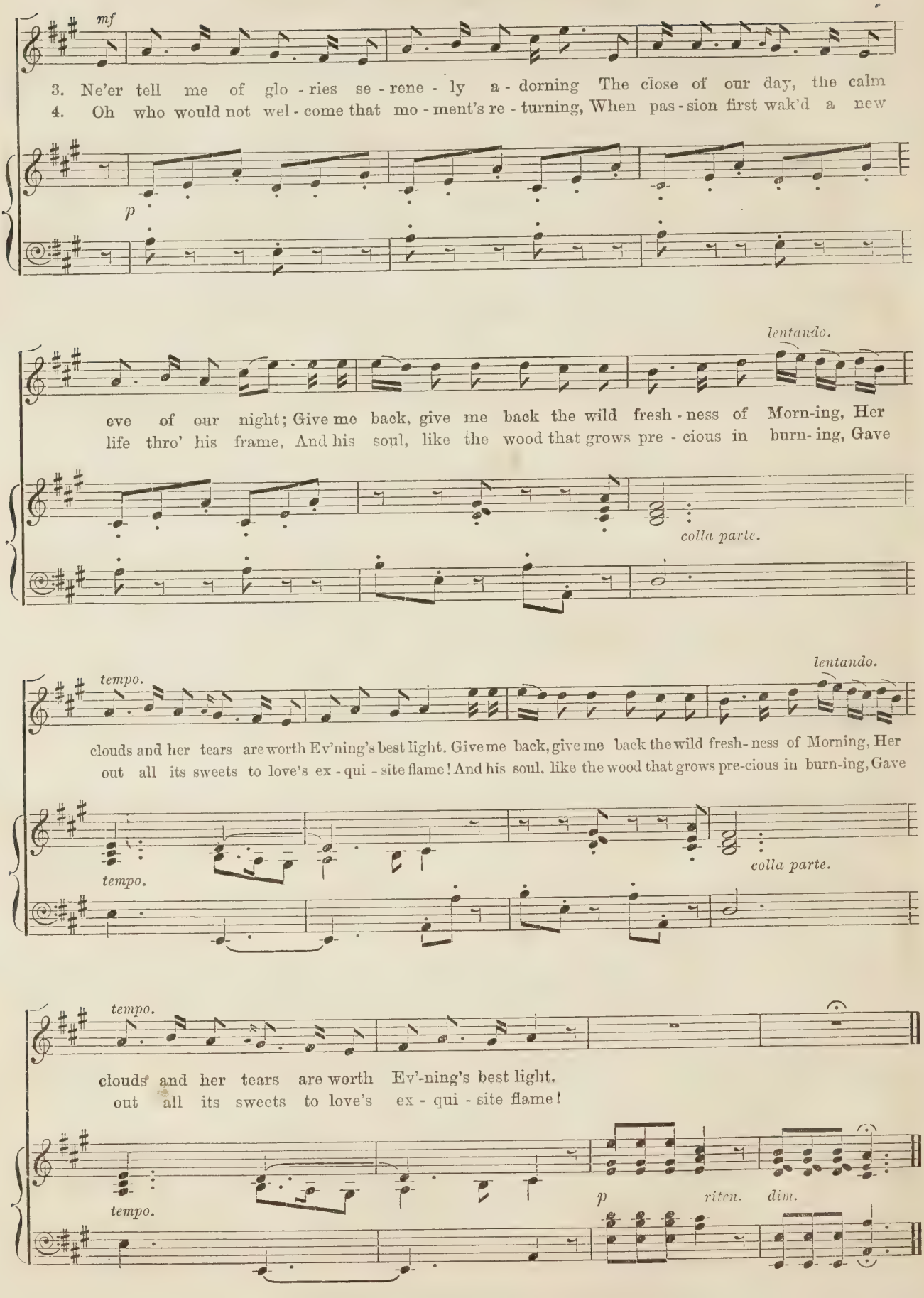
AIR.—"LOUGH SHEELING."


VOICE.
PIANO.
Andante.
p
pp
Sostenuto.
1. Come, rest on this bo - som, My . . own strick - en . . deer! Tho' the herd have fled
from thee, Thy home is still here. Here still is the smile that no . .
cloud can o'er - cast, And the heart and the hand all thy own . . to the
last.
p
pp
riten.


Sostenuto.
2. Oh! what was love made for, if . . . 'tis not the . same Through joy and thro'
3. Thou hast call'd me thy an - gel, in . . . mo - ments of . . bliss,— Still thy An - gel I'll
tor - ments, thro' glo - ry and shame? I . . know not, I . . ask not, if . .
be, 'mid the hor - rors of this,— Thro' the fur - nace un - shrink - ing, thy . .
guilt's in that heart, I but know that I . . love thee, what - e - - ver thou
steps to pur - sue, And . . shield thee, and save thee, or per - - ish there
art.
too!
p
pp
riten.

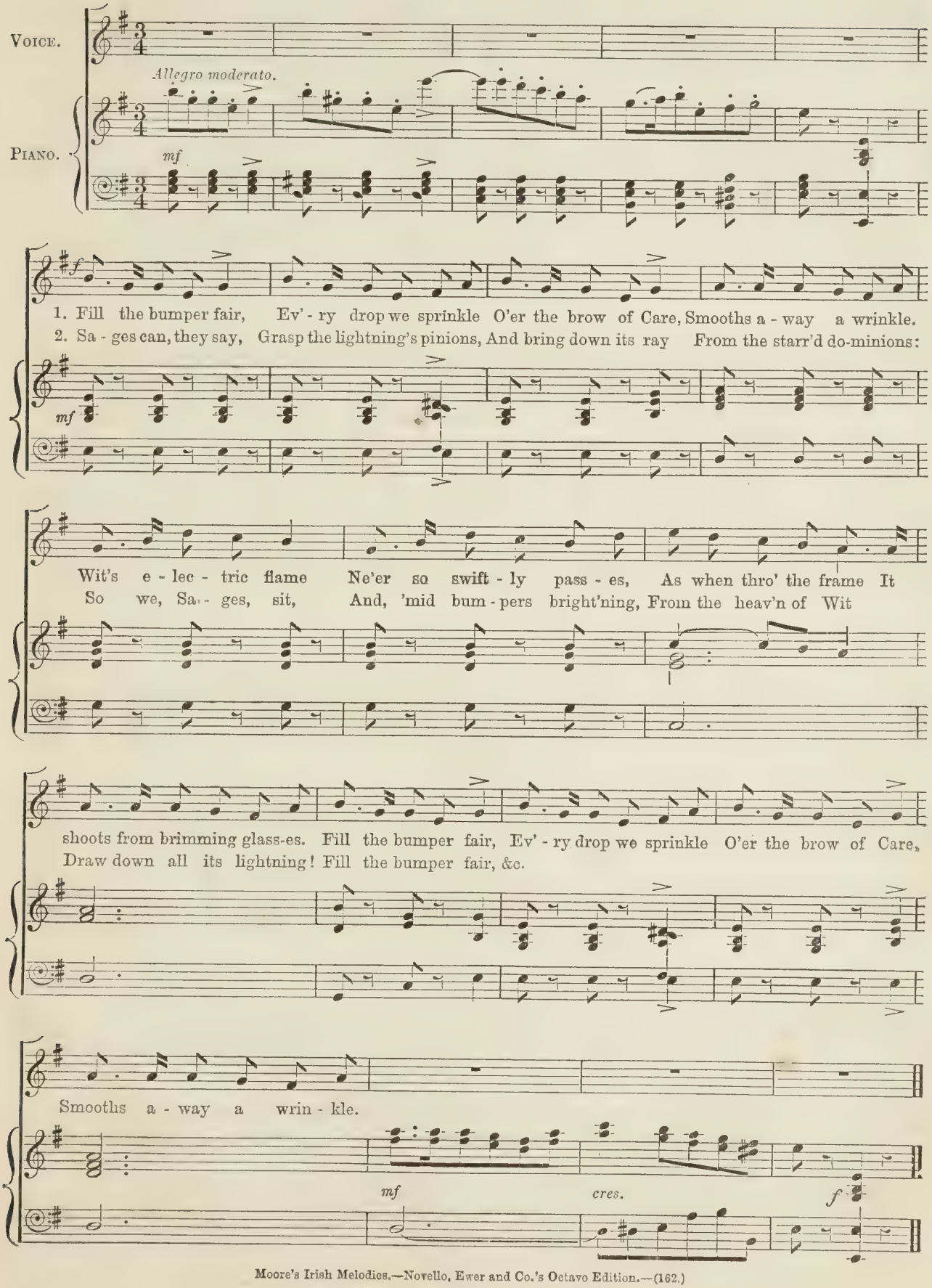
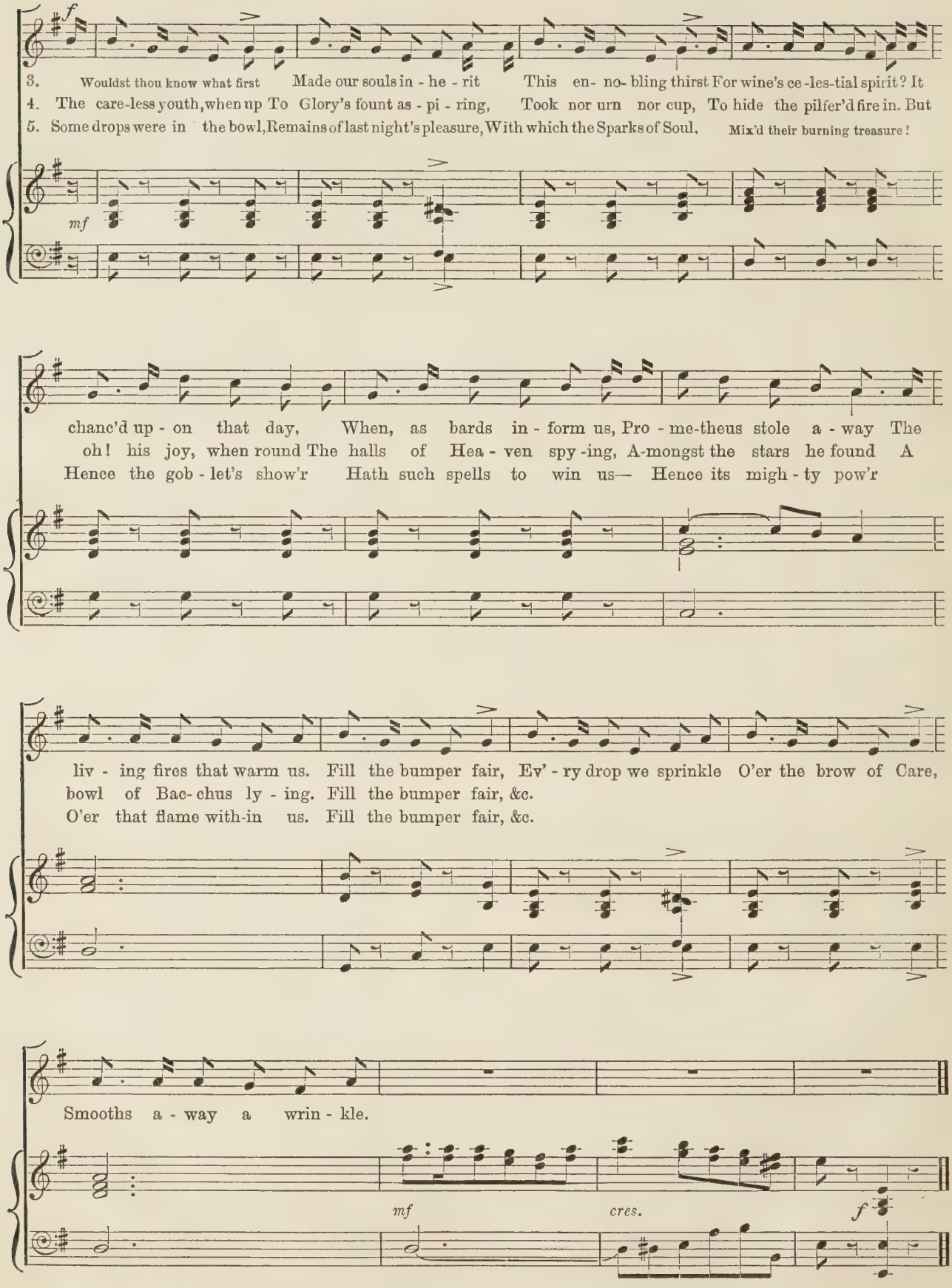
I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

AIR.—"MISS MOLLY."

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto.
mf
1. I saw from the beach, when the morn - ing was shining, A bark o'er the wa - ters move
2. Ah! such is the fate of our life's ear - ly promise, So pass - ing the spring-tide of
p
lentando.
glo - rious - ly on; I came when the sun o'er that beach was de - clin - ing, The
joy we have known; Each wave that we danc'd on at morn - ing, ebbs from us, And
colla parte.
tempo.
lentando.
bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone! I came when the sun o'er that beach was de - clining, The
leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a-lone! Each wave that we danc'd on at morn-ing, ebbs from us, And
colla parte.
tempo.
bark was still there, but the wa - ters were gone!
leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore a - lone.
p
riten.
dim.


mf
3. Ne'er tell me of glo - ries se - rene - ly a - dorning The close of our day, the calm
4. Oh who would not wel - come that mo - ment's re - turning, When pas - sion first wak'd a new
p
lentando.
eve of our night; Give me back, give me back the wild fresh - ness of Morn-ing, Her
life thro' his frame, And his soul, like the wood that grows pre - cious in burn - ing, Gave
colla parte.
tempo.
lentando.
clouds and her tears are worth Ev'ning's best light. Give me back, give me back the wild fresh - ness of Morning, Her
out all its sweets to love's ex - qui - site flame! And his soul, like the wood that grows pre-cious in burn-ing, Gave
tempo.
colla parte.
tempo.
clouds and her tears are worth Ev'-ning's best light.
out all its sweets to love's ex - qui - site flame!
tempo.
p
riten.
dim.

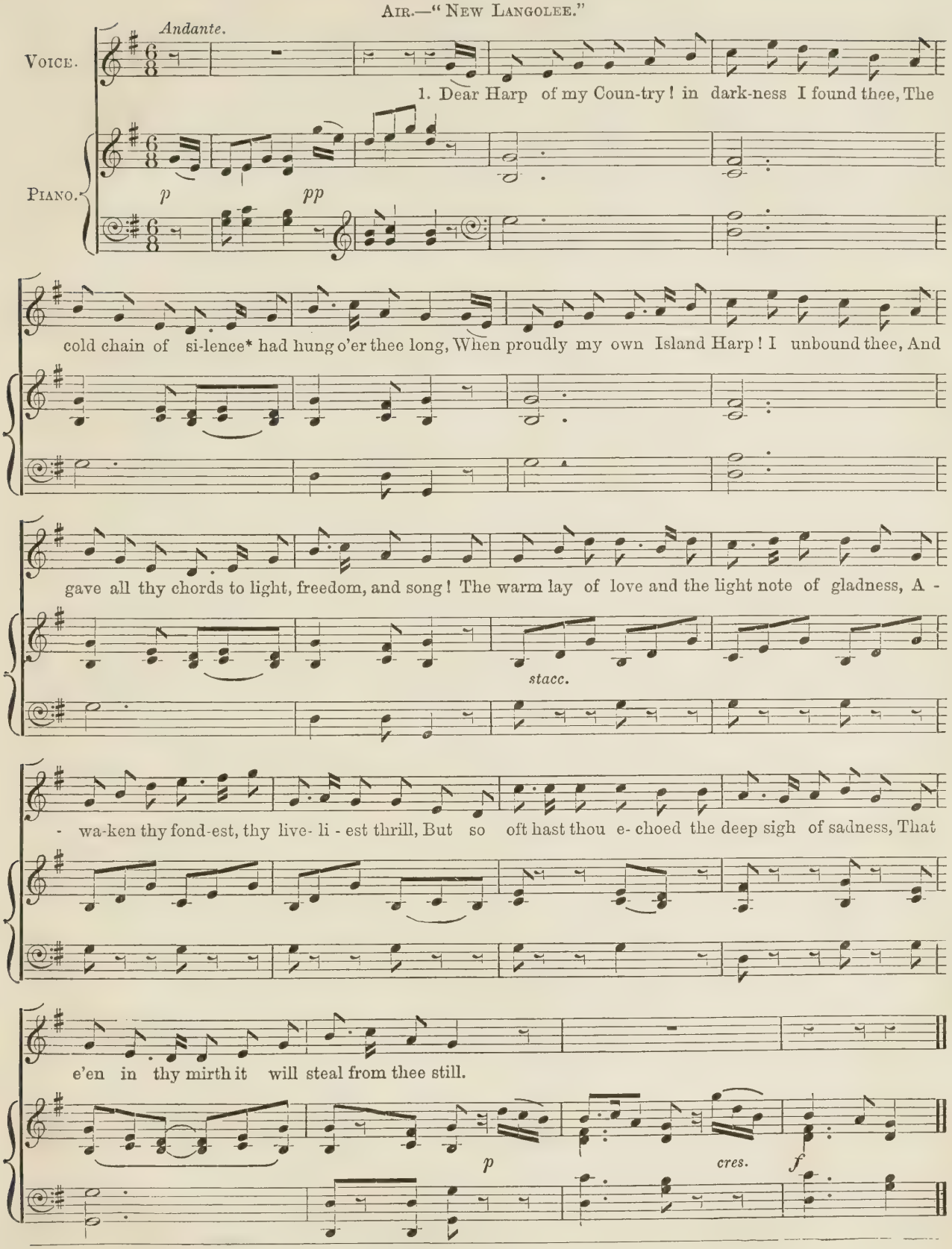
FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

AIR.—"BOB AND JOAN."


VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegro moderato.
mf
f
1. Fill the bumper fair, Ev'-ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of Care, Smooths a-way a wrinkle.
2. Sa-ges can, they say, Grasp the lightning's pinions, And bring down its ray From the starr'd do-minions:
mf
Wit's e-lec-tric flame Ne'er so swift-ly pass-es, As when thro' the frame It
So we, Sa-ges, sit, And, 'mid bum-pers bright'ning, From the heav'n of Wit
shoots from brimming glass-es. Fill the bumper fair, Ev'-ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of Care,
Draw down all its lightning! Fill the bumper fair, &c.
Smooths a-way a wrin-kle.
mf
cres.
f

f
3. Wouldst thou know what first Made our souls in - he - rit This en- no- bling thirst For wine's ce-les-tial spirit? It
4. The care-less youth, when up To Glory's fount as - pi - ring, Took nor urn nor cup, To hide the pilfer'd fire in. But
5. Some drops were in the bowl, Remains of last night's pleasure, With which the Sparks of Soul, Mix'd their burning treasure!
mf
chanc'd up - on that day, When, as bards in - form us, Pro - me-theus stole a - way The
oh! his joy, when round The halls of Hea - ven spy -ing, A-mongst the stars he found A
Hence the gob - let's show'r Hath such spells to win us— Hence its migh - ty pow'r
liv - ing fires that warm us. Fill the bumper fair, Ev' - ry drop we sprinkle O'er the brow of Care,
bowl of Bac- chus ly - ing. Fill the bumper fair, &c.
O'er that flame with-in us. Fill the bumper fair, &c.
Smooths a - way a wrin - kle.
mf
cres.
f

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

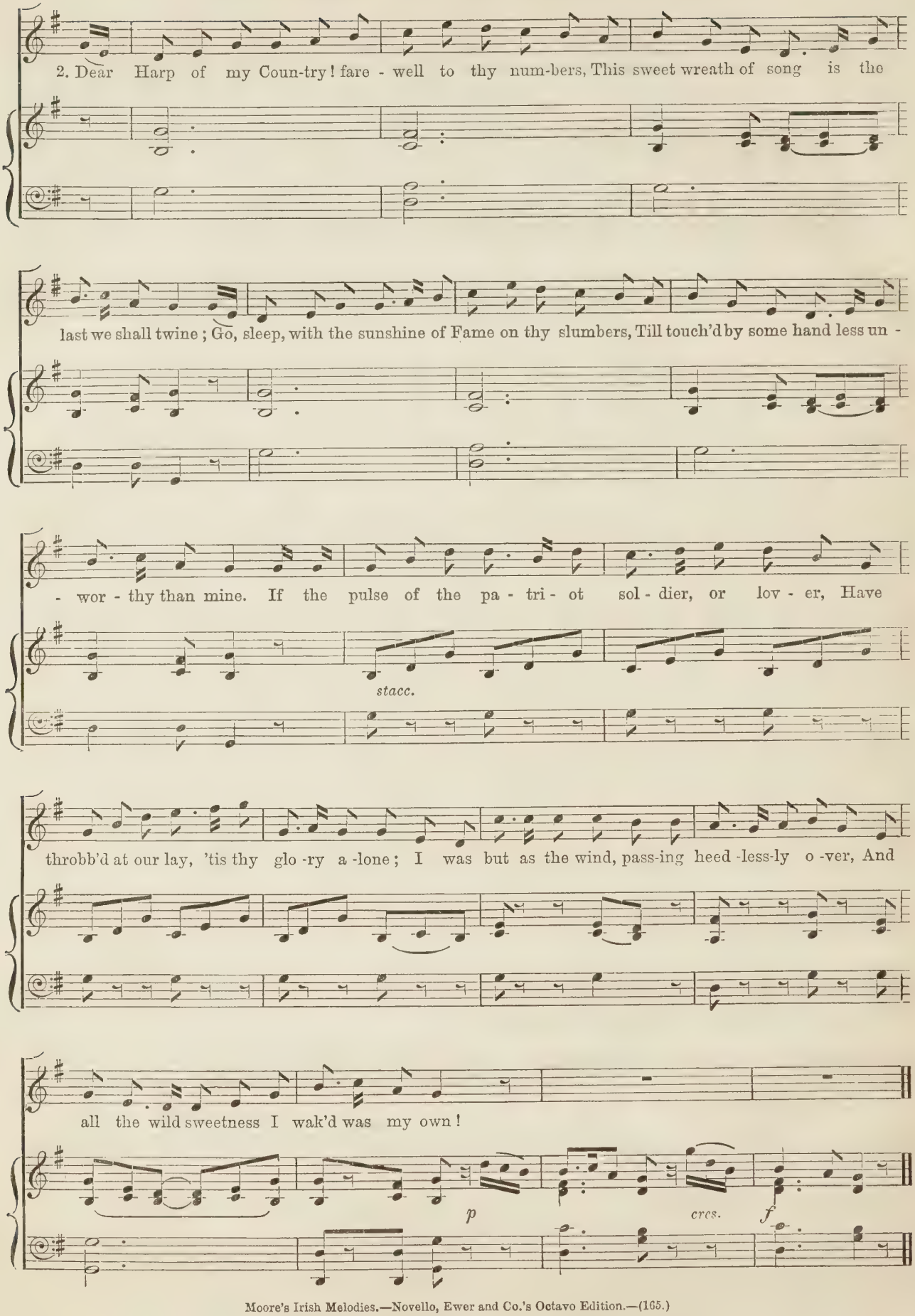
AIR.—"NEW LANGOLEE."


Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Dear Harp of my Coun-try! in dark-ness I found thee, The
p
pp
cold chain of si-lence* had hung o'er thee long, When proudly my own Island Harp! I unbound thee, And
gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song! The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness, A -
stacc.
- wa-ken thy fond-est, thy live- li - est thrill, But so oft hast thou e- choed the deep sigh of sadness, That
e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
p
cres.
f

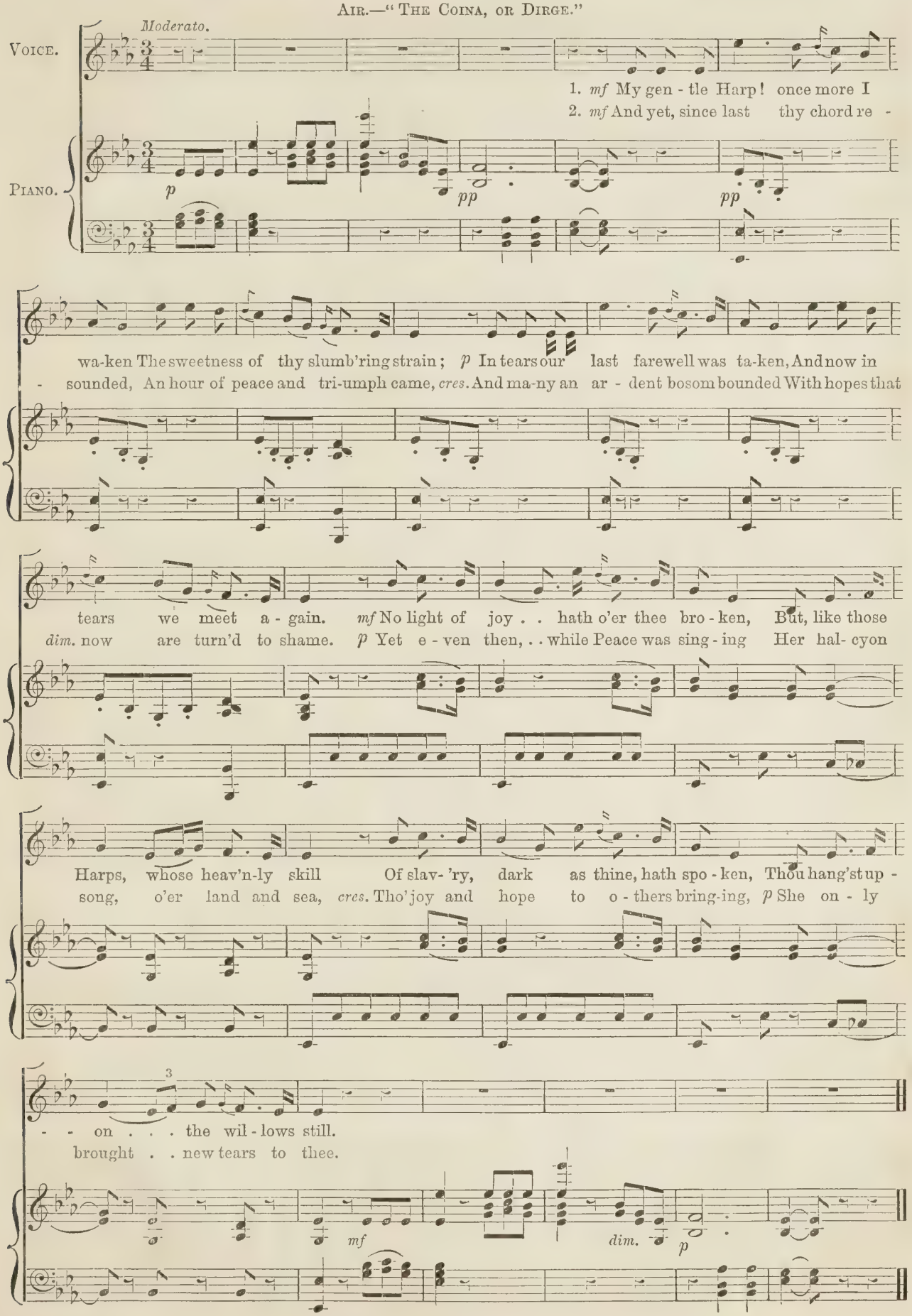
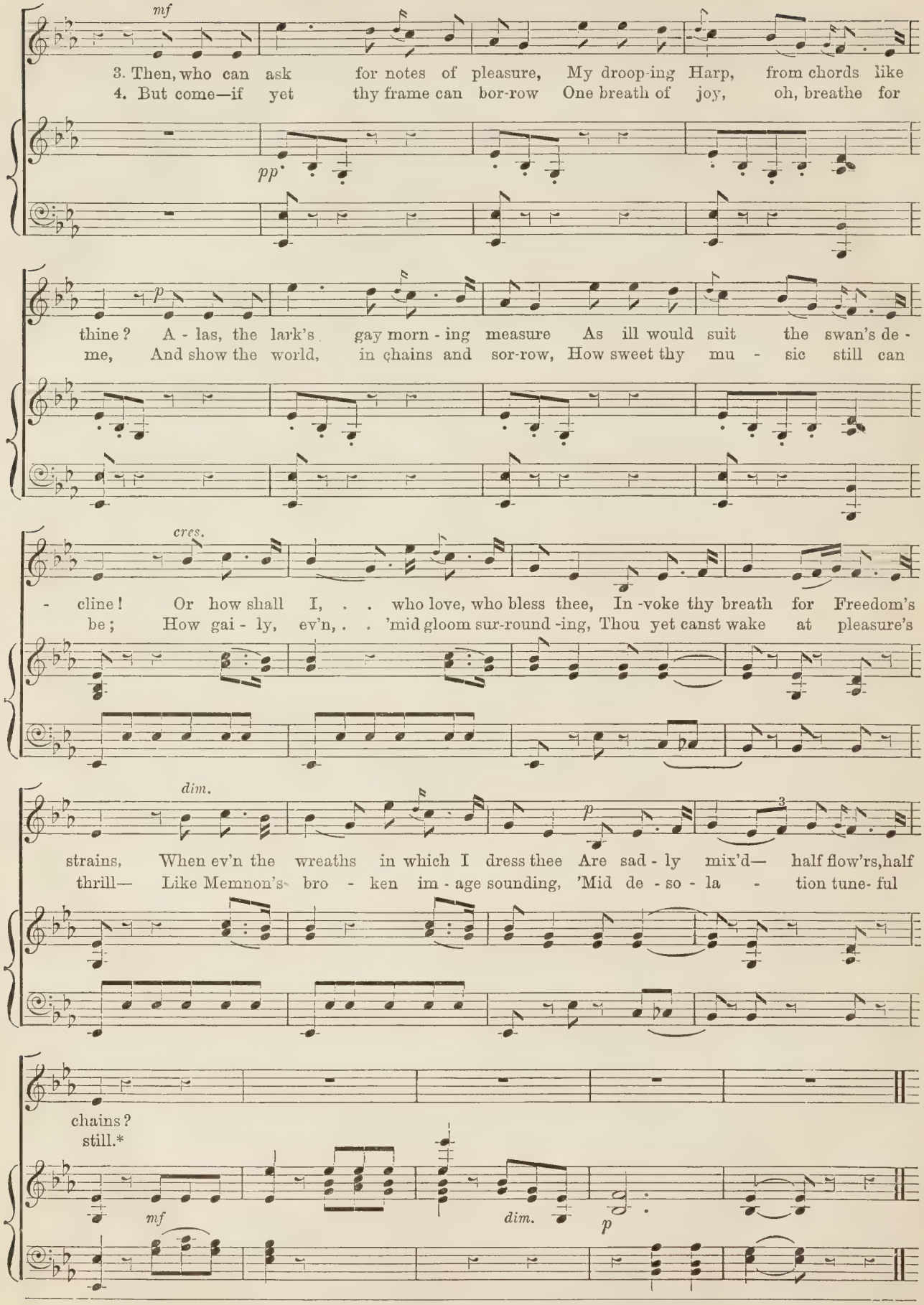
* In that rebellious but beautiful Song, "When Erin first rose," there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

"The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep."

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish. Walker tells us of "a celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhaim, where the attending Bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks." See also the Ode to Gaul, the Son of Morni, in Miss Brooke's Reliques of Irish Poetry.


2. Dear Harp of my Coun-try! fare - well to thy num-bers, This sweet wreath of song is the
last we shall twine ; Go, sleep, with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers, Till touch'd by some hand less un -
- wor - thy than mine. If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot sol - dier, or lov - er, Have
stacc.
throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glo -ry a -lone ; I was but as the wind, pass-ing heed -less-ly o -ver, And
all the wild sweetness I wak'd was my own !
p
cres.
f

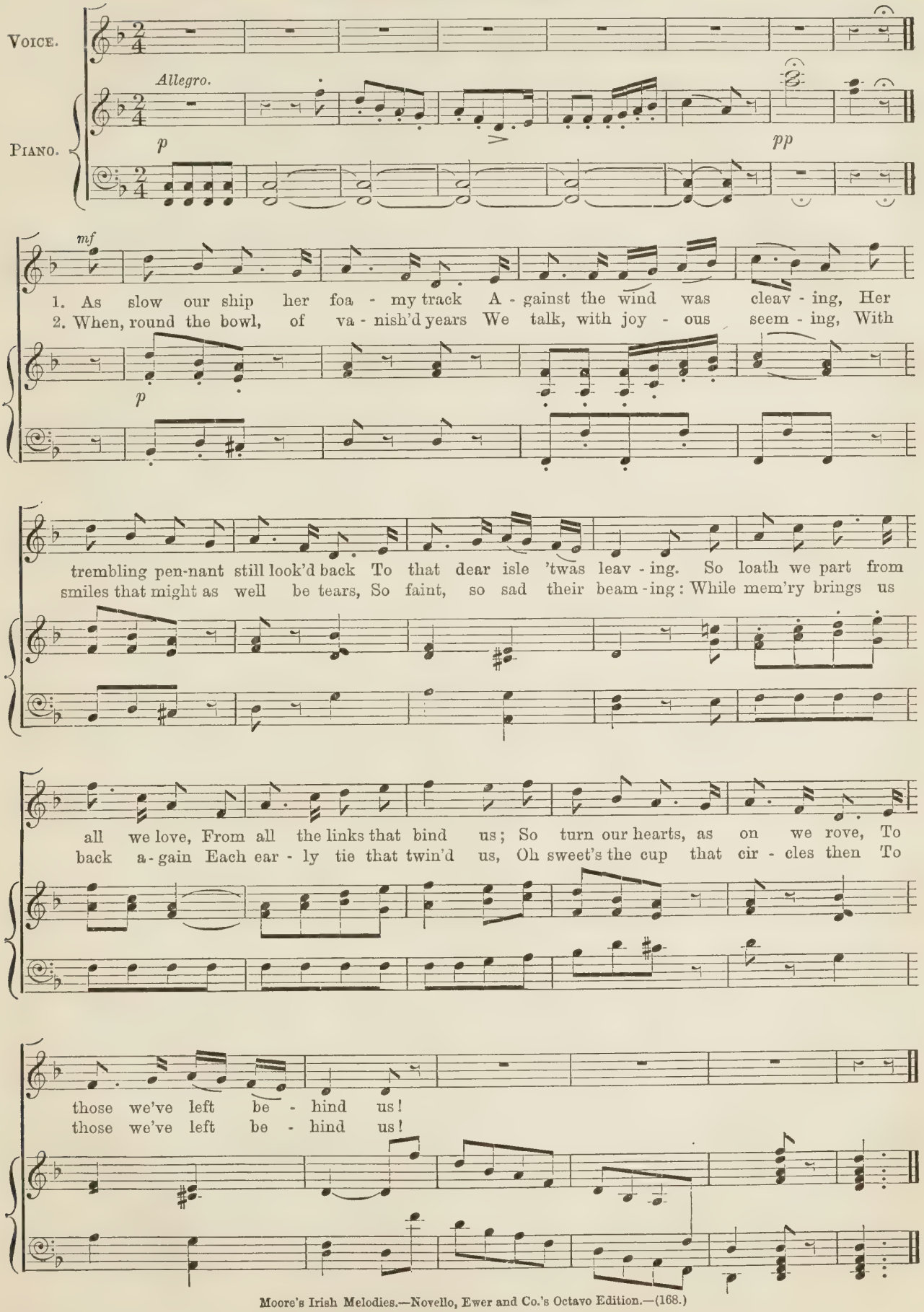
MY GENTLE HARP! ONCE MORE I WAKEN.

AIR.—"THE COINA, OR DIRGE."

Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. mf My gen - tle Harp! once more I
2. mf And yet, since last thy chord re -
p
pp
pp
wa-ken The sweetness of thy slumb'ring strain; p In tears our last farewell was ta-ken, And now in
- sounded, An hour of peace and tri-umph came, cres. And ma-ny an ar - dent bosom bounded With hopes that
tears we meet a - gain. mf No light of joy . . hath o'er thee bro - ken, But, like those
dim. now are turn'd to shame. p Yet e - ven then, . . while Peace was sing - ing Her hal- cyon
Harps, whose heav'n-ly skill Of slav- 'ry, dark as thine, hath spo - ken, Thou hang'st up -
song, o'er land and sea, cres. Tho' joy and hope to o - thers bring-ing, p She on - ly
3
- - on . . . the wil - lows still.
brought . . new tears to thee.
mf
dim.
p

mf
3. Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure, My droop-ing Harp, from chords like
4. But come—if yet thy frame can bor-row One breath of joy, oh, breathe for
pp
p
thine? A - las, the lark's gay morn - ing measure As ill would suit the swan's de -
me, And show the world, in chains and sor-row, How sweet thy mu - sic still can
cres.
- cline! Or how shall I, . . who love, who bless thee, In -voke thy breath for Freedom's
be; How gai - ly, ev'n, . . 'mid gloom sur-round -ing, Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's
dim.
p
3
strains, When ev'n the wreaths in which I dress thee Are sad - ly mix'd— half flow'rs, half
thrill— Like Memnon's bro - ken im - age sounding, 'Mid de - so - la - tion tune- ful
chains?
still.*
mf
dim.
p

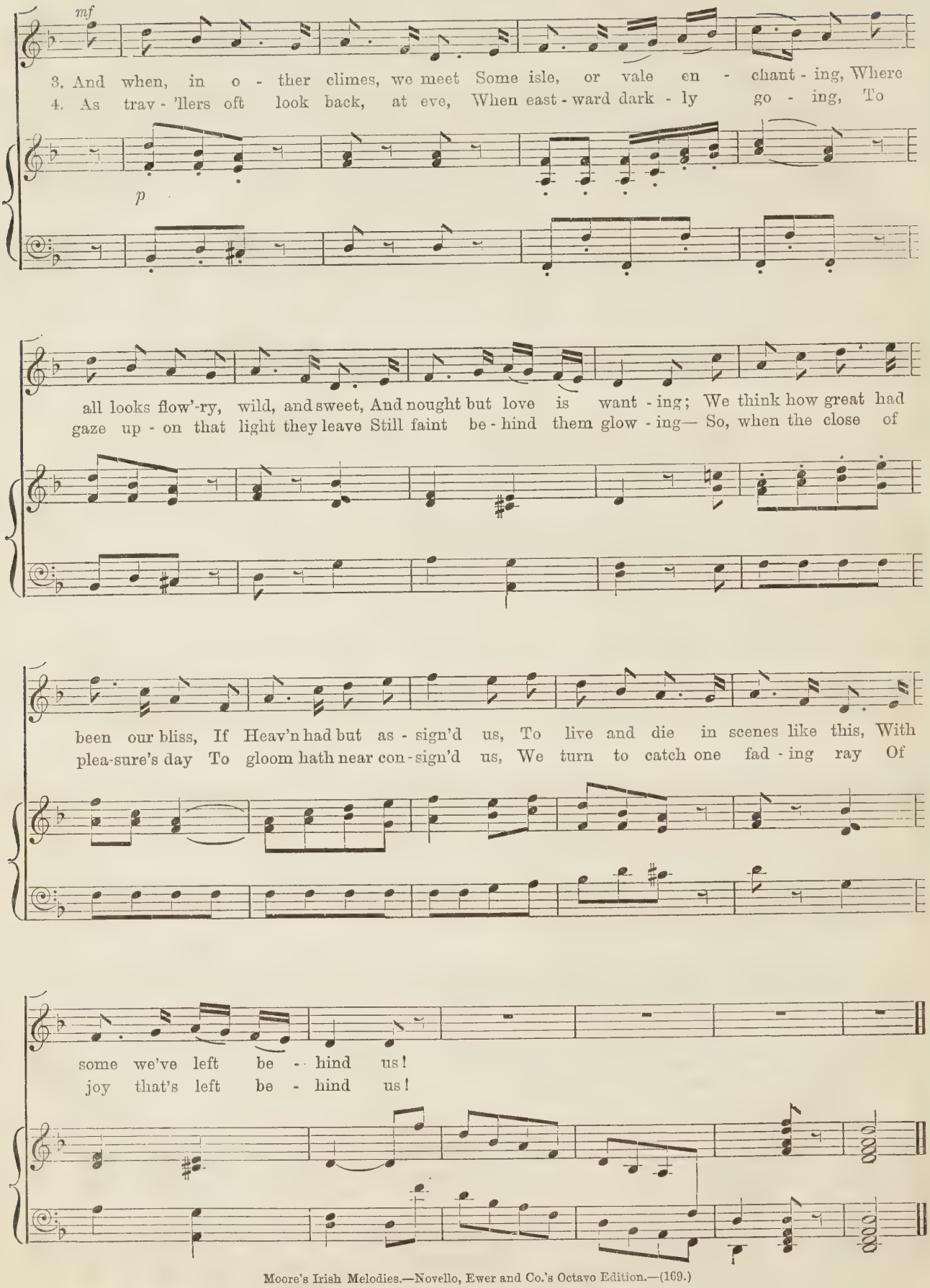
* "Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ."—JUVENAL.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP HER FOAMY TRACK.

AIR.—"THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME."

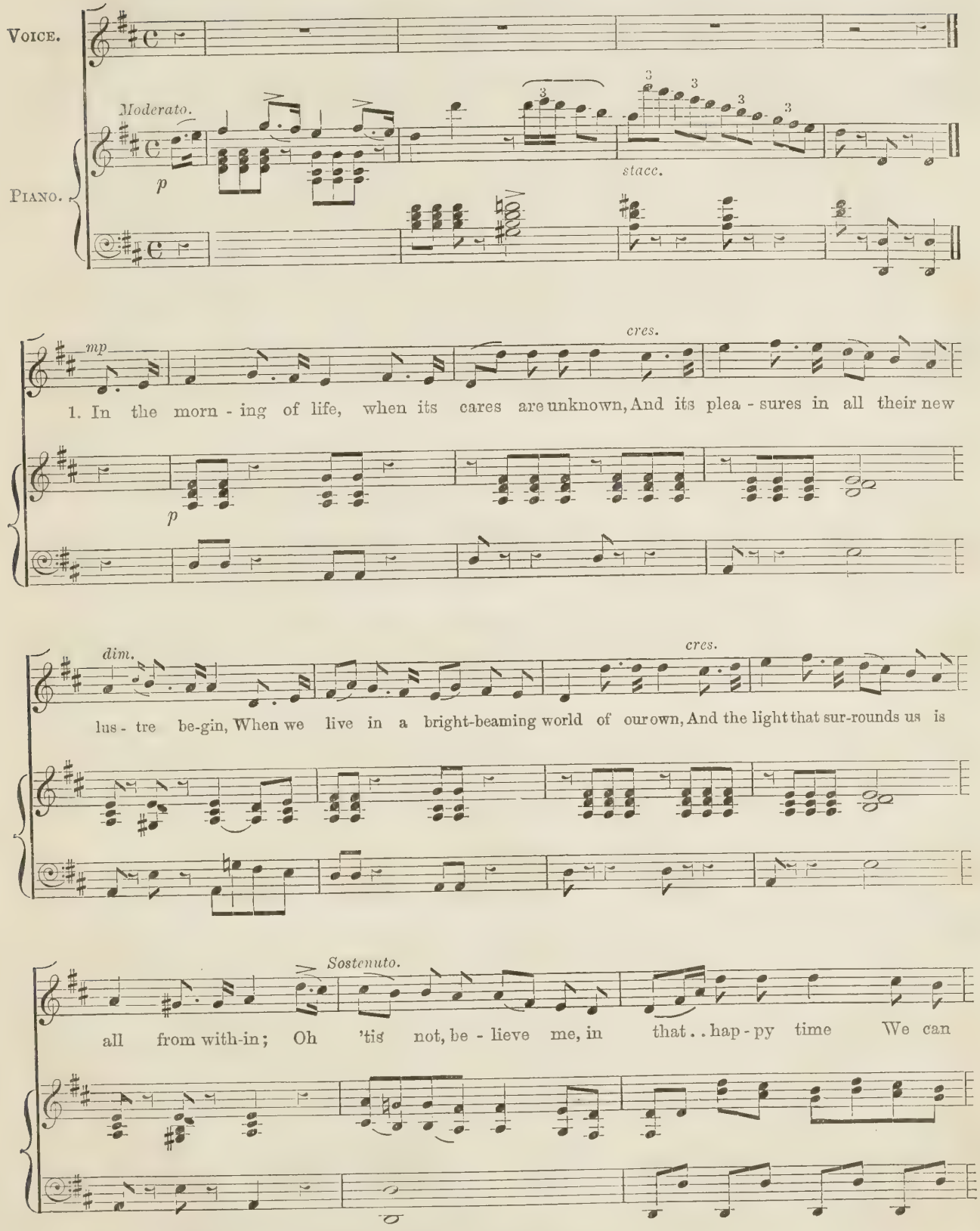

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegro.
p
pp
mf
1. As slow our ship her foa - my track A - gainst the wind was cleav - ing, Her
2. When, round the bowl, of va - nish'd years We talk, with joy - ous seem - ing, With
trembling pen-nant still look'd back To that dear isle 'twas leav - ing. So loath we part from
smiles that might as well be tears, So faint, so sad their beam - ing: While mem'ry brings us
all we love, From all the links that bind us; So turn our hearts, as on we rove, To
back a - gain Each ear - ly tie that twin'd us, Oh sweet's the cup that cir - cles then To
those we've left be - hind us!
those we've left be - hind us!

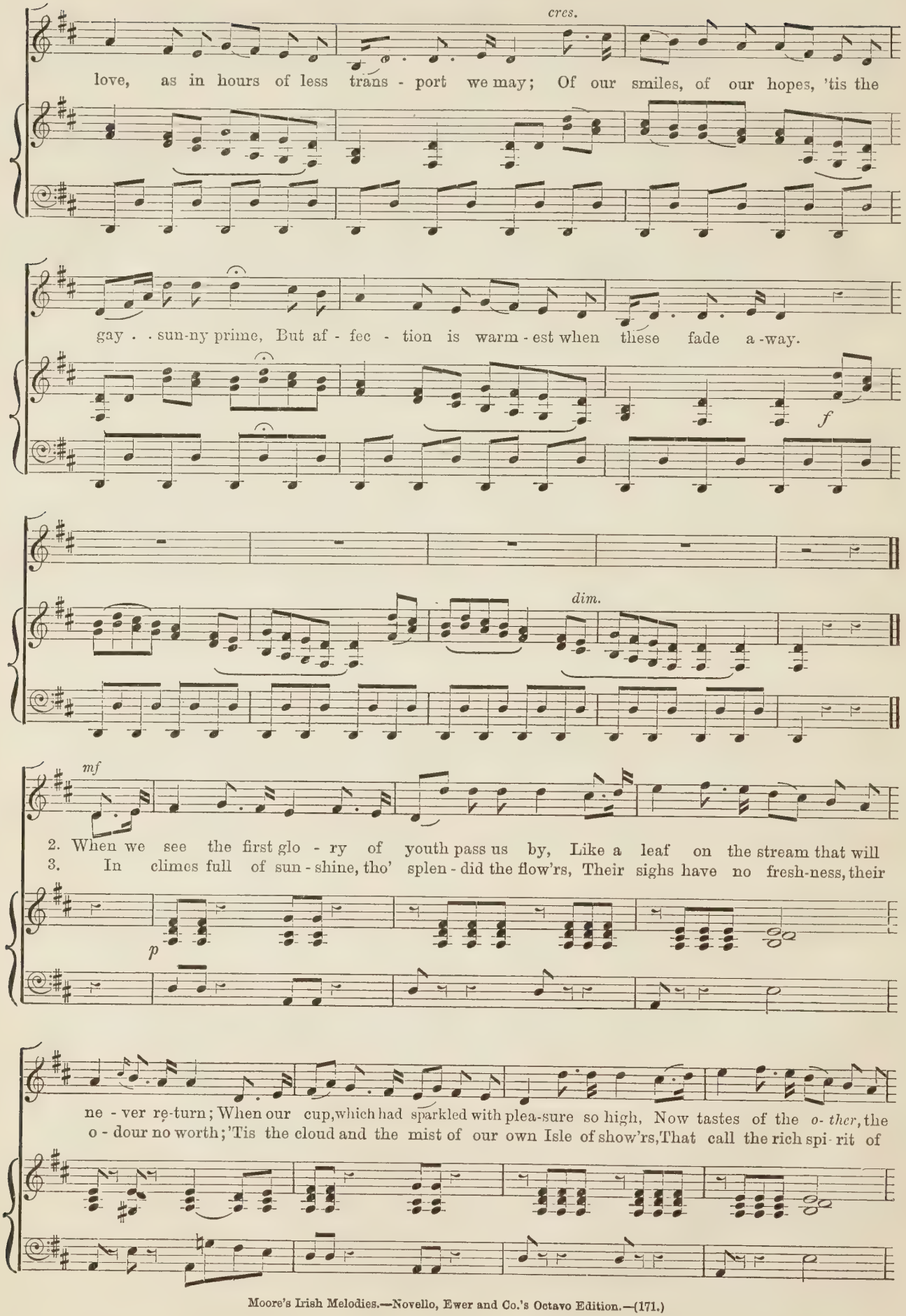
AS SLOW OUR SHIP HER FOAMY TRACK.

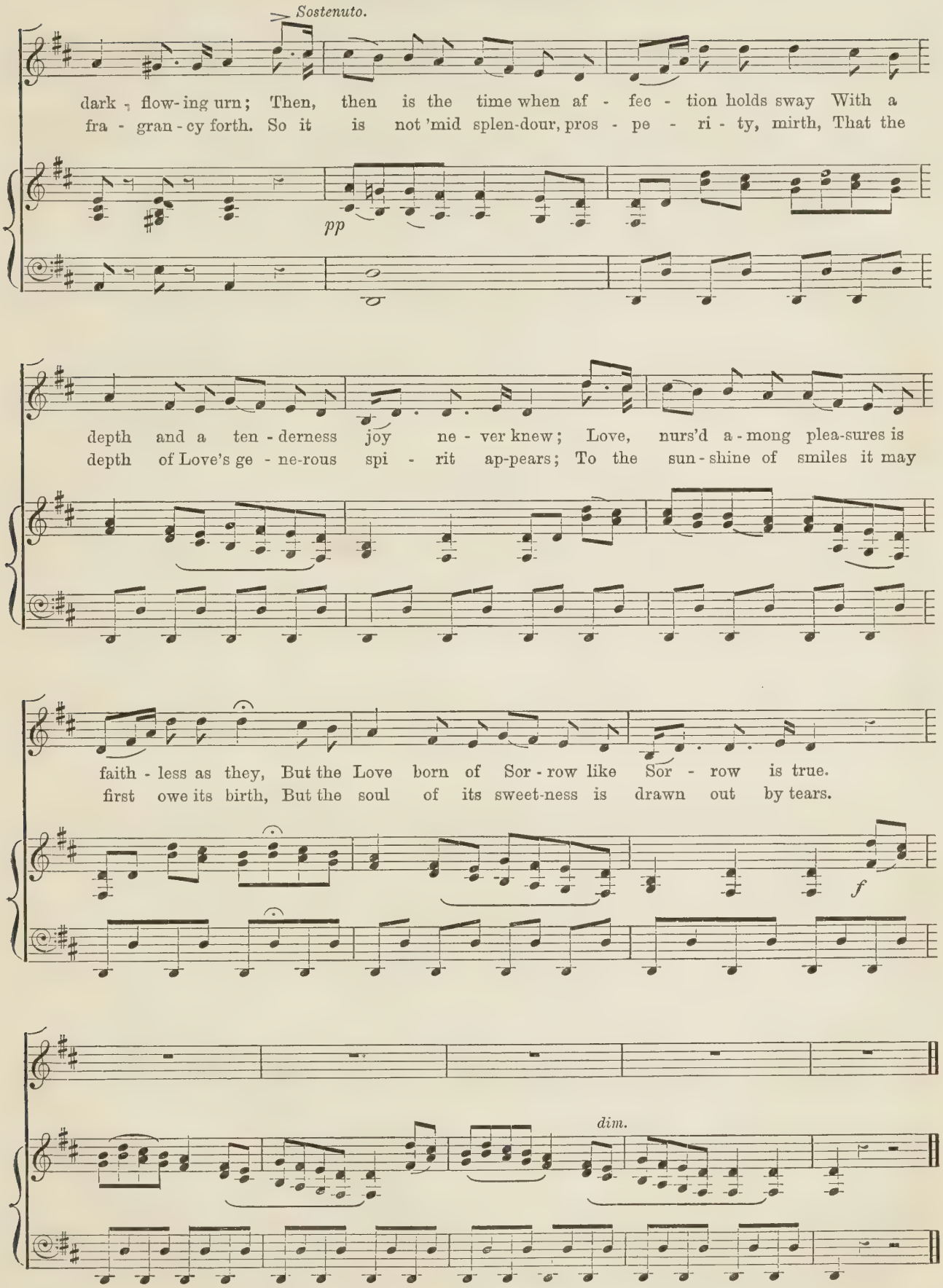

mf
3. And when, in o - ther climes, we meet Some isle, or vale en - chant - ing, Where
4. As trav - 'llers oft look back, at eve, When east - ward dark - ly go - ing, To
p
all looks flow'-ry, wild, and sweet, And nought but love is want - ing; We think how great had
gaze up - on that light they leave Still faint be - hind them glow - ing— So, when the close of
been our bliss, If Heav'n had but as - sign'd us, To live and die in scenes like this, With
plea-sure's day To gloom hath near con - sign'd us, We turn to catch one fad - ing ray Of
some we've left be - hind us!
joy that's left be - hind us!

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

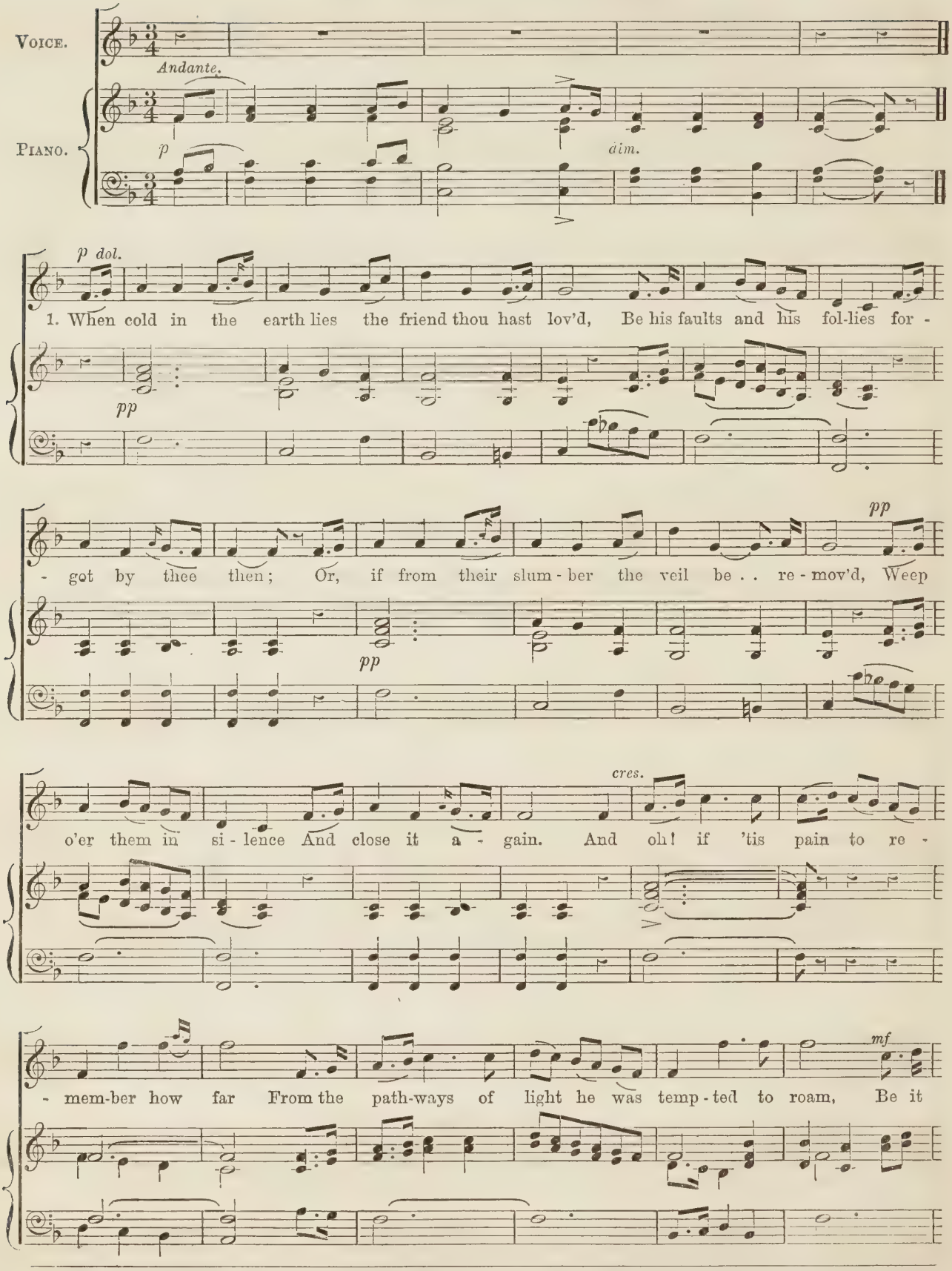
Air.—"The Little Harvest Rose."


Voice.
Piano.
Moderato.
p
stacc.
mp
cres.
1. In the morn - ing of life, when its cares are unknown, And its plea - sures in all their new
p
dim.
cres.
lus - tre be-gin, When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own, And the light that sur-rounds us is
Sostenuto.
all from with-in; Oh 'tis not, be - lieve me, in that . . hap - py time We can

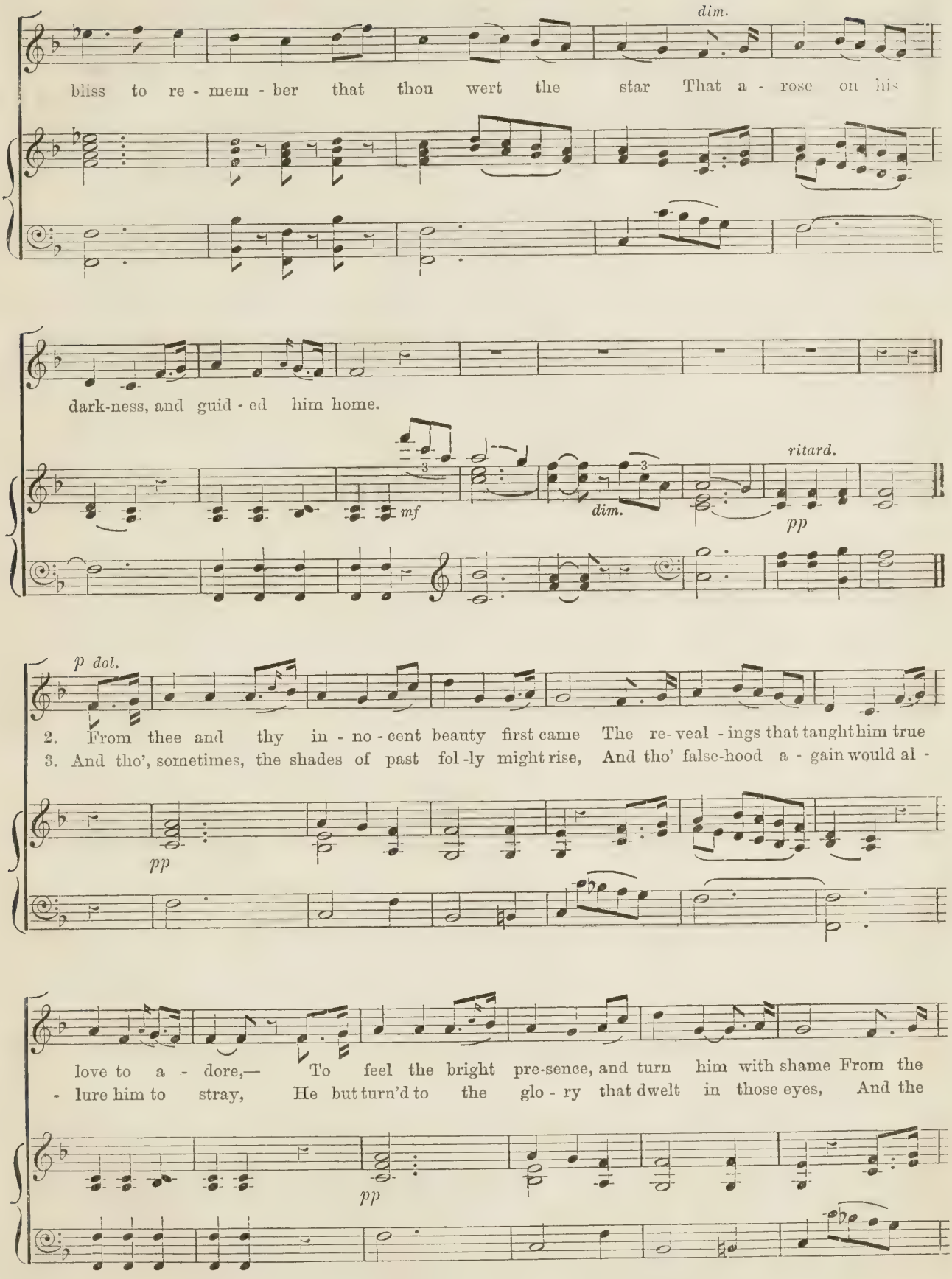

cres.
love, as in hours of less trans - port we may; Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the
gay . . sun-ny prime, But af - fec - tion is warm - est when these fade a - way.
f
dim.
mf
2. When we see the first glo - ry of youth pass us by, Like a leaf on the stream that will
3. In climes full of sun - shine, tho' splen - did the flow'rs, Their sighs have no fresh-ness, their
p
ne - ver re-turn; When our cup, which had sparkled with plea-sure so high, Now tastes of the o-ther, the
o - dour no worth; 'Tis the cloud and the mist of our own Isle of show'rs, That call the rich spi - rit of

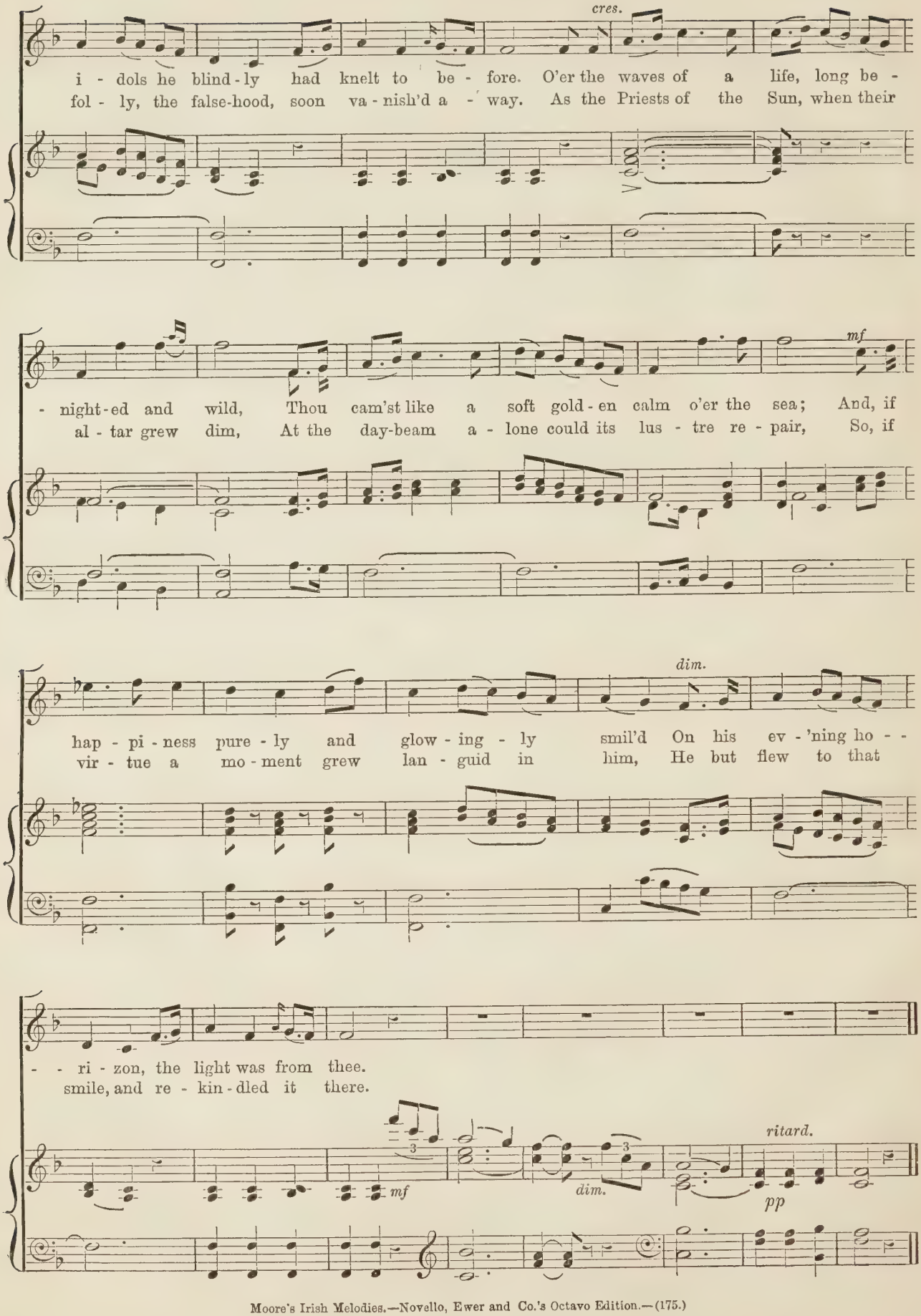

Sostenuto.
dark - flow-ing urn; Then, then is the time when af - fec - tion holds sway With a
fra - gran-cy forth. So it is not 'mid splen-dour, pros - pe - ri - ty, mirth, That the
pp
depth and a ten - derness joy ne - ver knew; Love, nurs'd a-mong plea-sures is
depth of Love's ge - ne-rous spi - rit ap-pears; To the sun-shine of smiles it may
faith - less as they, But the Love born of Sor - row like Sor - row is true.
first owe its birth, But the soul of its sweet-ness is drawn out by tears.
f
dim.

WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

AIR. — "LIMERICK'S LAMENTATON." *

VOICE.
PIANO.
Andante.
p
dim.
p dol.
1. When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast lov'd, Be his faults and his fol-lies for -
pp
pp
- got by thee then; Or, if from their slum-ber the veil be . . re-mov'd, Weep
pp
cres.
o'er them in si-lence And close it a - gain. And oh! if 'tis pain to re -
mf
- mem-ber how far From the path-ways of light he was temp-ted to roam, Be it

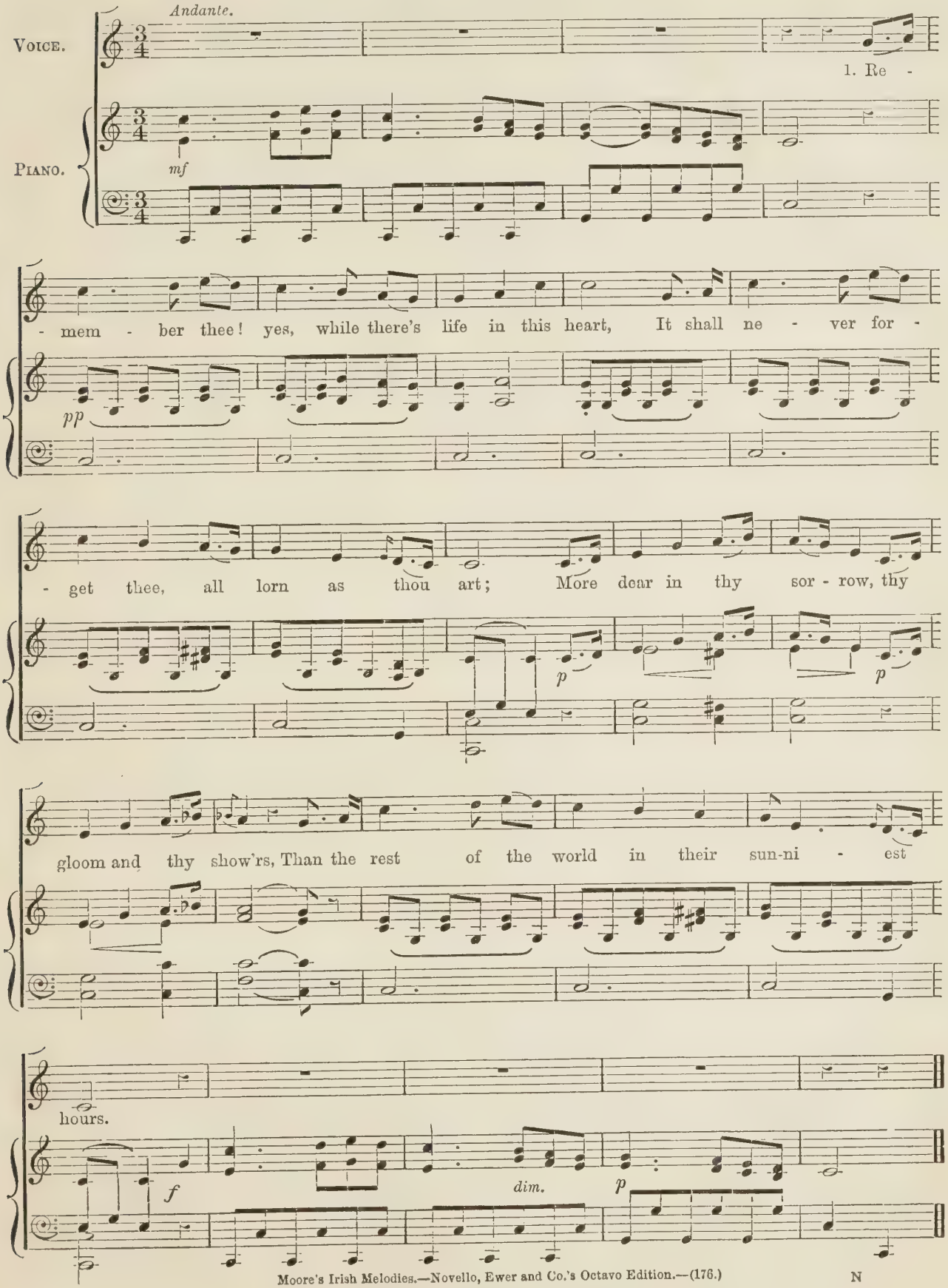
* Our right to this fine air (the "Lochaber" of the Scotch) will, I fear, be disputed; but, as it has been long connected with Irish words, and is confidently claimed for us by Mr. Bunting and others, I thought I should not be authorized in leaving it out of this collection.

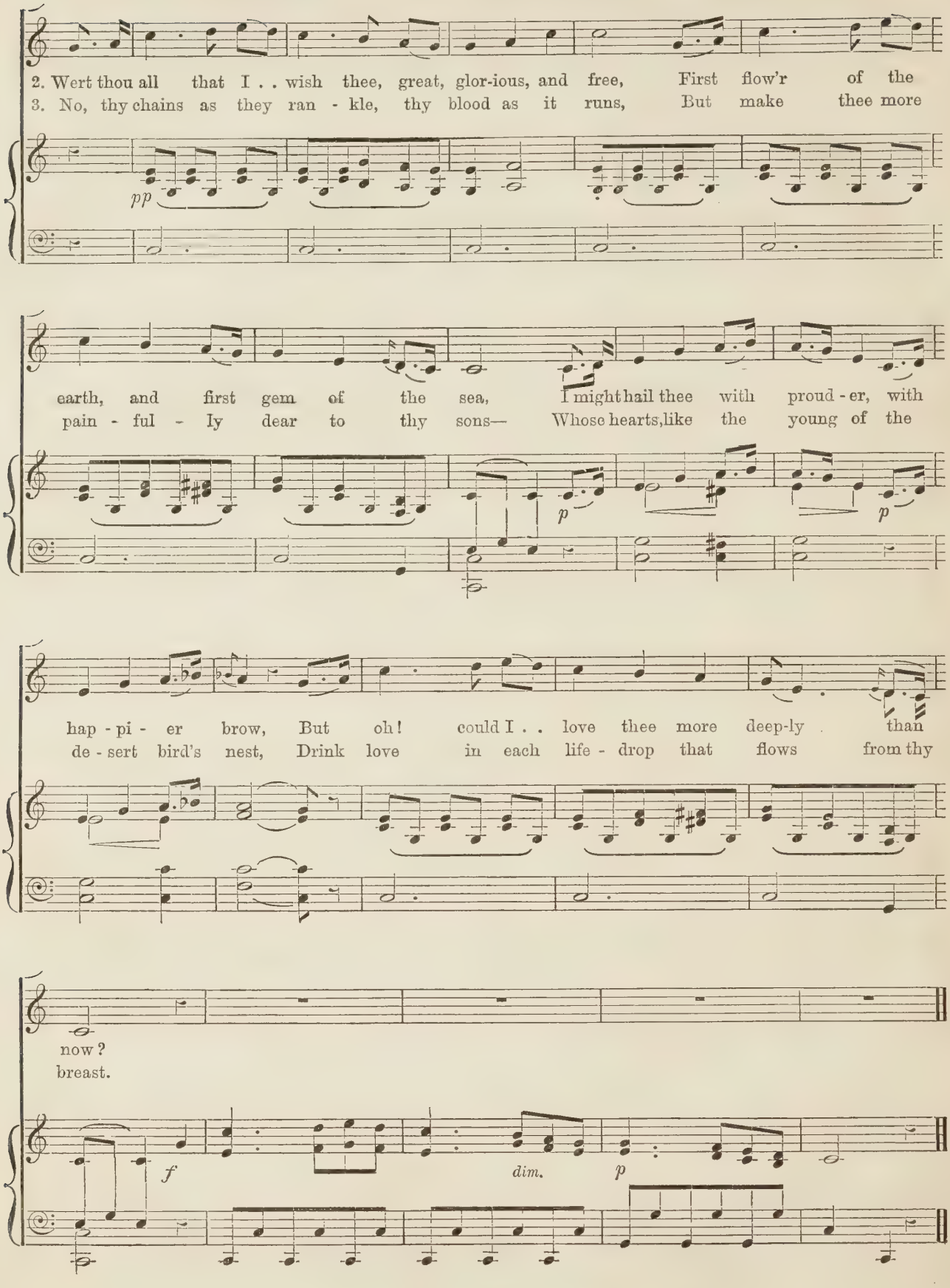

dim.
bliss to re - mem - ber that thou wert the star That a - rose on his
dark-ness, and guid - ed him home.
mf
dim.
ritard.
pp
p dol.
2. From thee and thy in - no - cent beauty first came The re- veal - ings that taught him true
3. And tho', sometimes, the shades of past fol -ly might rise, And tho' false-hood a - gain would al -
pp
love to a - dore,— To feel the bright pre-sence, and turn him with shame From the
- lure him to stray, He but turn'd to the glo - ry that dwelt in those eyes, And the
pp


cres.
i - dols he blind - ly had knelt to be - fore. O'er the waves of a life, long be -
fol - ly, the false-hood, soon va - nish'd a - way. As the Priests of the Sun, when their
mf
- night-ed and wild, Thou cam'st like a soft gold - en calm o'er the sea; And, if
al - tar grew dim, At the day-beam a - lone could its lus - tre re - pair, So, if
dim.
hap - pi - ness pure - ly and glow - ing - ly smil'd On his ev - 'ning ho - -
vir - tue a mo - ment grew lan - guid in him, He but flew to that
- - ri - zon, the light was from thee.
smile, and re - kin - dled it there.
3
3
mf
dim.
ritard.
pp

REMEMBER THEE! YES, WHILE THERE'S LIFE.

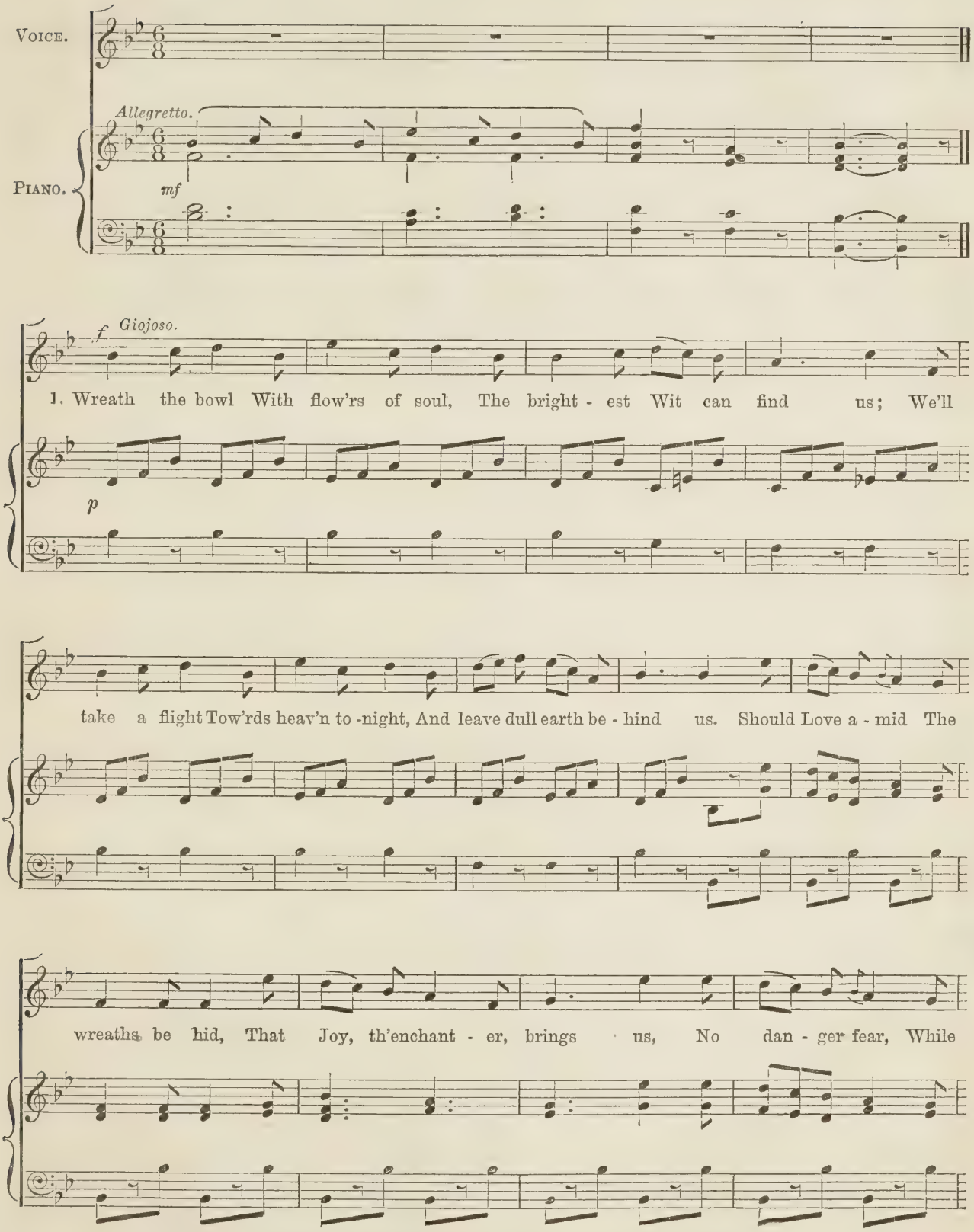
AIR.—"CASTLE TIROWEN."

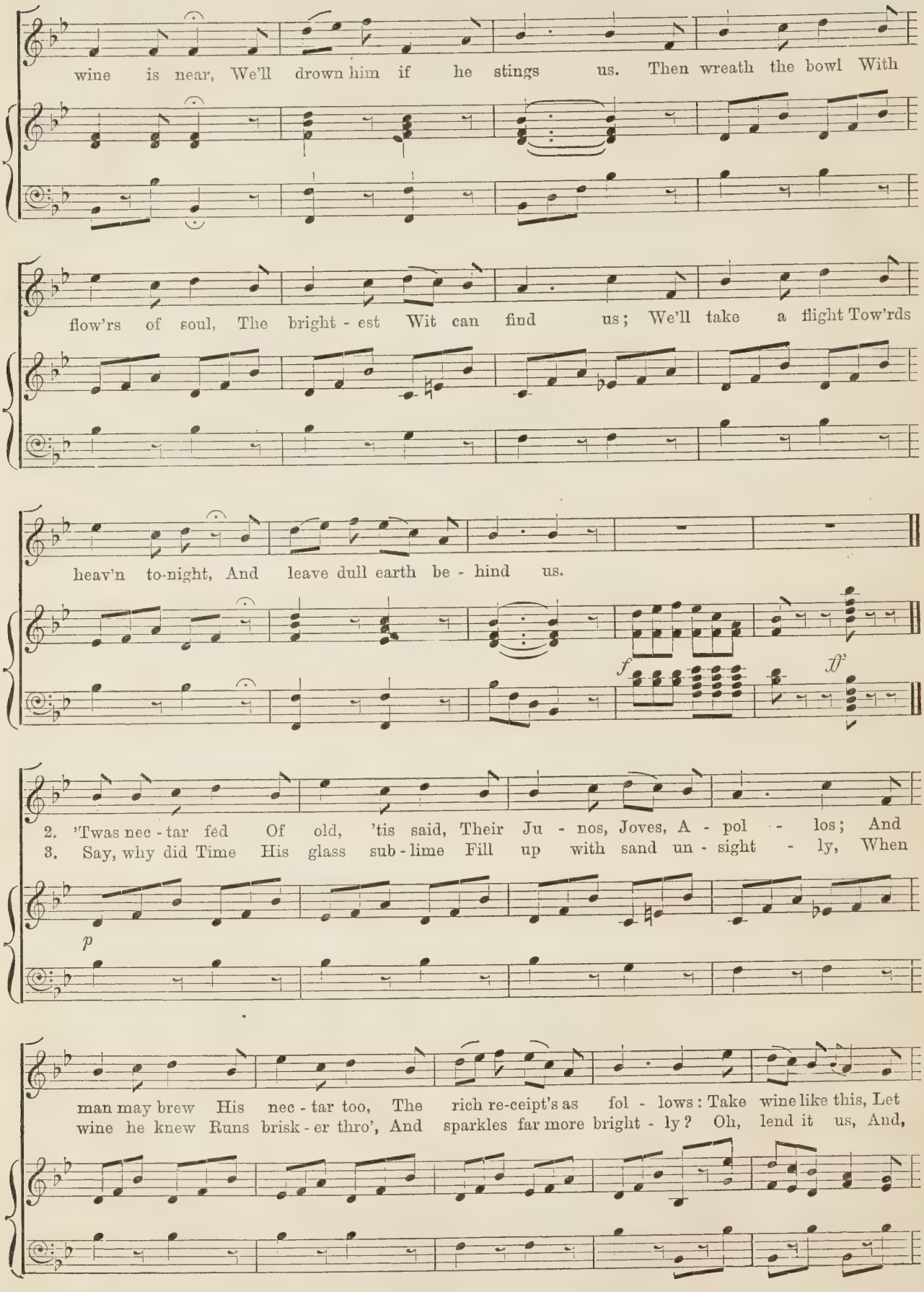

Andante.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. Re -
mf
- mem - ber thee! yes, while there's life in this heart, It shall ne - ver for -
pp
- get thee, all lorn as thou art; More dear in thy sor - row, thy
p
p
gloom and thy show'rs, Than the rest of the world in their sun-ni - est
hours.
f
dim.
p

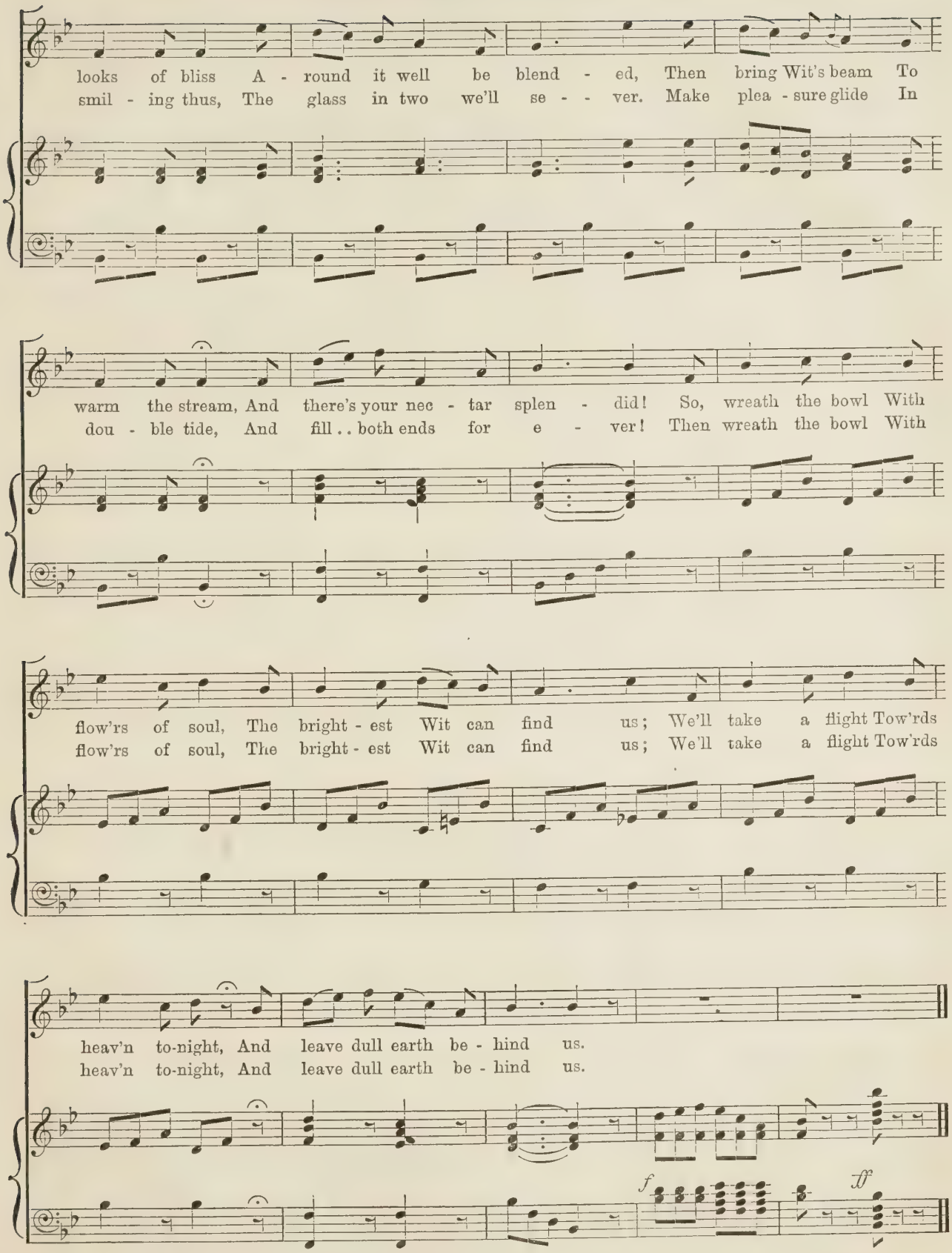

2. Wert thou all that I . . wish thee, great, glor-ious, and free, First flow'r of the
3. No, thy chains as they ran - kle, thy blood as it runs, But make thee more
pp
earth, and first gem of the sea, I might hail thee with proud - er, with
pain - ful - ly dear to thy sons— Whose hearts, like the young of the
p
p
hap - pi - er brow, But oh! could I . . love thee more deep-ly than
de - sert bird's nest, Drink love in each life - drop that flows from thy
now?
breast.
f
dim.
p

WREATH THE BOWL.

AIR.—"NORAN KISTA."

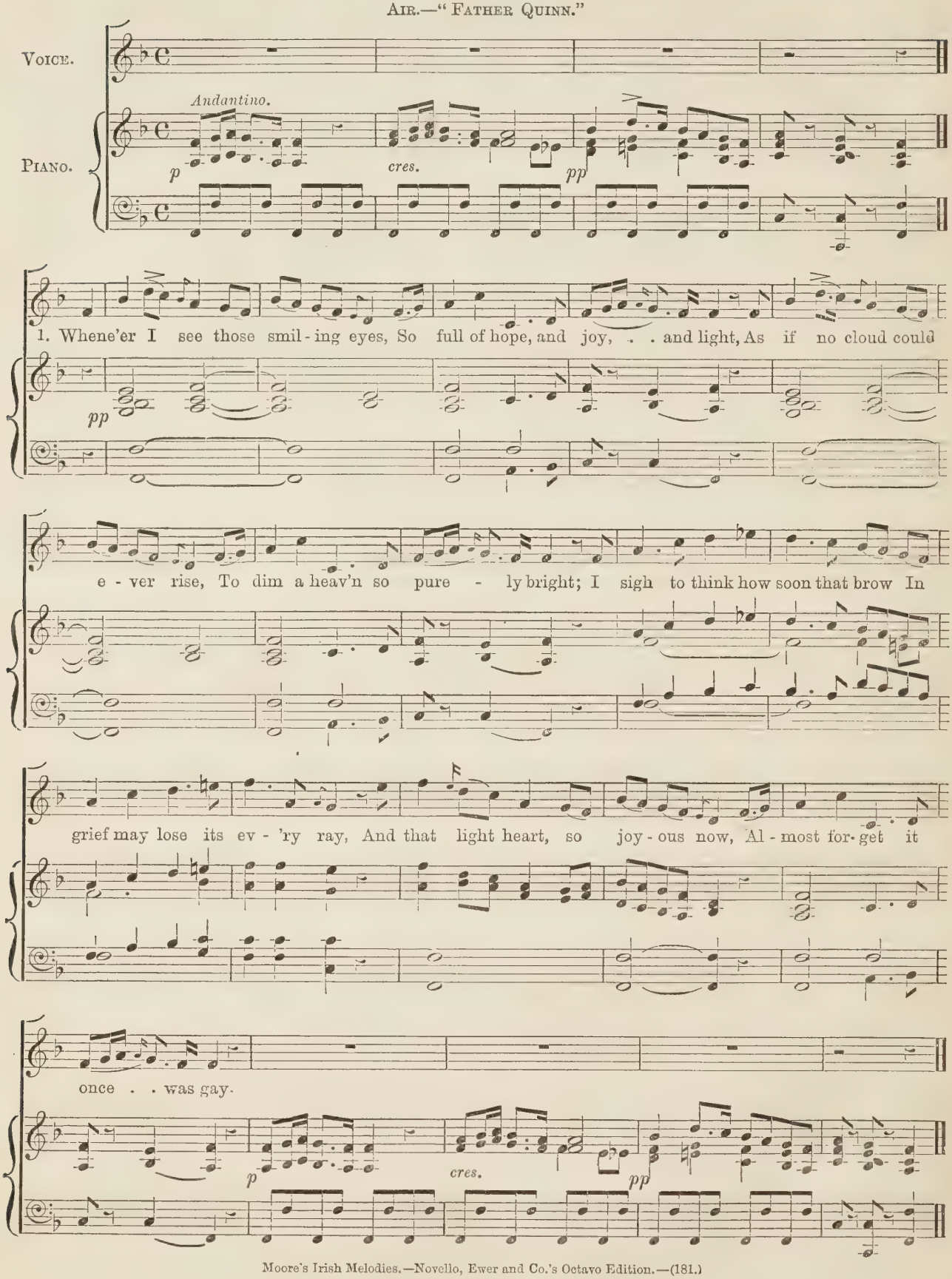

VOICE.
PIANO.
Allegretto.
mf
f Giojoso.
1. Wreath the bowl With flow'rs of soul, The bright - est Wit can find us; We'll
p
take a flight Tow'rds heav'n to -night, And leave dull earth be - hind us. Should Love a - mid The
wreaths be hid, That Joy, th'enchant - er, brings us, No dan - ger fear, While

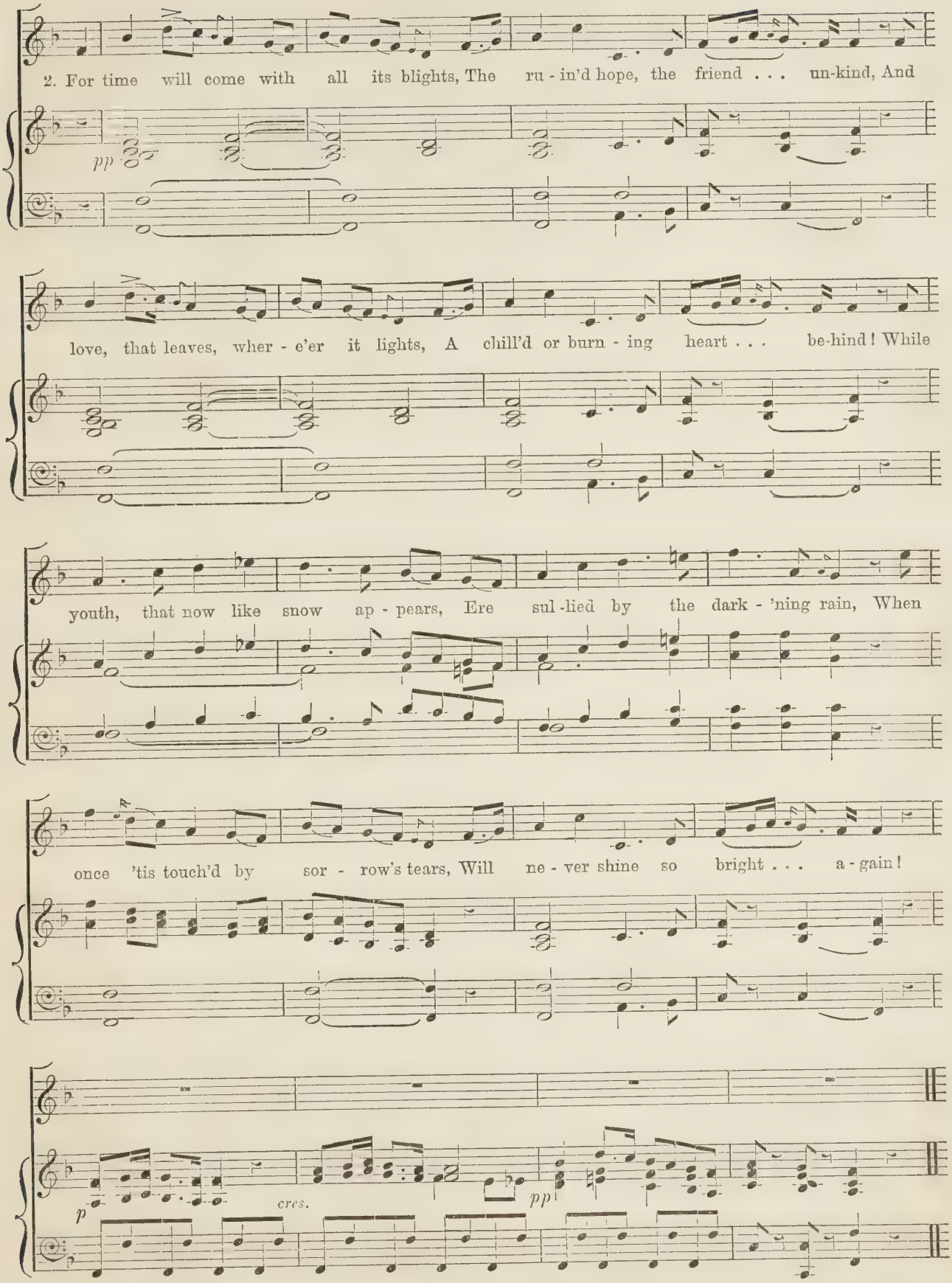

wine is near, We'll drown him if he stings us. Then wreath the bowl With
flow'rs of soul, The bright - est Wit can find us; We'll take a flight Tow'rds
heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth be - hind us.
f
ff
2. 'Twas nec - tar fed Of old, 'tis said, Their Ju - nos, Joves, A - pol - los; And
3. Say, why did Time His glass sub - lime Fill up with sand un - sight - ly, When
p
man may brew His nec - tar too, The rich re-ceipt's as fol - lows: Take wine like this, Let
wine he knew Runs brisk - er thro', And sparkles far more bright - ly? Oh, lend it us, And,


looks of bliss A - round it well be blend - ed, Then bring Wit's beam To
smil - ing thus, The glass in two we'll se - - ver. Make plea - sure glide In
warm the stream, And there's your nec - tar splen - did! So, wreath the bowl With
dou - ble tide, And fill . . both ends for e - ver! Then wreath the bowl With
flow'rs of soul, The bright - est Wit can find us; We'll take a flight Tow'rds
flow'rs of soul, The bright - est Wit can find us; We'll take a flight Tow'rds
heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth be - hind us.
heav'n to-night, And leave dull earth be - hind us.
f
ff

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

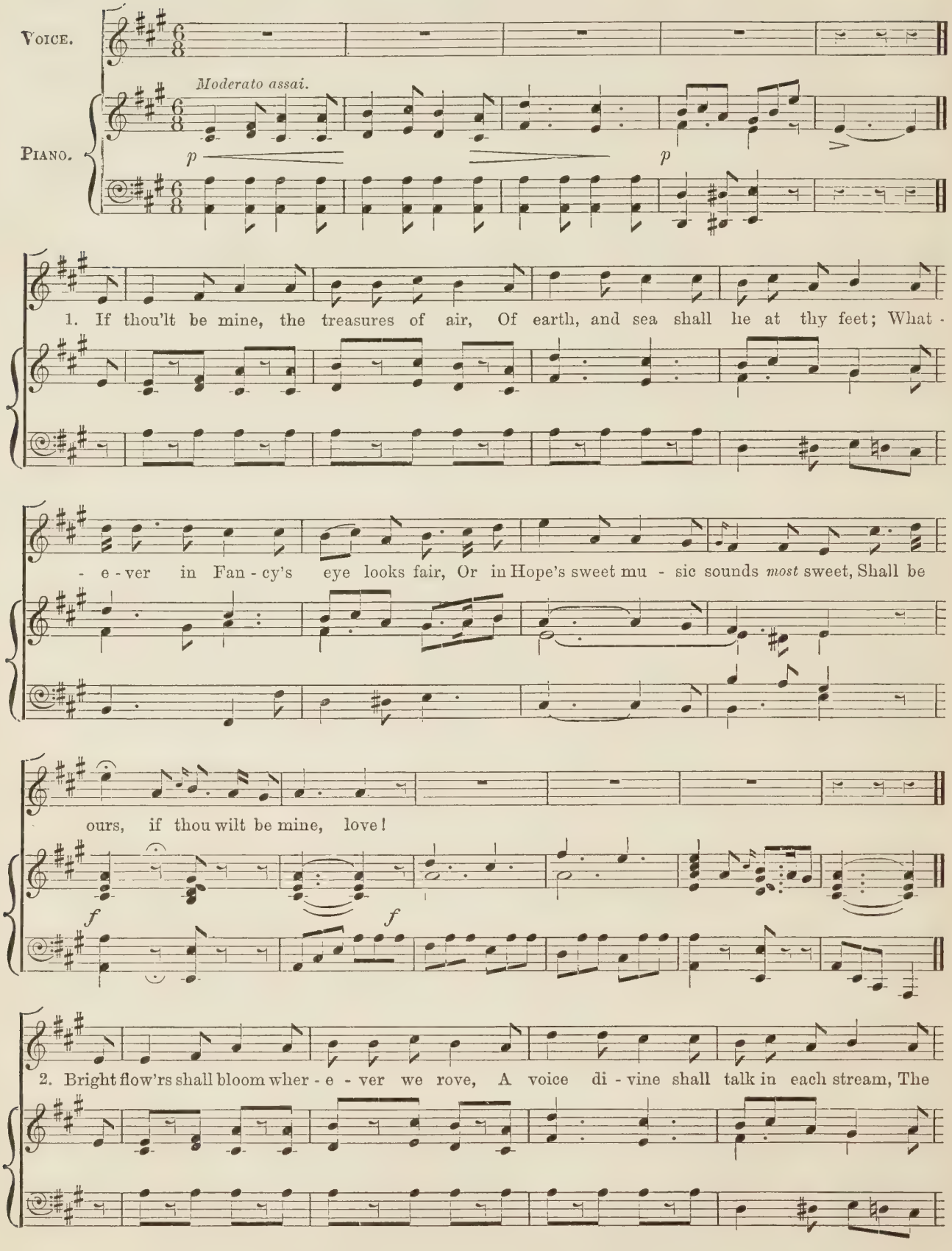
AIR.—"FATHER QUINN."

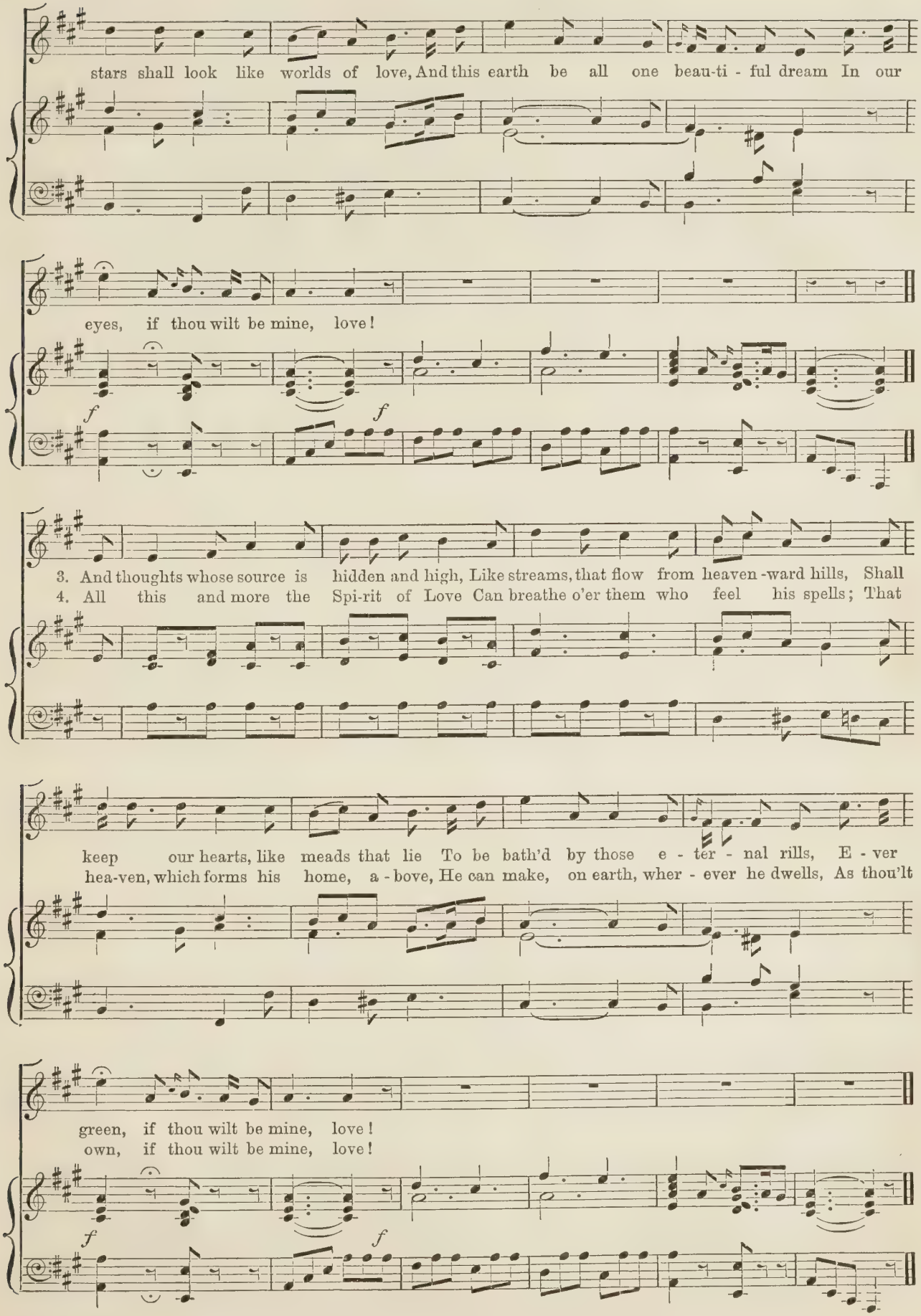

Voice.
Piano.
Andantino.
p
cres.
pp
1. Whene'er I see those smil - ing eyes, So full of hope, and joy, . . and light, As if no cloud could
e - ver rise, To dim a heav'n so pure - ly bright; I sigh to think how soon that brow In
grief may lose its ev - 'ry ray, And that light heart, so joy - ous now, Al - most for - get it
once . . was gay.


2. For time will come with all its blights, The ru - in'd hope, the friend . . . un-kind, And
pp
love, that leaves, wher - e'er it lights, A chill'd or burn - ing heart . . . be-hind! While
youth, that now like snow ap - pears, Ere sul-lied by the dark - 'ning rain, When
once 'tis touch'd by sor - row's tears, Will ne - ver shine so bright . . . a - gain!
p
cres.
pp

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

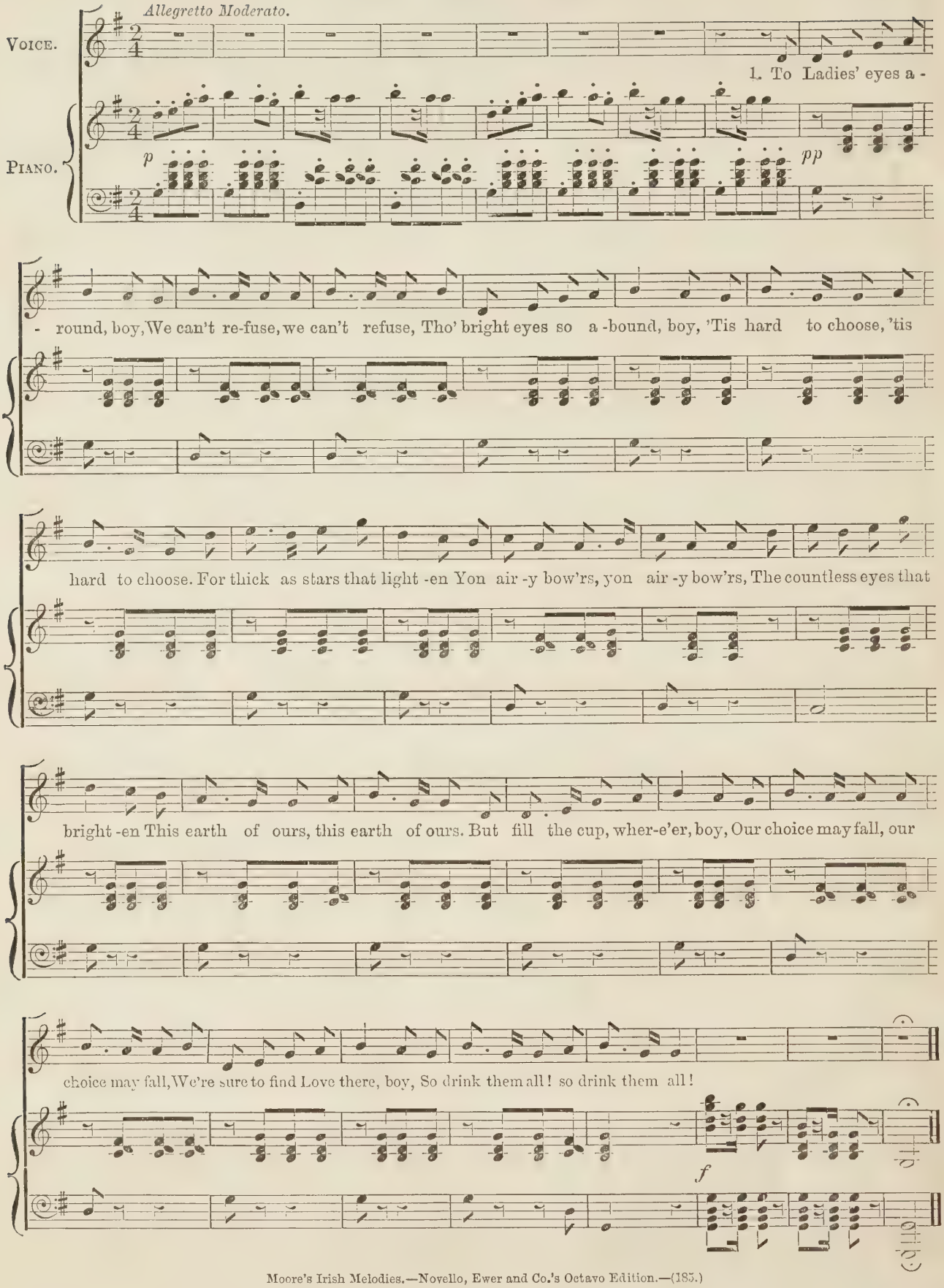
Air.—"The Winnowing Sheet."

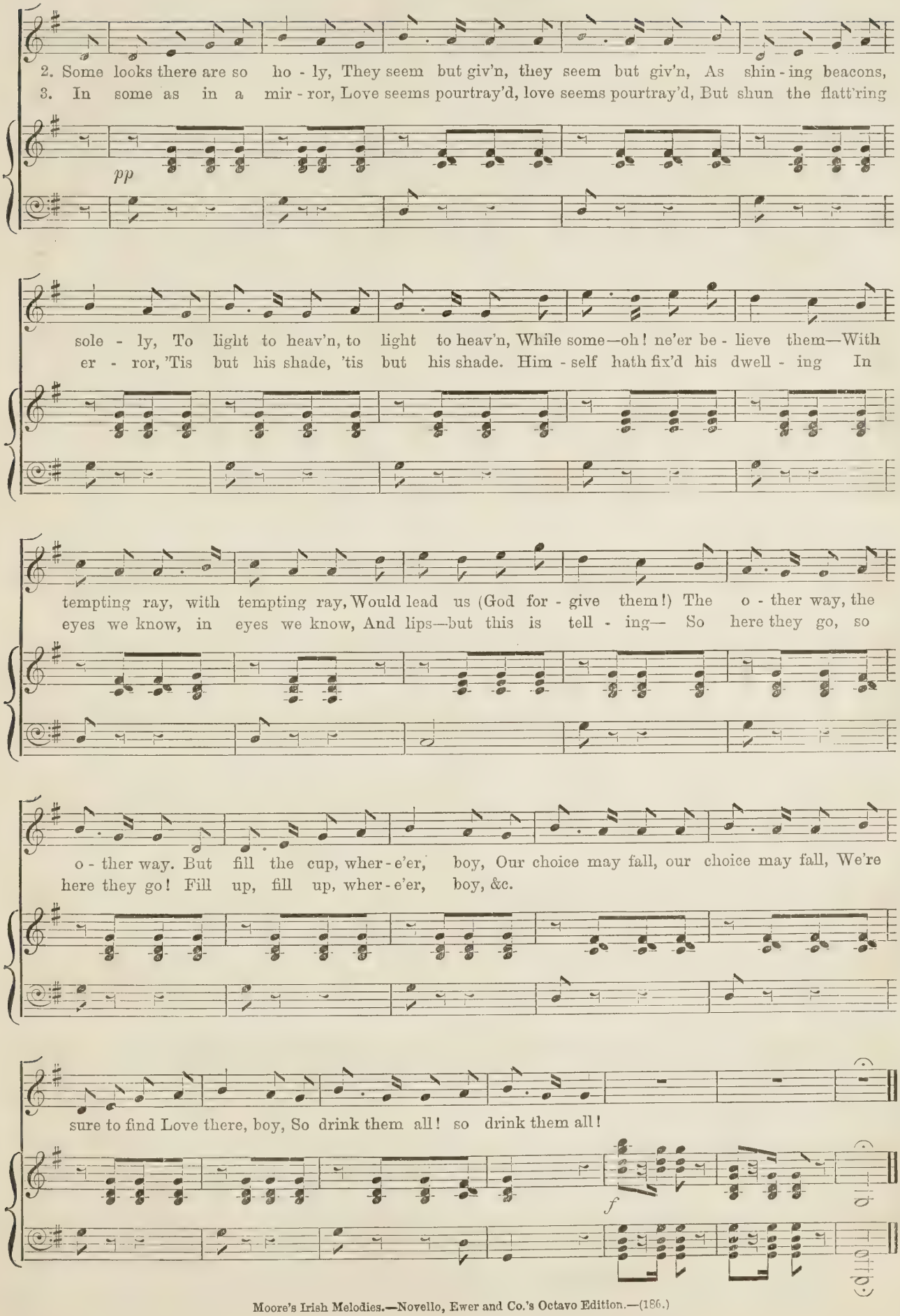

Voice.
Piano.
Moderato assai.
p
p
1. If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air, Of earth, and sea shall lie at thy feet; What -
- e - ver in Fan - cy's eye looks fair, Or in Hope's sweet mu - sic sounds most sweet, Shall be
ours, if thou wilt be mine, love!
f
f
2. Bright flow'rs shall bloom wher - e - ver we rove, A voice di - vine shall talk in each stream, The


stars shall look like worlds of love, And this earth be all one beau-ti - ful dream In our
eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love!
f
f
3. And thoughts whose source is hidden and high, Like streams, that flow from heaven-ward hills, Shall
4. All this and more the Spi-rit of Love Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells; That
keep our hearts, like meads that lie To be bath'd by those e - ter - nal rills, E - ver
hea-ven, which forms his home, a - bove, He can make, on earth, wher - ever he dwells, As thou'lt
green, if thou wilt be mine, love!
own, if thou wilt be mine, love!
f
f

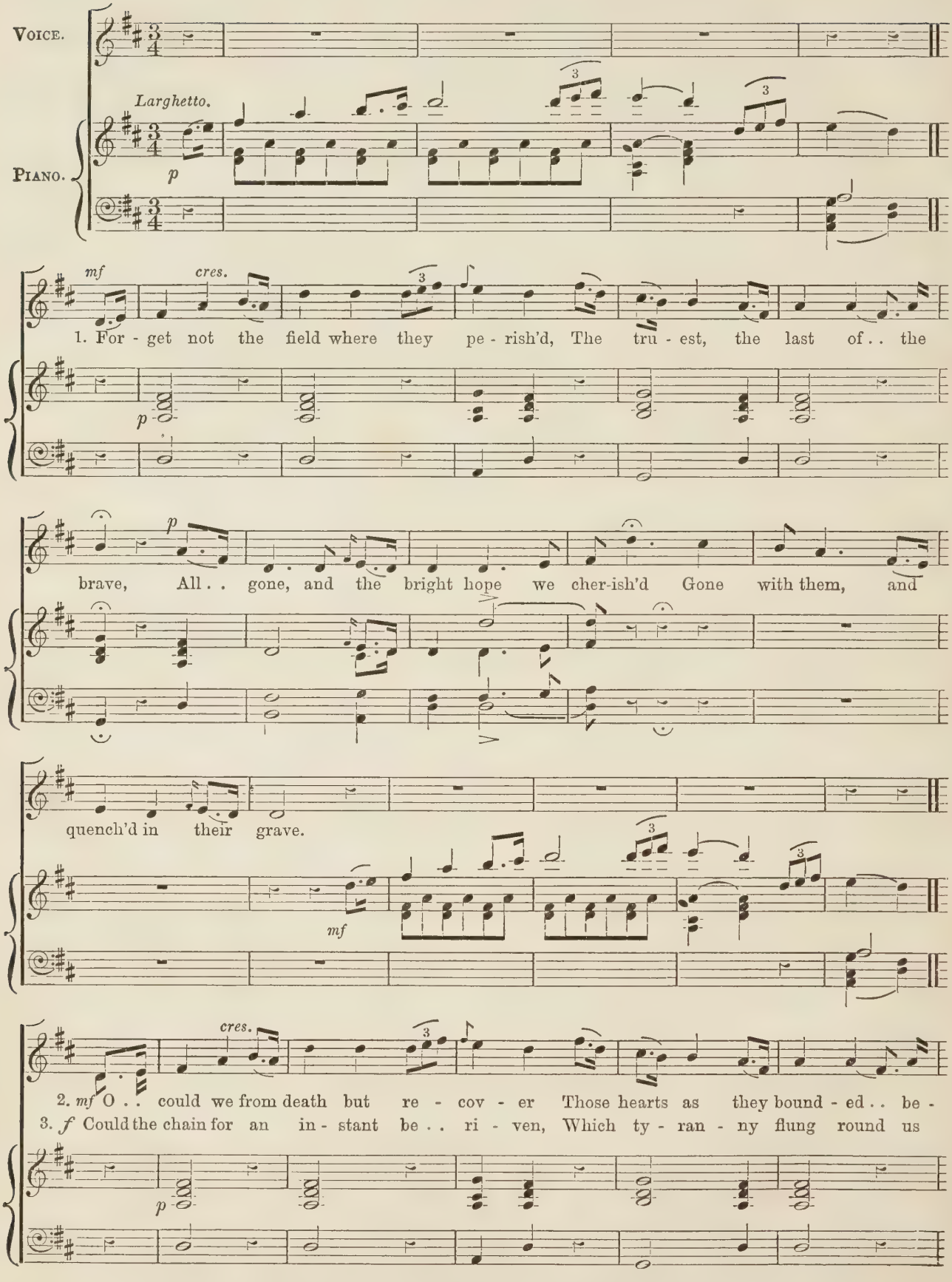
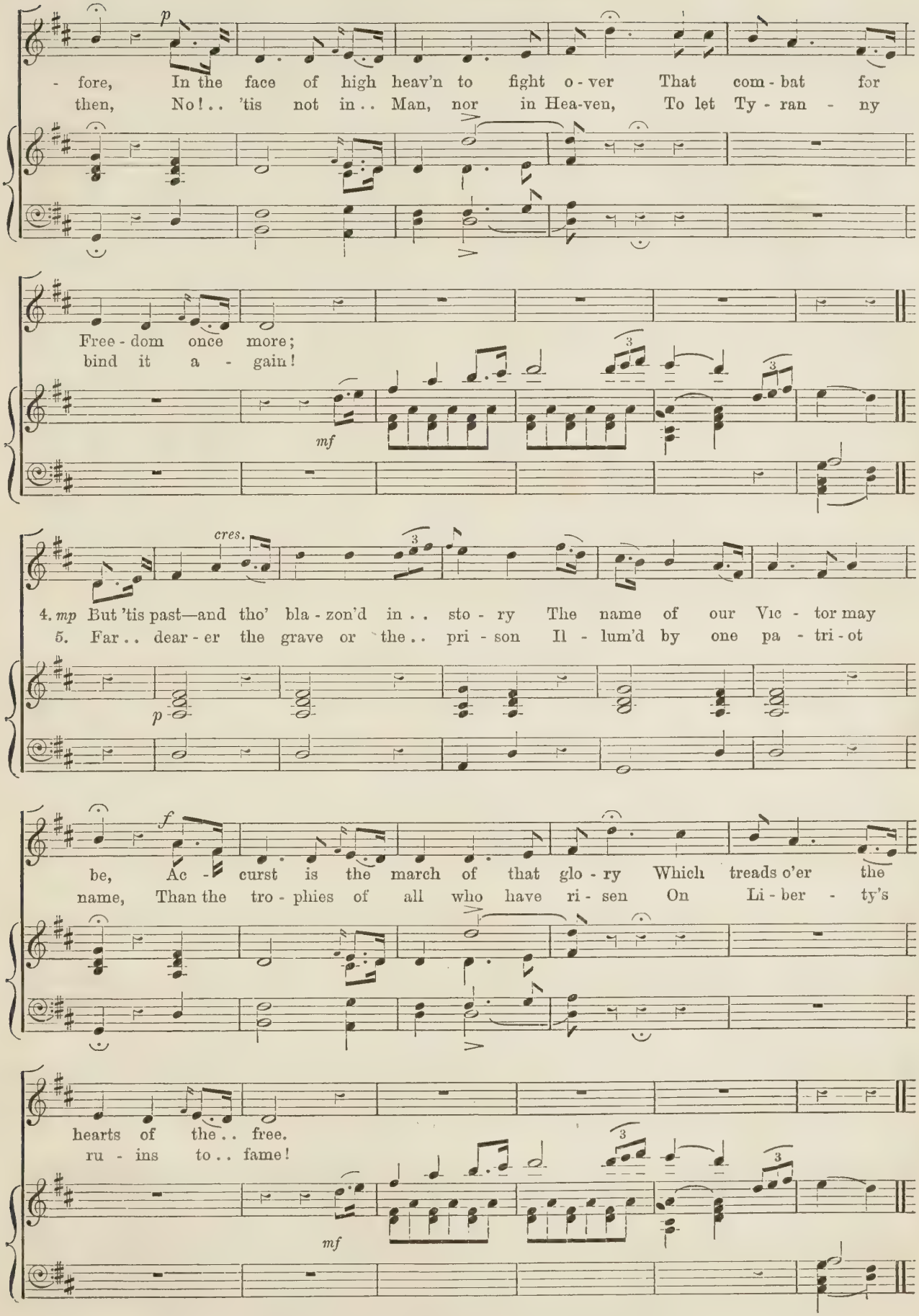
TO LADIES' EYES.

AIR.—"FAGUE A BALLAGH."


Allegretto Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
1. To Ladies' eyes a -
p
pp
- round, boy, We can't re-fuse, we can't refuse, Tho' bright eyes so a -bound, boy, 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis
hard to choose. For thick as stars that light -en Yon air -y bow'rs, yon air -y bow'rs, The countless eyes that
bright -en This earth of ours, this earth of ours. But fill the cup, wher-e'er, boy, Our choice may fall, our
choice may fall, We're sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!
f

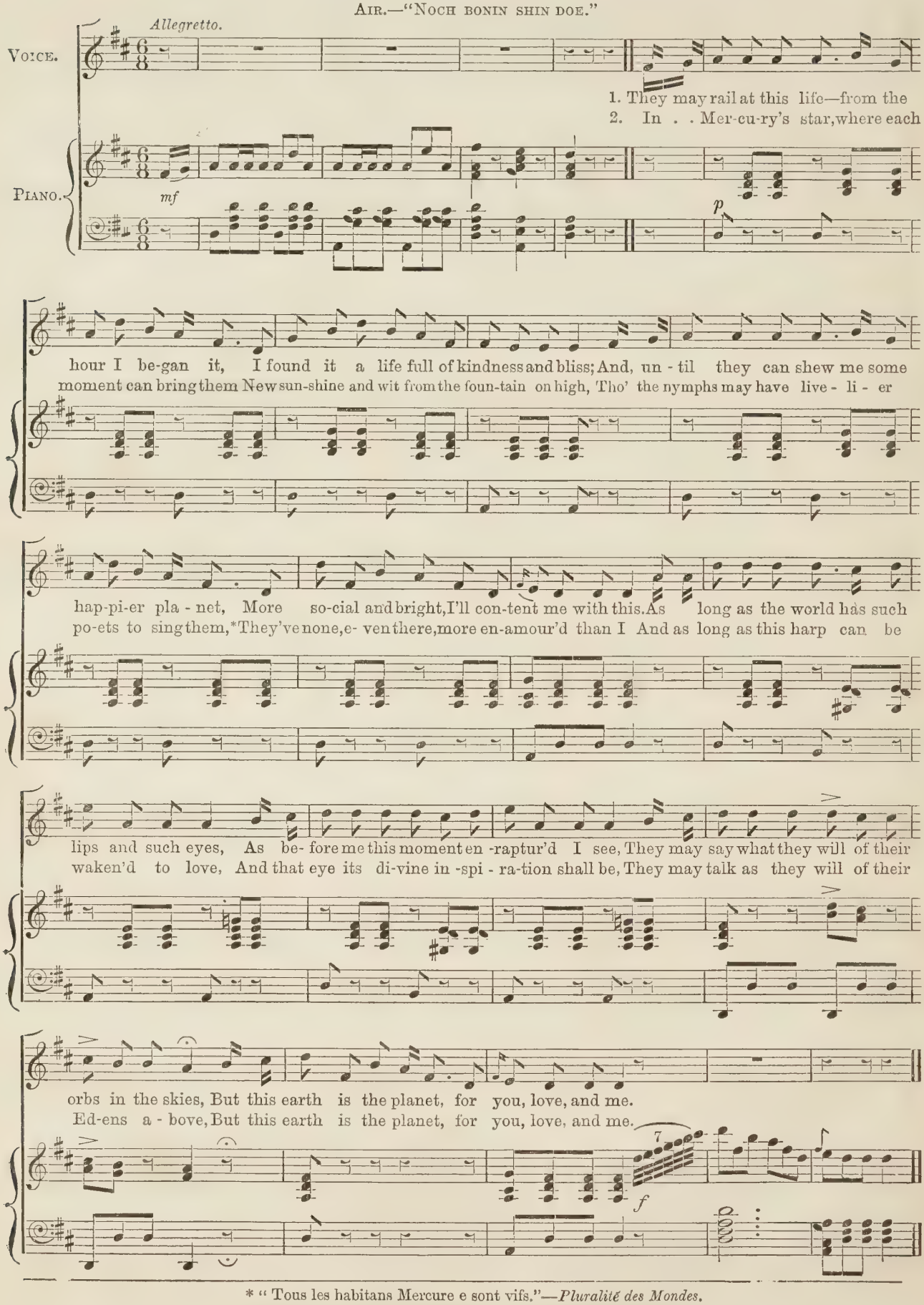

2. Some looks there are so ho - ly, They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n, As shin - ing beacons,
3. In some as in a mir - ror, Love seems pourtray'd, love seems pourtray'd, But shun the flatt'ring
pp
sole - ly, To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n, While some—oh! ne'er be - lieve them—With
er - ror, 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade. Him - self hath fix'd his dwell - ing In
tempting ray, with tempting ray, Would lead us (God for - give them!) The o - ther way, the
eyes we know, in eyes we know, And lips—but this is tell - ing— So here they go, so
o - ther way. But fill the cup, wher - e'er, boy, Our choice may fall, our choice may fall, We're
here they go! Fill up, fill up, wher - e'er, boy, &c.
sure to find Love there, boy, So drink them all! so drink them all!
f
D.C.

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

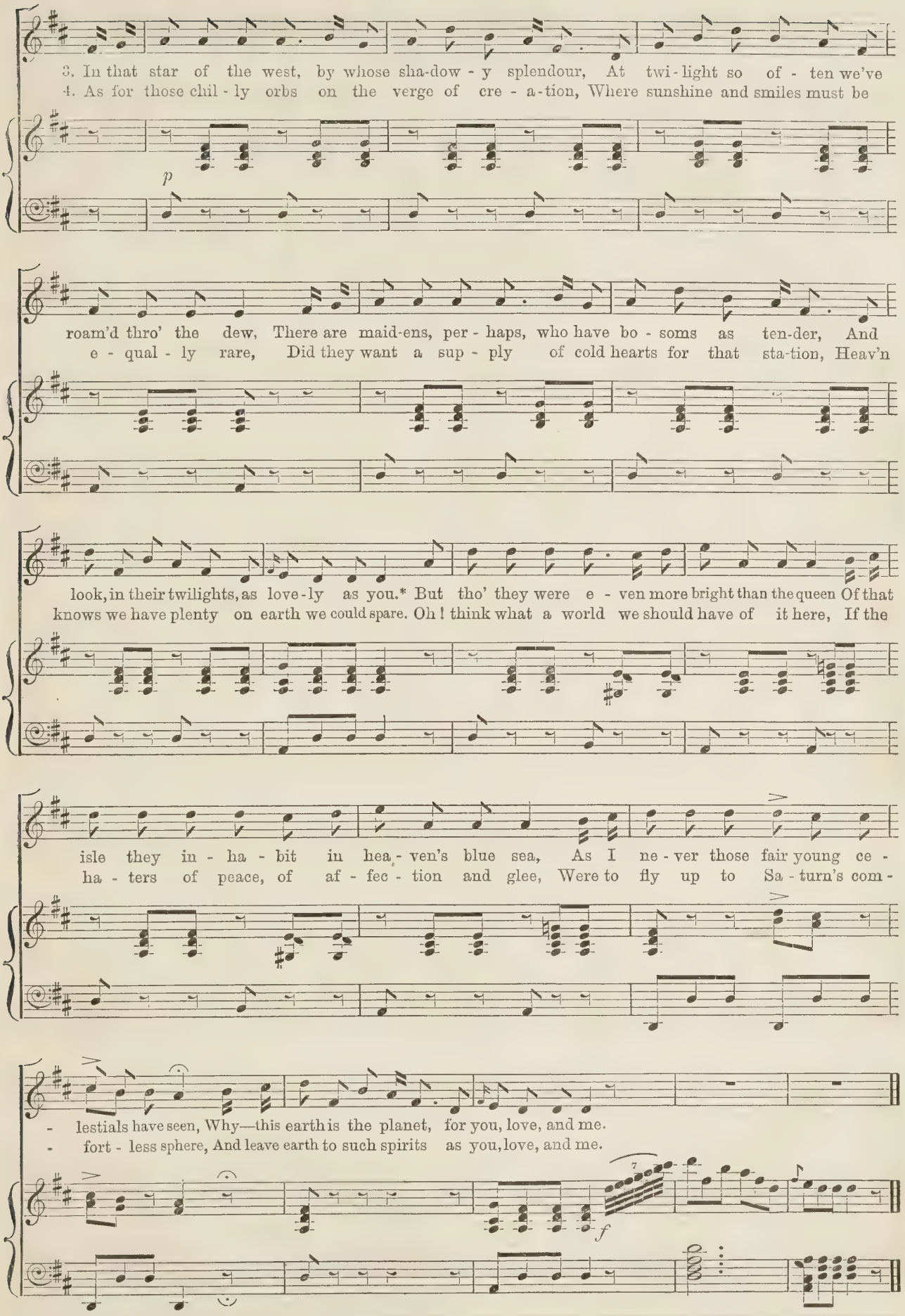
AIR.—"THE LAMENTATION OF AUGHRIM."

Voice.
Piano.
Larghetto.
p
mf
cres.
1. For - get not the field where they pe - rish'd, The tru - est, the last of . . the
brave, All . . gone, and the bright hope we cher-ish'd Gone with them, and
quench'd in their grave.
mf
cres.
2. mf O . . could we from death but re - cov - er Those hearts as they bound - ed . . be -
3. f Could the chain for an in - stant be . . ri - ven, Which ty - ran - ny flung round us

- fore, In the face of high heav'n to fight o - ver That com - bat for
then, No! . . 'tis not in . . Man, nor in Hea-ven, To let Ty - ran - ny
Free - dom once more;
bind it a - gain!
mf
cres.
4. mp But 'tis past—and tho' bla - zon'd in . . sto - ry The name of our Vic - tor may
5. Far . . dear - er the grave or the . . pri - son Il - lum'd by one pa - tri - ot
p
be, Ac - curst is the march of that glo - ry Which treads o'er the
name, Than the tro - phies of all who have ri - sen On Li - ber - ty's
hearts of the . . free.
ru - ins to . . fame!
mf

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

AIR.—"NOCH BONIN SHIN DOE."

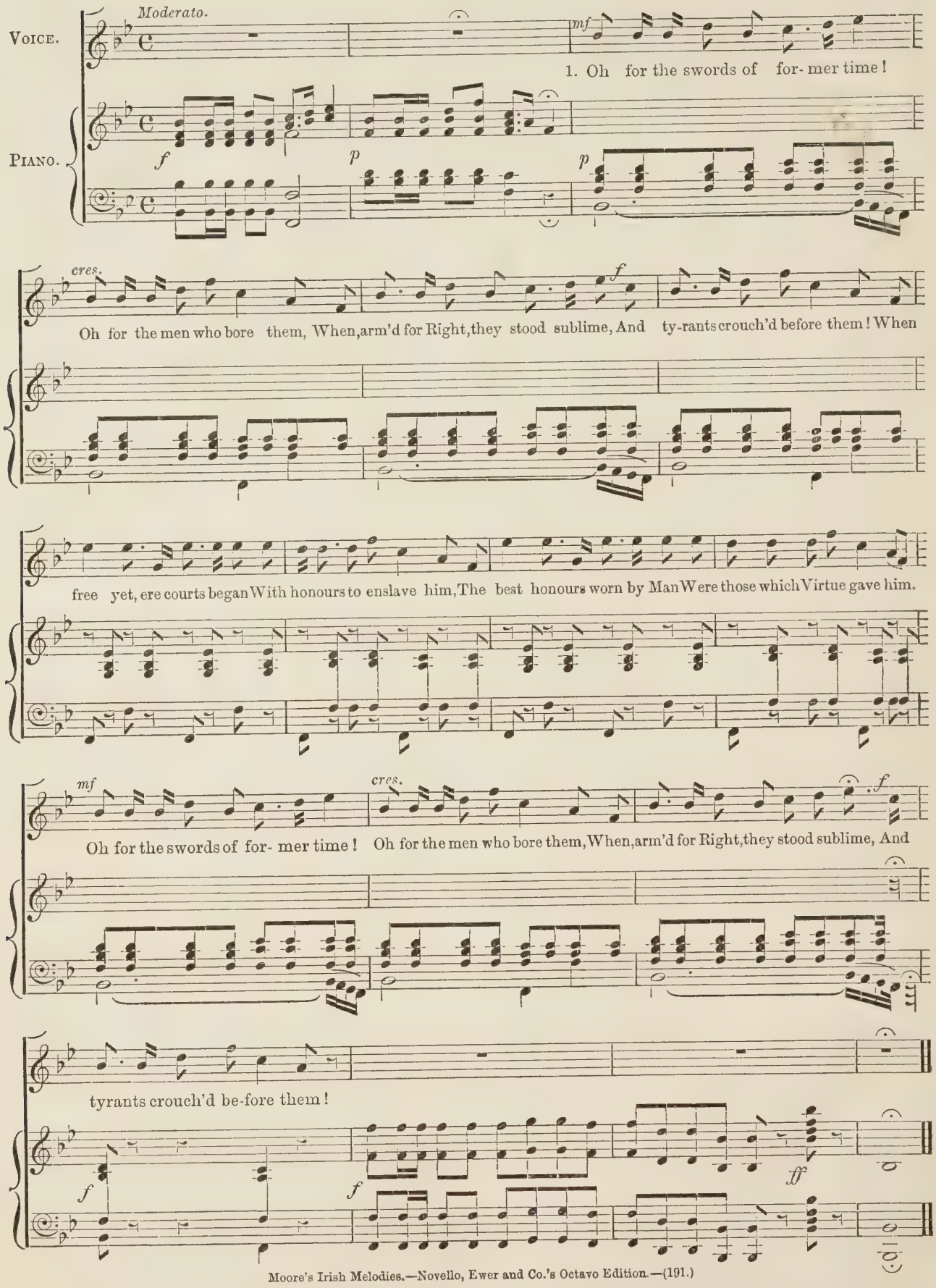
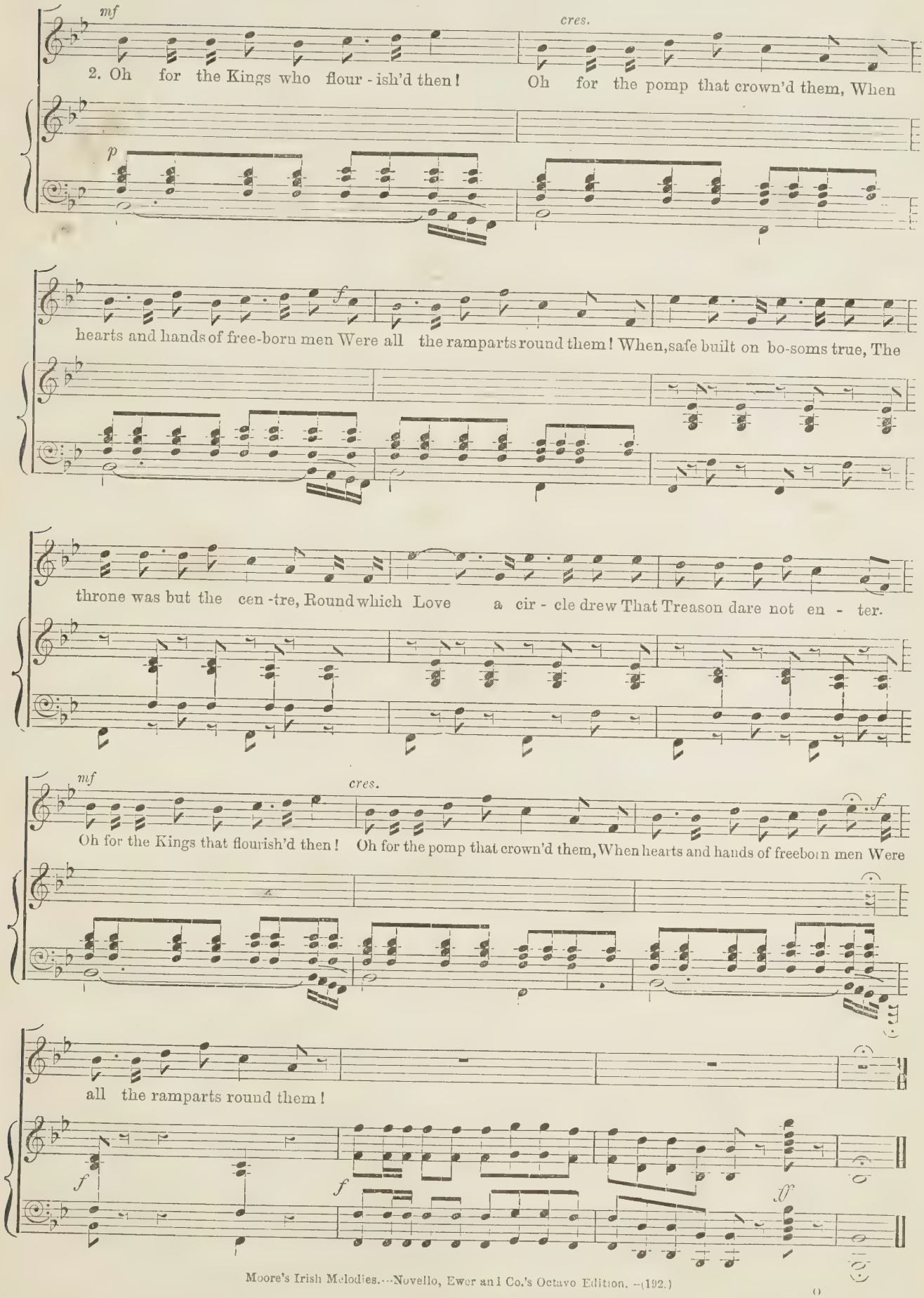

Allegretto.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
p
1. They may rail at this life—from the
2. In . . Mer-cu-ry's star, where each
hour I be-gan it, I found it a life full of kindness and bliss; And, un - til they can shew me some
moment can bring them New sun-shine and wit from the foun-tain on high, Tho' the nymphs may have live - li - er
hap-pi-er pla - net, More so-cial and bright, I'll con-tent me with this. As long as the world has such
po-ets to sing them, *They've none, e- ven there, more en-amour'd than I And as long as this harp can be
lips and such eyes, As be- fore me this moment en -raptur'd I see, They may say what they will of their
waken'd to love, And that eye its di-vine in -spi - ra-tion shall be, They may talk as they will of their
orbs in the skies, But this earth is the planet, for you, love, and me.
Ed-ens a - bove, But this earth is the planet, for you, love, and me.
7
f

* "Tous les habitans Mercure e sont vifs."—*Pluralité des Mondes.*


3. In that star of the west, by whose sha-dow - y splendour, At twi-light so of - ten we've
4. As for those chil - ly orbs on the verge of cre - a-tion, Where sunshine and smiles must be
p
roam'd thro' the dew, There are maid-ens, per - haps, who have bo - soms as ten-der, And
e - qual - ly rare, Did they want a sup - ply of cold hearts for that sta-tion, Heav'n
look, in their twilights, as love-ly as you.* But tho' they were e - ven more bright than the queen Of that
knows we have plenty on earth we could spare. Oh! think what a world we should have of it here, If the
isle they in - ha - bit in hea - ven's blue sea, As I ne - ver those fair young ce -
ha - ters of peace, of af - fec - tion and glee, Were to fly up to Sa - turn's com -
- lestials have seen, Why—this earth is the planet, for you, love, and me.
- fort - less sphere, And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.
7
f

* "La Terre pourra être pour Vénus l'étoile du berger et la mère des amours, comme Vénus l'est pour nous."—*Pluralité des Mondes.*

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

AIR UNKNOWN.

Moderato.
VOICE.
PIANO.
mf
1. Oh for the swords of for- mer time!
f
p
p
cres.
f
Oh for the men who bore them, When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime, And ty-rants crouch'd before them! When
free yet, ere courts began With honours to enslave him, The best honours worn by Man Were those which Virtue gave him.
mf
cres.
f
Oh for the swords of for- mer time! Oh for the men who bore them, When, arm'd for Right, they stood sublime, And
tyrants crouch'd be-fore them!
f
f
ff

mf
cres.
2. Oh for the Kings who flour - ish'd then! Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When
p
f
hearts and hands of free-born men Were all the ramparts round them! When, safe built on bo-soms true, The
throne was but the cen - tre, Round which Love a cir - cle drew That Treason dare not en - ter.
mf
cres.
f
Oh for the Kings that flourish'd then! Oh for the pomp that crown'd them, When hearts and hands of freeborn men Were
all the ramparts round them!
f
f
ff

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OH! DOUBT ME NOT.
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.
WHEN THRO' LIFE.
AVENGING AND BRIGHT.
OH! WHERE IS THE SLAVE?
EVELEEN'S BOWER.
OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.
OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.
SILENT, OH MOYLE!

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING.
OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.
NAY, TELL ME NOT, DEAR.
THE YOUNG MAY MOON.
'TIS GONE AND FOR EVER.
COLD IN THE EARTH.
WREATH THE BOWL.
THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.
HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

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